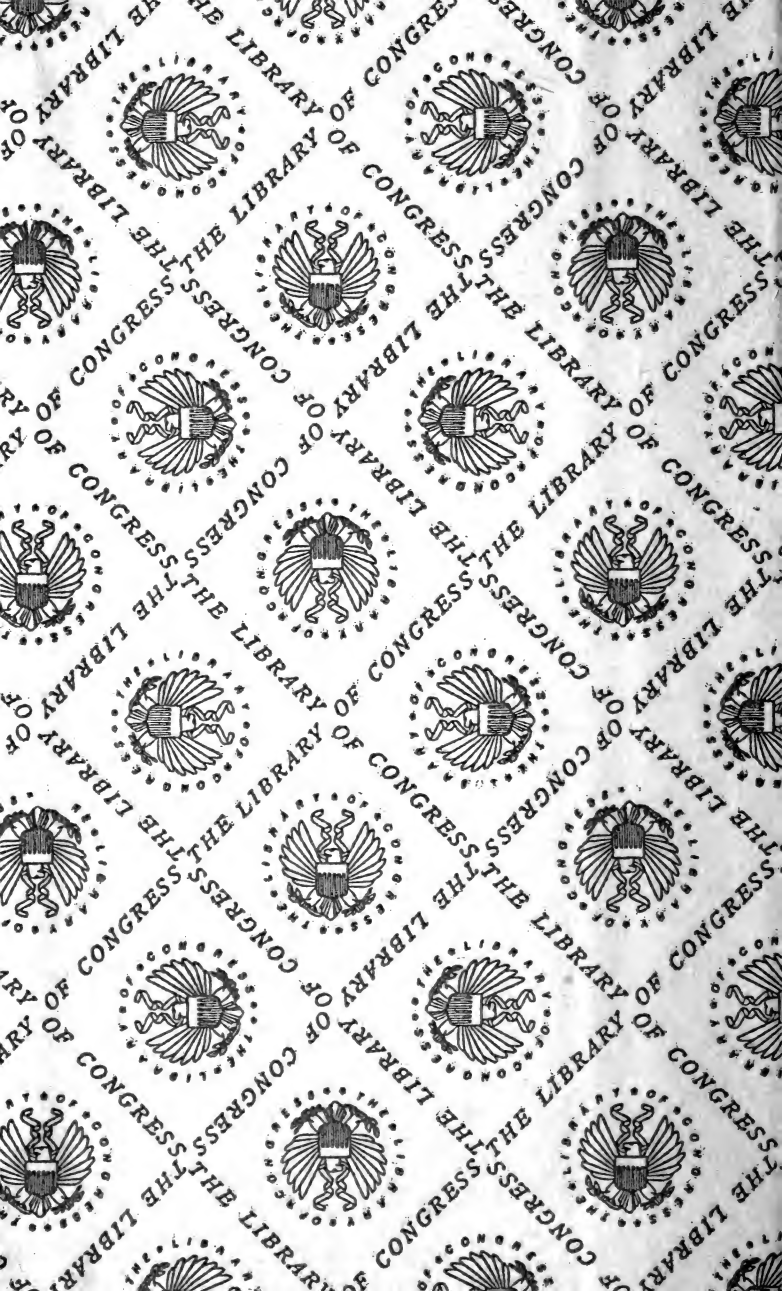


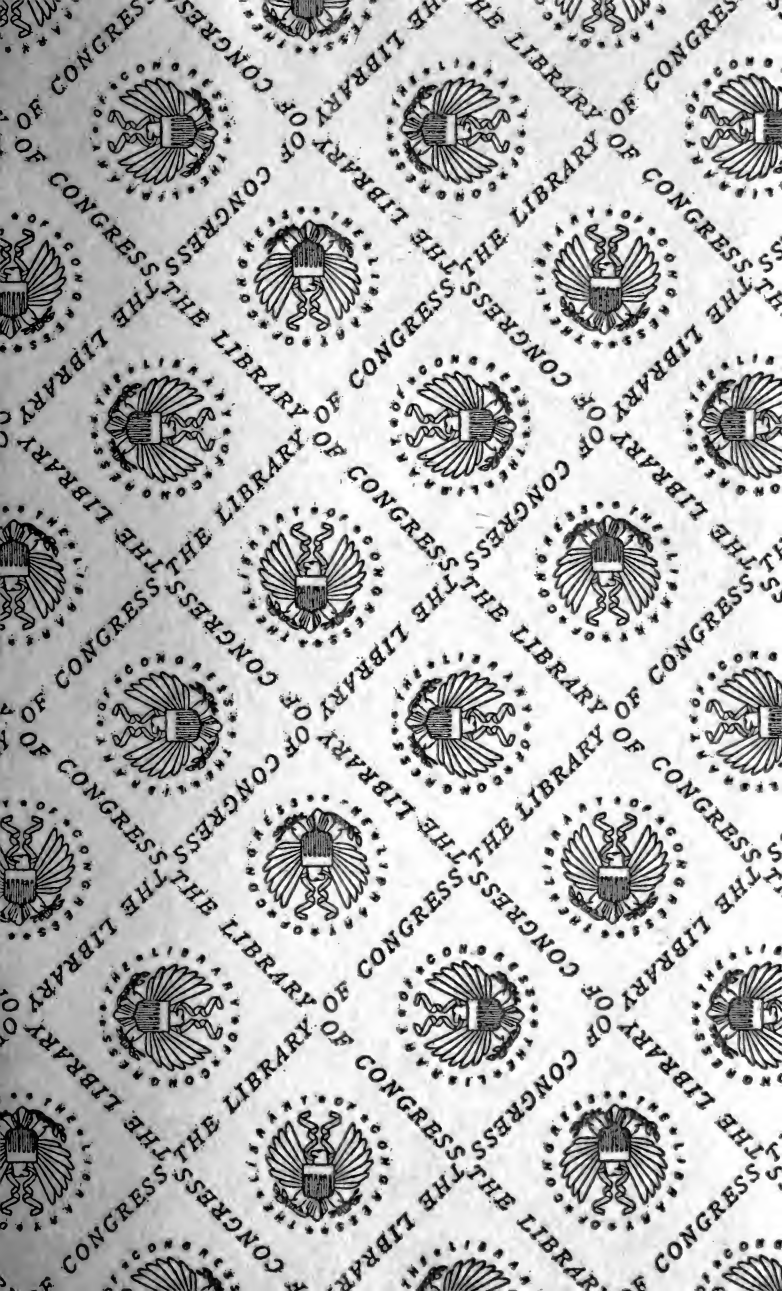
**LIBRARY OF CONGRESS**



00003427286















# FESTUS:

A POEM.

BY

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY,

BARRISTER AT LAW.

---

THIRTIETH EDITION.

---

NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED BY JAMES MILLER,

(SUCCESSOR TO C. S. FRANCIS & CO.,)

522 BROADWAY.

1865.

PR4052  
F4  
1865

486555  
September 20, 1940

10-13-41

## P R E F A C E

### TO THE AMERICAN EDITION.

---

WE here present to the American public a book which has produced no little sensation in England, and which has been, for some time, known to many in this country. But although the first edition was issued six years since, it has had but a limited circulation among us; and it is believed that in republishing "FESTUS," we not only perform a work which its merits demand, but open, for the first time, to many who will appreciate it, a great and original poem. The peculiar value of the second English edition, from which this is printed, consists in the "Proem," which was not attached to the first. Having placed at the end of the volume some of the highest literary opinions in England, we will not intrude any analysis of our own. But a word upon one point. With many minds, it will be difficult to acquit the author from the charge of irreverence. For this purpose, we refer to his vindica-

tion in the Proem and in the body of the work ; by which the reader will perceive that he is free from irreverence in spirit, whatever question there may be as to the propriety of certain forms of expression. As to the extravagances, which all will discover, they are the extravagances of deep and eloquent passion—the luxuriant overgrowth of a profoundly rich soil. With all its faults, “Festus” is a great poem—a mine of thought and imagery. It is perfectly safe to pronounce it one of the most powerful and splendid productions of the age.

## DEDICATION.

---

**MY FATHER!** unto thee to whom I owe  
All that I am, all that I have and can;  
Who madest me in thyself the sum of man  
In all his generous aims and powers to know,  
These first-fruits bring I; nor do thou forego  
Marking when I the boyish feat began,  
Which numbers now near three years from its plan,  
Not twenty summers had imbrowned my brow.  
Life is at blood-heat every page doth prove.  
Bear with it. Nature means Necessity.  
If here be aught which thou canst love, it springs  
Out of the hope that I may earn that love  
More unto me than immortality;  
Or to have strang my harp with golden strings.

1838.





## P R O E M .

---

WITHOUT all fear, without presumption, he  
Who wrote this work would speak respecting it  
A few brief words, and face his friend the world;  
Revising, not reversing, what hath been.

Poetry is itself a thing of God;  
He made His prophets poets; and the more  
We feel of poesie do we become  
Like God in love and power, — under-makers.  
All great lays, equals to the minds of men,  
Deal more or less with the Divine, and have  
For end some good of mind or soul of man.  
The mind is this world's, but the soul is God's;  
The wise man joins them here all in his power.  
The high and holy works, amid lesser lays,  
Stand up like churches among village cots;  
And it is joy to think that in every age,  
However much the world was wrong therein,  
The greatest works of mind or hand have been  
Done unto God. So may they ever be!  
It shows the strength of wish we have to be great,  
And the sublime humility of might.

True fiction hath in it a higher end  
Than fact; it is the possible compared  
With what is merely positive, and gives  
To the conceptive soul an inner world,  
A higher, ampler, Heaven than that wherein  
The nations sun themselves. In that bright state

Are met the mental creatures of the men  
Whose names are writ highest on the rounded crown  
Of Fame's triumphal arch; the shining shapes  
Which star the skies of that invisible land,  
Which, whosoe'er would enter, let him learn; —  
'T is not enough to draw forms fair and lively,  
Their conduct likewise must be beautiful;  
A hearty holiness must crown the work,  
As a gold cross the minster-dome, and show,  
Like that instonement of divinity,  
That the whole building doth belong to God.  
And for the book before us, though it were,  
What it is not, supremely little, like  
The needled angle of a high church spire,  
Its sole end points to God the Father's glory,  
From all eternity seen; making clear  
His might and love in saving sinful man.  
One bard shows God as he deals with states and kings  
Another, as He dealt with the first man;  
Another, as with Heaven and earth and hell;  
Ours, as He loves to order a chance soul  
Chosen out of the world, from first to last.  
And all along it is the heart of man  
Emblemed, created and creative mind.  
It is a statued mind and naked heart  
Which is struck out. Other bards draw men dressed  
In manners, customs, forms, appearances,  
Laws, places, times, and countless accidents  
Of peace or polity: to him these are not;  
He makes no mention, takes no compt of them: —  
But shows, however great his doubts, sins, trials,  
Whatever earthborn pleasures soil man's soul,  
What power soever he may gain of evil,  
That still, till death, time is; that God's great Heaven  
Stands open day and night to man and spirit;  
For all are of the race of God, and have  
In themselves good. The life-writ of a heart,

Whose firmest prop and highest meaning was  
 The hope of serving God as poet-priest,  
 And the belief that He would not put back  
 Love-offerings, though brought to Him by hands  
 Unclean and earthy, e'en as fallen man's  
 Must be; and most of all, the thankful show  
 Of His high power and goodness in redeeming  
 And blessing souls that love Him, spite of sin  
 And their old earthy strain, — these are the aims,  
 The doctrines, truths, and staple of the story.  
 What theme sublimer than soul being saved?  
 'T is the bard's aim to show the mind-made world  
 Without, within; how the soul stands with God,  
 And the unseen realities about us.  
 It is a view of life spiritual  
 And earthly. Let all look upon it, then,  
 In the same light it was drawn and colored in;  
 In faith, in that the writer too hath faith,  
 Albeit an effect, and not a cause.  
 Faith is a higher faculty than reason,  
 Though of the brightest power of revelation,  
 As the snow-headed mountain rises o'er  
 The lightning, and applies itself to Heaven.  
 We know in day-time there are stars about us,  
 Just as at night, and name them what and where  
 By sight of science; so by faith we know,  
 Although we may not see them till our night,  
 That spirits are about us, and believe,  
 That, to a spirit's eye, all Heaven may be  
 As full of angels as a beam of light  
 Of motes. As spiritual, it shows all  
 Classes of life, perhaps, above our kind,  
 Known to tradition, reason, or God's word,  
 Whose bright foundations are the heights of Heaven.  
 As earthly, it embodies most the life  
 Of youth, its powers, its aims, its deeds, its failings;  
 And, as a sketch of world-life, it begins

And ends, and rightly, in Heaven and with God;  
While Heaven is also in the midst thereof.

God, or all good, the evil of the world,  
And man, wherein are both, are each displayed.  
The mortal is the model of all men.  
The foibles, follies, trials, sufferings—  
And manifest and manifold are they —  
Of a young, hot, unworld-schooled heart that has  
Had its own way in life, and wherein all  
May see some likeness of their own, — 't is these  
Attract, unite, and, sunlike, concentrate  
The ever-moving system of our feelings.  
The hero is the world-man, in whose heart  
One passion stands for all, the most indulged.  
The scenes wherein he plays his part are life,  
A sphere whose centre is co-heavenly  
With its divine original and end.  
Like life, too, as a whole, the story hath  
A moral, and each scene one, as in life, —  
One universal and peculiar truth —  
Shining upon it like the quiet moon,  
Illustrating the obscure unequal earth; —  
And though these scenes may seem to careless eyes  
Irregular and rough and unconnected,  
Like to the stones at Stonehenge, — though convolved  
And in primeval mystery, — still an use,  
A meaning, and a purpose may be marked  
Among them of a temple reared to God: —  
The meaning alway dwelling in the word,  
In secret sanctity, like a golden toy  
Mid Beauty's orb'd bosom. Scenes of earth  
And Heaven are mixed, as flesh and soul in man.

Now, the religion of the book is this,  
Followed out from the book God writ of old.  
All creatures being faulty by their nature,  
And by God made all liable to sin,  
God only could atone — and unto none

Except himself — for universal sin.  
It is thus that God did sacrifice to God,  
Himself unto Himself, in the great way  
Of Triune mystery. His death, as man,  
Was real as our own; and as, except  
In the destruction of all life, there could  
Be no atonement for its sin, while life  
Doth necessarily result from God,  
As thought and outward action from ourselves,  
So the atonement must be to and by Him;  
Which makes it justice equally with love;  
For all His powers and attributes are equal,  
And must make one in any act of His;  
And every act of God is infinite.  
He acts through all in all: the truth we know,  
He doth Himself inbreathe; the ill we do,  
He hath atoned for; and the Scriptures show  
That God doth suffer for the sins of those  
Whom He hath made, that are liable to sin.  
In all of us He hath His agony;  
We are the cross, and death of God, and grave.  
Him love then all the more, and worship Him  
Who lived and died, and rose from death for us,  
And is and reigns forever God in all.  
Let each man think himself an act of God,  
His mind a thought, his life a breath of God;  
And let each try, by great thoughts and good deeds,  
To show the most of Heaven he hath in him.

Many who read the word of life, much doubt  
Whether salvation be of grace or faith,  
Election, or repentance, or good works,  
Or God's high will: reconcile all of them.  
Each of the persons of the Triune God  
Hath had His dispensation, hath it now;  
The Father by His prophets, and the Son  
In His own days, by His own deeds; and now  
The Spirit, by the ministry of Christ;

And thus, by law, by gospel, and by grace,  
The scheme of God's salvation is complete.  
Salvation, then, is God-like, threefold; or  
That under one or other, all may come;  
By will of God alone, by faith in Christ,  
And by repentance, and good works, and grace.  
So there is one salvation of the Father,  
One of the Son, another of the Spirit;  
Each, the salvation of the Three in One.  
The mortal in this lay is saved of will,  
In manner as this hymn unfolds, which hath  
Just warranty for every word from God's.

O God! Thou wondrous One in Three,  
As mortals must Thee deem;  
Thou only canst be said to be,  
We but at best to seem.  
For Thou dost save, and Thou may'st slay,  
Canst make a mortal soul  
In Thee eternal; in a day  
Wilt bring to nought the whole.

Thou hardenest, and Thou openest hearts,  
As in Thy Word is shown;  
Thou savest and destroyest parts,  
By Thy right will alone.  
Let down Thy grace, then, Lord! on all  
Whom Thou wilt save to live;  
Oh! if they stumble, stop their fall!  
Oh! if they fall, forgive!

They are forgiven from the first,  
They are predestined Thine;  
And though in sin they were the worst,  
In Thee they are divine.

They are, and were, and will be, Lord!  
 In one, in Heaven, in Thee,  
 Yea with the Spirit, and the Word,  
 One God in Trinity.

These principles and doctrines pending not  
 Upon the action of the poem here,  
 But over and above it, influencing  
 Nevertheless the story, as the course  
 Of stars enwoven with our system, earth,  
 Vary the view of this life's hemisphere,  
 And mingle it more palpably with Heaven,  
 And with its changeless, ceaseless, boundless God.  
 It is thus that by creating to and from  
 Eternity, and multiplying ever  
 His own one Being through the universe,  
 He doth eternize happiness, and make  
 Good infinite by making all in Him.  
 There is but one great right and good; and ill  
 And wrong are shades thereof, not substances.  
 Nothing can be antagonist to God.

35 Necessity, like electricity,  
 Is in ourselves and all things, and no more  
 Without us than within us, and we live,  
 We of this mortal mixture, in the same law  
 As the pure colorless intelligence  
 Which dwells in Heaven, and the dead Hadëan shades.  
 We will and act and talk of liberty;  
 And all our wills and all our doings both  
 Are limited within this little life.  
 Free-will is but necessity in play,—  
 The clattering of the golden reins which guide  
 The thunder-footed coursers of the sun.  
 The ship which goes to sea informed with fire, —  
 Obeying only its own iron force,  
 Reckless of adverse tide, breeze dead, or weak

As infant's parting breath, too faint to stir  
The feather held before it, — is as much  
The appointed thrall of all the elements,  
As the white-bosomed bark which wooes the wind,  
And when it dies desists. And thus with man;  
However contrary he set his heart  
To God, he is but working out His will;  
And, at an infinite angle, more or less  
Obeying his own soul's necessity.  
He only hath freewill whose will is fate.

Evil and good are God's right hand and left.  
By ministry of evil good is clear,  
And by temptation virtue; as of yore  
Out of the grave rose God. Let this be deemed  
Enough to justify the portion weighed  
To the great spirit Evil, named herein.  
If evil seem the most, yet good most is:  
As water may be deep and pure below  
Although the face be filmy for a time.  
And if the spirit of evil seem more in  
The work than God, it is but to work His will,  
Who therefore is all that the other seems.  
And evil is in almost every scene  
Of life more or less forward. Above all  
The mystery of the Trinity is held,  
Whose mystery is its reasonableness.  
All that is said of Deity is said  
In love and reverence. Be it so conceived  
What comes before and after the great world, —  
Deep in the secretest abyss of Light,  
And Being's most reserved immensity —  
God alone knows eternally, who rends  
The mantling Heavens with his hands; but with  
The present is communion creatural:  
He liveth in the sacrament of life.  
And for the soul of man delineate here —  
The outline half invisible — is shown



The self-sought grace, the self-aspiring truth  
 And natural religion of the heart  
 Contrasting Godhood with humanity  
 Ever; whereas the Spirit aye unites.  
 Temptation, and its workings in the heart  
 Whose faint and false resistance but assists, —  
 Ambition, thirst of secret lore, joy, love —  
 Riverlike, doubling sometimes on itself —  
 Adventure, pleasure, travel heavenly  
 And earthly, friendship, passion, poesie,  
 Viewed ever in their spiritual end —  
 And power, celestial happiness and earth's  
 Millennial foretaste, ill annihilate,  
 The restoration of the angels lost,  
 And one salvation universal given  
 To all create, — all these, related, form,  
 With much beside, the body of the work:—  
 The islands, seas, and mainland of its orb.

Thus much then for this book. It aims to mark  
 The various beliefs as well as doubts  
 Which hold or search by turns the mind of youth  
 Unresting anywhere. Its heresies,  
 If such they be, are charitable ones; —  
 For they who read not in the blest belief  
 That all souls may be saved, read to no end.  
 We were made to be saved. We are of God.  
 Nor bates the book one tittle of the truth,  
 To smoothe its way to favor with the fearful.

All rests with those who read. A work or thought  
 Is what each makes it to himself, and may  
 Be full of great dark meanings, like the sea,  
 With shoals of life rushing; or like the air,  
 Benighted with the wing of the wild dove,  
 Sweeping miles broad o'er the far western woods,  
 With mighty glimpses of the central light —  
 Or may be nothing — bodiless, spiritless.

Now therefore to his work and to the world  
The writer bids, God speed! It matters not  
If they agree or differ. Each perchance  
May bear true witness to another end.  
Let then what hath been, be. It boots not here  
To palliate misdoings. 'T were less toil  
To build Colossus than to hew a hill  
Into a statue. Hail and farewell, all!

## FESTUS.

---

SCENE — *Heaven.*

GOD.

ETERNITY hath snowed its years upon them;  
And the white winter of their age is come,  
The World and all its worlds; and all shall end.  
SERAPHIM. God! God! God!

As flames in skies  
We burn and rise  
And lose ourselves in Thee!  
Years on years!  
And nought appears  
Save God to be.  
God! God! God!  
To us no thought  
Hath Being brought  
Toward Thee that doth not move!  
Years on years!  
And what appears  
Save God to love?  
God! God! God!  
All Thou dost make  
Lies like a lake  
Below Thine infinite eye:  
Years on years!  
And all appears  
Save God to die.

CHERUBIM. As sun and star,

How high or far,  
 Show but a boundless sky;  
 So creature mind  
 Is all confined  
 To show Thee, God, most High.  
 The sun still burns,  
 The sun still turns  
 Round, round himself and round;  
 So creature mind  
 To self's confined,  
 But Thou God hast no bound!  
 Systems arise,  
 Or a world dies,  
 Each constant hour in air;  
 But creature mind,  
 In Heaven confined,  
 Lives on like Thee, God! there.

**SERAPHIM AND CHERUBIM.** God! God! God!

Thou fill'st our eyes  
 As were the skies  
 One burning, boundless, sun!  
 While creature mind,  
 In path confined,  
 Passeth a spot thereon.  
 God! God! God!

**LUCIFER.** Ye thrones of Heaven, how bright,  
 how pure ye are:

How have ye brightened since I saw ye first!  
 How have I darkened since ye saw me last!  
 What is the dark abyss of fire, and what  
 The ravenous heights of air, o'er which I reign,  
 In agony of glory, to these seats?  
 The loathsome cavern of the oracle,  
 O'er which ye rise in templed majesty,  
 Filled with the incense of all worshippers,  
 And echoing with the eloquence of God,  
 Which rolls in sunny clouds around the heavens.  
 Yet must I work through world and life my fate;  
 And winding through the wards of human hearts,

Steal their incarnate strength. Death does his work  
 In secret and in joy intense, untold,  
 As though an earthquake smacked its mumbling lips  
 O'er some thick peopled city. But for me,  
 Exists nor peace nor pleasure, even here,  
 Where all beside, the very faintest thought,  
 Is rapture. I will speak to God as erst.  
 Father of spirit, as the sun of air!  
 Beginning of all ends, and end of all  
 Beginnings, throughout whole Eternity;  
 From whom Eternity and every power  
 Perfect, and pure cause, is and emanates!  
 Originator without origin!  
 End without end! Creator of all ages,  
 And sabbath of all Being; who hast made  
 All numbers sacred, who art all and one!  
 At whose right hand the wisdom of all worlds  
 Combined, is only fearful foolishness  
 Or inarticulate madness,—and Thou, Lord!  
 Maker and Perfecter of all, the one!  
 Being above all Being, God the Life!  
 Who art the way whereon the world proceeds  
 From God, all-making, and whereby returns  
 The ever generated universe!—  
 Who rulest all worlds in the law of light,  
 Thy nature and their own; who art before  
 All ages, angels, blessed, times and worlds!  
 Word that in every world art safe to save  
 All souls, impregn'd with spirit, God-begot!  
 And Thou eternal spirit-Deity!  
 The sanctifier of the universe!  
 Being, and Life, and spirit, who dost make,  
 Destroyest, recreatest, makest God!  
 God one and Trine! Thou seest me here again;  
 Still, sunlike, though eclipsed, of blinding power  
 And fiery cause, and everness of ill;  
 Behold I bow before Thee; hear Thou me!  
 God.  
 What wouldst thou, Lucifer?



And given to me to guard and guide — while both,  
Mid starry strains out of the depths of Heaven,  
Fell at Thy feet in worship? — joy of joys!  
To you, ye saints and angels, let me speak;  
For ye I see rejoice with me. Ye know  
What 'tis to triumph o'er temptation, what  
To fall before it; how the young spirit faints —  
The virgin tremor, the heart's ebb and flow,  
When first some vast temptation calmly comes  
And states itself before it, like the sun  
Low looming in the west, above the wave  
Of wimpling streamlet, ere its waters grow  
To size aortal. Than the Fiend himself  
There is no greater evil. Less the shame  
Of yielding, more the glory of conquering,  
In him, to whom he goes, this soul elect.  
From infancy through childhood, up to youth,  
Have I this soul attended; marked him blest  
With all the sweet and sacred ties of life; —  
The prayerful love of parents, pride of friends,  
Prosperity, and health and ease, the aids  
Of learning, social converse with the good  
And gifted, and his heart all-lit with love,  
Like to the rolling sea with living light; —  
Hopeful and generous and earnest; rich  
In commune with high spirits, loving truth  
And wisdom for their own divinest selves:  
Tracking the deeds of the world's glory, or  
Conning the words of wisdom, Heaven-inspired,  
As on the soul, in pure effectual ray,  
The bright, transparent atoms, thought by thought,  
Fall fixed for evermore. And thus his days,  
Through sunny noon, or mooned eve, or night  
Star-armed, shining through the deathless air,  
All radiantly elapsed, in good or joy.  
All this, for long, I marked. There grew at length,  
A change within his spirit; and I feared  
A fatal and a final fall from good.  
God's love seemed lost upon him. He became

Heart-deadened. Watching, warning, vain, I fled  
 Hither to intercede with God our Lord,  
 To bless him with salvation. We may plead  
 Alway for those we love, by leave divine.  
 Nor knew I till this moment, with all Heaven,  
 That, in the righteous providence of God,  
 That soul was saved. Thou knowest, Lord ! the  
                   mould

Of mortals, and the infinite end whereto  
 The souls Thou savest are predestinate ;  
 Oh ! be Thy mercy mighty to this soul,  
 Fiend-threatened ; nor permit him who presides  
 O'er Hell's eternal holocaust, too far  
 To tempt or tamper with the heart of man ! —

GOD.

My mercy doth outstretch the universe ;  
 Shall it not be sufficient for one soul ?

LUCIFER. I am the wrath of God unto myself,  
 And made by Him to do my part. Do thou  
 Thine ! they are far enough apart I ween.

GUARDIAN ANGEL. The heaven-strung chords  
                   of man's immortal soul

Are not for thee to wither at thy will.

Bear witness, all ye blessed, to the word ; —  
 Angels, intelligences, sons of God !

Ye who know nought but truth, feel nought but  
                   love,

Will nought but bliss, do nought but righteousness  
 Whose life was ere the Heavens were conceived,

The stars begotten, or the ages born ;

Ye many ordered hierarchies, which are

The love, truth, justice, majesty, and might,

Dominion, glory, wisdom, bliss of God ;

Ye through whose ministry of mercy — His

Immediate, ever instant, active, all

Spirits and worlds are governed — age by age

Gazing and gaining glory ; ye who stand,

Stirless, before the throne, entranced in joy ;

Or ye, whose life is to present all souls



Reborn to their Creator ; or to search  
 The golden globed skies for deeds of grace ;  
 And ye who move all Heavens, in whose names  
 The name of God is, as in angels' all ;  
 The crown, the wisdom, the intelligence,  
 Kindness, and strength and beauty, splendor, worth,  
 Original and rule ; and ye who move  
 Restless around the throne, the burning seven,  
 The virtue, power, salvation, fire, and rest,  
 Blessing and praise of God ; and ye who rule  
 Regions or kingdoms, states, tribes, families,  
 Ages and times, and seasons, and events ;  
 Systems and elements, material powers,  
 Mental and spiritual ; or ye who bear  
 Souls from the heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,  
 Ye tenants of the archetypal worlds  
 And spiritual spheres ; and you, ye saints !  
 Freed once on earth into the liberty  
 Of the necessity which is of God ;  
 Yours are the many multitudes of stars,  
 And bliss and power for ever, ye are gods !  
 And live an endless life, bespoken here ;  
 Bear witness, all, that happiness succeeds  
 To godliness ; and that, despite of sin,  
 The world may recognize in all time's scenes,  
 Though belts of clouds bar half its burning disk,  
 The overruling, overthrowing power,  
 Which by our creature purposes works out  
 Its deeds, and by our deeds its purposes.

LUCIFER. God ! for thy glory only can I act,  
 And for thy creatures' good. When creatures stray  
 Farthest from Thee, then warmest towards them  
                   burns

Thy love, even as yon sun beams hotliest on  
 The earth when distant most.

God.

                                  The earth whereon  
 He dwells, this grain selected from the sands  
 Of life, dies with him.

LUCIFER.  
Thy will.

God! I go to do

GOD.

Thou, too, who watchest o'er the world  
Whose end I fix, prepare to have it judged.

ANGEL OF EARTH. Let me not then have  
watched o'er it in vain.

From age to age, from hour to hour I still  
Have hoped it would grow better — hope so now:  
'Tis better than it once was, and hath more  
Of mind and freedom than it ever had.  
I love it more than ever. Thou didst give  
It to me as a child. To me earth is  
Even as the boundless universe to Thee;  
Nay, more! for Thou couldst make another. It is  
My world. Take it not from me, Lord! Thou,  
Christ,

Mad'st it the altar where thou offeredst up  
Thyself for the creation. Let it be  
Immortal as Thy love. And altars are  
Holy; and sister angels, sister orbs  
Hail it afar as such. Oh! I have heard  
World question world and answer; seen them weep  
Each other if eclipsed for one red hour,  
And of all worlds most generous was mine,  
The tenderest and the fairest.

LUCIFER. Knowest thou not  
God's son to be the brother and the friend  
Of spirit everywhere? Or hath thy soul  
Been bound for ever to thy foolish world?

ANGEL. Star unto star speaks light, and world  
to world  
Repeats the password of the universe  
To God; the name of Christ — the one great word  
Well worth all languages in earth or Heaven.

SON OF GOD. Think not I lived and died for  
thine alone,  
And that no other sphere hath hailed me Christ.  
My life is ever suffering for love.

In judging and redeeming worlds is spent  
Mine everlasting being.

LUCIFER. Earth he next  
Will judge; for so saith God.

ANGEL OF EARTH. Be it not, Lord !  
Thou art a God of goodness and of love ;  
He is the evil of the universe,  
And loveth not the earth, Thy Son, nor Thee.  
Thou knowest best.

LUCIFER. Behold now all yon worlds !  
The space each fills shall be its successor.  
Accept the consolation !

ANGEL OF EARTH. Earth ! oh, Earth

LUCIFER. 'Tis earth shall lead destruction ; she  
shall end.

The stars shall wonder why she comes no more  
On her accustomed orbit, and the sun  
Miss one of his eleven of light ; the moon,  
An orphan orb, shall seek for earth for aye,  
Through time's untrodden depths and find her not  
No more shall morn, out of the holy east,  
Stream o'er the amber air her level light ;  
Nor evening, with the spectral fingers, draw  
Her star-sprent curtain round the head of earth ;  
Her footsteps never thence again shall grace  
The blue sublime of heaven. Her grave is dug.  
I see the stars, night-clad, all gathering  
In long and dark procession. Death's at work.  
And, one by one, shall all yon wandering worlds,  
Whether in orb'd path they roll, or trail,  
In an inestimable length of light,  
Their golden train of tresses after them,  
Cease ; and the sun, centre and sire of light,  
The keystone of the world-built arch of heaven,  
Be left in burning solitude. The stars,  
Which stand as thick as dewdrops on the fields  
Of heaven, and all they comprehend, shall pass.  
The spirits of all worlds shall all depart  
To their great destinies ; and thou and I,

Greater in grief than worlds, shall live as now.  
 In hell's dark annals there is something writ,  
 Which shall amaze man yet. There! to thy earth  
 ANGEL OF EARTH. There is a blind world, yet  
 unlit by God,

Rolling around the extremest edge of light;  
 Where all things are disaster and decay,  
 The outcast of all being; no one thing  
 Fitting another: that is fit for thee.  
 Be that thy world! but not the living earth.  
 Stretch forth Thy shining shield, oh God! the  
 heavens,

Over the prostrate earth, an armed friend,  
 And save her from the swift and violent hell  
 Her beauty hath enchanted! from the wrath  
 Of love like his, oh save her, though by death!  
 GOD.

Destruction and salvation are the hands  
 Upon the face of time. When both unite,  
 The day of death dawns. Every orb exists  
 Unto its preappointed end: and earth,  
 My creature, the elect of worlds, ere all  
 Is saved. The world shall perish as a worm  
 Upon destruction's path; the universe  
 Evanish like a ghost before the sun,  
 Yea like a doubt before the truth of God,  
 Yet nothing more than death shall perish. Then,  
 Rejoice ye souls of God, regenerate,  
 Ye indwellers divine of Deity;  
 In Him ye are immortal as Himself!

SON OF GOD. O'er all things are eternity and  
 change,  
 And special predilection of our God.  
 Thou who createst souls, as the sun clouds,  
 Out of the sea of spirit, sire of both  
 The first and second natures of Thy Son,  
 In whom the maker and the made make one,  
 Deific spirit! who in every world  
 Payeth creation's penalties; in all.

Is heir of God and nature, and in Thee,  
 And in self-worship, Deifies himself!  
 And you blest spirits for whom I died, for whom,  
 Forefated, fore-atoned for from the first,  
 All heaven reserves the fulness of its bliss;  
 Creator and created! witness, both,  
 How I have loved ye, as God-natured life  
 Alone can love and suffer! Let the earth  
 And every orb, the offspring of all air,  
 Perish; but all I die for, live for me.

GOD.

The earth shall not be when her sabbath ends,  
 In the high close of order.

LUCIFER. Heaven, farewell!  
 Hell is more bearable than nothingness.

THRONES. Thou, God, art Lord of mercy! and  
 Thy thoughts  
 Are high above the star-dust of the world!

DOMINATIONS. Yet o'er the meanest atom  
 reignest Thou  
 Omnipotent as o'er the universe!

POWERS. Thy might is self-creative, and Thy  
 works,  
 Immortal, temporal, destructible,  
 Are ever in Thy sight and blessed there!  
 The heavens are Thy bosom, and Thine eye  
 Is high o'er all existence; yea the worlds  
 Are but Thy shining foot-prints upon space!

PRINCEDOMS. Eternal Lord! Thy strength com-  
 pels the worlds,  
 And bows the heads of ages; at Thy voice  
 Their unsubstantial essence wears away.

VIRTUES. All-favoring God! we glory but in  
 Thee.

Ye Heavens exalt, expand yourselves! they come,  
 The infinite generations, all Divine,  
 Of Deity, our brethren and our friends!

ARCHANGELS. Thou who hast thousand names,  
 as night hath stars,

Which light Thee up to eye create, yet not  
 One thousandth part illumine Thy boundlessness,  
 Nor that abyss of Being 'midst of which  
 Thy countless wonders constellate themselves;  
 Thy light, the light we dwell in shall at last  
 Fulfil the universe, and all be bliss;  
 The consummation of all ages come.  
 We praise Thee for Thy mercies, and for this,  
 The first, and last, and greatest of all boons.

ANGELS. Thee God! we praise  
 Through our ne'er sunseting days,  
 And Thy just ways,  
 Divine:  
 In Thy hand is every spirit,  
 And the meed the same may merit;  
 All which all the worlds inherit  
 Are Thine!  
 It is not unto creatures given  
 To scale the purposes of Heaven,  
 Always just and kind;  
 But before Thy mighty breath,  
 Life and spirit, dust and death,  
 The boundless All is driven,  
 Like clouds by wind.

ANGEL OF EARTH. Woe! woe at last in Heaven!  
 Earth to death is given;  
 The ends of things hang still  
 Over them as a sky;  
 Do what we will,  
 All's for eternity!

SCENE — *Wood and Water — Sunset.*

FESTUS *alone.*

FESTUS. This is to be a mortal and immortal!  
 To live within a circle, — and to be  
 That dark point where the shades of all things around

Meet, mix, and deepen. All things unto me  
Show their dark sides! somewhere there must be  
Oh! I feel like a seed in the cold earth; [light.  
Quickening at heart, and pining for the air!  
Passion is destiny. The heart is its own  
Fate. It is well youth's gold rubs off so soon.  
The heart gets dizzy with its drunken dance,  
And the voluptuous vanities of life  
Enchain, enchant, and cheat my soul no more.  
My spirit is on edge. I can enjoy  
Nought which has not the honied sting of sin;  
That soothing fret which makes the young untried,  
Longing to be beforehand with their nature,  
In dreams and lonesome cry, they die to live;  
That wanton whetting of the soul, which while  
It gives a finer, keener edge for pleasure,  
Wastes more and dulls the sooner. Rouse thee,  
heart;  
Bow of my life thou yet art full of spring!  
My quiver still hath many purposes.  
Yet what is worth a thought of all things here?  
How mean, how miserable every care!  
How doubtful, too, the system of the mind!  
And then the ceaseless, changeless, hopeless round  
Of weariness and heartlessness and woe  
And vice and vanity! Yet these make life;  
The life at least I witness if not feel.  
No matter! we are immortal. How I wish  
I could love men! for amid all life's quests  
There seems but worthy one — to do men good.  
It matters not how long we live but how.  
For as the parts of one manhood while here  
We live in every age: we think and feel  
And feed upon the coming and the gone  
As much as on the now time. Man is one:  
And he hath one great heart. It is thus we feel,  
With a gigantic throb athwart the sea,  
Each others' rights and wrongs; thus are we men.  
Let us think less of men and more of God!

Sometimes the thought comes swiftening over us,  
 Like a small bird winging the still blue air ;  
 And then again, at other times, it rises  
 Slow, like a cloud which scales the skies all breath-  
 less,

And just over head lets itself down on us.  
 Sometimes we feel the wish across the mind  
 Rush, like a rocket tearing up the sky,  
 That we should join with God and give the world  
 The slip: but while we wish, the world turns round,  
 And peeps us in the face — the wanton world ;  
 We feel it gently pressing down our arm —  
 The arm we had raised to do for truth such wonders ;  
 We feel it softly bearing on our side —  
 We feel it touch and thrill us through the body —  
 And we are fools and there's an end of us.  
 'Tis a fine thought that sometime end we must.  
 There sets the sun of suns ! dies in all fire,  
 Like Asher's death-great monarch. God of might !  
 We love and live on power. It is spirit's end.  
 Mind must subdue. To conquer is its life.  
 Why mad'st Thou not one spirit, like the sun,  
 To king the world ? And oh ! might I have been  
 That sun-mind, how I would have warmed the  
 world

To love and worship and bright life !

LUCIFER, *suddenly appearing*. Not thou !  
 Hadst thou more power the more wouldst thou mis-  
 use.

FESTUS. Who art thou, pray ? I saw thee not  
 before.

It seems as thou hadst grown out of the air.

LUCIFER. Thou knowest me well. Though  
 stranger to thine eye,  
 I am not to thy heart.

FESTUS. I know thee not.

LUCIFER. Come nearer ! Look on me ! I am  
 above thee ;  
 Beneath thee, and around thee, and before thee.



FESTUS. Why, art thou all things, or dost go  
through all?  
A spirit, or embodied blast of air?  
I feel thou art a spirit.

LUCIFER. Yea I am.

FESTUS. I knew it! I am glad, yet tremble so.  
What hours upon hours have I longed for this,  
And hoped that thought or prayer might produce!  
I have besought the stars, with tears, to send  
A power unto me; and have set the clouds  
Until I thought I saw one coming: but  
The shadowy giant alway thinned away,  
And I was fated unimmortalized.  
What shall I do? Oh! let me kneel to thee!

LUCIFER. Nay, rise! and I'll not say, for thine  
own sake,  
That thou dost pray in private to the Devil.

FESTUS. Father of lies thou liest!

LUCIFER. I am he!

It is enough to make the Devil merry,  
To think that men call on me momentarily,  
Deeming me ever dungeoned fast in Hell;  
Swearers and swaggerers jeer at my name;  
And oft indeed it is a special jest  
With witling gallants. Let me once appear!  
Woe's me! they faint and shudder — pale and pray;  
The burning oath which quivered on the lip,  
Starts back and sears and blisters up the tongue;  
Confusion ransacks the abandoned heart,  
Quells the bold blood, and o'er the vaulted brow  
Slips the white woman-hand. To judgment, ho!  
The very pivot of the earth seems snapped;  
And down they drop like ruins to repent.  
Such be the bravery of mighty man!

FESTUS. I must be mad; or mine eye cheats my  
brain;  
And this strange phantom comes from overthought,  
Like the white lightning from a day too hot.  
It must be so. But I will pass it.

LUCIFER.

Stay!

FESTUS. Oh save me God    He is reality!

LUCIFER. And now thou kneel'st to Heaven.

Fye, graceless boy!

Mocking thy Maker with a cast-off prayer;

For had not I the first fruits of thy faith?

FESTUS. Tempter, away! From all the crowds  
of life

Why single me? Why score the young green bole

For fellage? Go! Am I the youngest, worst?

No! Light the fires of hell with other souls;

Mine shall not burn with thee.

LUCIFER.

Thou judgest harshly.

Can I not touch thee without slaying thee?

FESTUS. Why art thou here? What wouldst  
thou have with me?

LUCIFER. 'Fore all I would have gentle words  
and looks.

FESTUS. I pray thee, go!

LUCIFER. I cannot quit thee yet.

But why so sad? Wilt kneel to me again?

This leafy closet is most apt for prayer.

FESTUS. Yes; I will pray for thee and for myself.

LUCIFER. Waste not thy prayers! I scatter them:  
they reach

No further than thy breath — a yard or so.

And as for me, I heed them, need them not.

My nature God knows and hath fixed; and He

Recks little of the manners of the world;

Wicked He holdeth it and unrepentant.

FESTUS. Therefore the more some ought to pray.

LUCIFER.

To blow

A kiss, a bubble and a prayer hath like

Effect and satisfaction.

FESTUS.

Let me hence!

Go tell thy blasphemies and lies elsewhere.

Thou scatter prayer! Make me Thy minister

One moment God! that I may rid the world

For ever of its evil. Oh! Thine arm!

LUCIFER. Canst rid thyself?

FESTUS. Alas, no. Get thee gone!  
Can nought insult thee nor provoke thy flight?

LUCIFER. I laugh alike at ruin and redemption.  
I am the one which knows nor hope nor fear;  
Which ne'er knew good nor e'er can know the worst.  
What thinkest thou can anger me, or harm?

FESTUS. Wherefore didst thou quit Hell? To  
drag me there?

LUCIFER. Thou wilt not guess mine errand.  
Deem'st thou aught  
Which God had made all evil? Me He made.  
Oft I do good; and thee to serve I come.

FESTUS. Did I not hear thee boast with thy last  
breath  
Not to have known what good was?

LUCIFER. From myself  
I know it not; yet God's will I must work.  
I come I say to serve thee.

FESTUS. Well! I would  
Thou never hadst: but speak thy purpose straight.

LUCIFER. I heard thy prayer at sunset. I was  
here.

I saw thy secret longings, unsaid thoughts,  
Which prey upon the breast like night-fires on  
A heath. I know thy heart by heart. I read  
The tongue when still as well as when it moves.  
And thou didst pray to God. Did He attend?  
Or turn His eye from the great glass of things,  
Wherein he worshippeth eternally

Himself, to thee one moment? He did not.  
I tell thee nought He cares for men. I came  
And come to proffer thee the earth; to set  
Thee on a throne — the throne of will unbound —  
To crown thy life with liberty and joy,  
And make thee free and mighty even as I am!

FESTUS. I would not be as thou art for Hell's  
throne;  
Add Earth's — add Heaven's!

LUCIFER. I knew thy proud high heart.  
 To test its worth and mark I held it brave,  
 In shape and being thus myself I came ;  
 Not in disguise of opportunity —  
 Not as some silly toy which serves for most —  
 Not in the mask of lucre, lust nor power —  
 Not in a goblin size nor cherub form —  
 But as the soul of Hell and evil came I  
 With leave to give the kingdom of the world —  
 The freedom of thyself.

FESTUS. Good ; prove thy powers.

LUCIFER. Do I not prove them ? Who but I,  
 that have

Immortal might o'er mine own mind, and o'er  
 All hearts and spirits of the living world,  
 Would share it with another, or forego,  
 One hour, the great enjoyment of the whole ?  
 And who but I give men what each loves best ?

FESTUS. Open the Heavens and let me look on  
 God !

Open my heart and let me see myself !  
 Then I'll believe thee.

LUCIFER. Thou shalt not believe  
 For that I give thee, but for that I am.  
 Believe me first ; then I will prove myself.  
 Though sick I know thee of the joys of sense,  
 Yet those thou lovest most I will make pure,  
 And render worthy of thy love ; unfilm them,  
 That so thou mayst not dally with the blind.  
 Thou shalt possess them to their very souls.  
 Pleasure and love and unimagined beauty ;  
 All, all that be delicious, brilliant, great,  
 Of worldly things are mine, and mine to give.

FESTUS. What can be counted pleasure after  
 love ?

Like the young lion which hath once lapped blood.  
 The heart can ne'er be coaxed back to aught else.

LUCIFER. I will sublime it for thee all to bliss :  
 As yet it hath but made thee wretched.

FESTUS.

Spirit,

It is not bliss I seek ; I care not for it.  
I am above the low delights of life.  
The life I live is in a dark cold cavern,  
Where I wander up and down feeling for something  
Which is to be — and must be — what, I know not ;  
But the incarnation of my destiny  
Is nigh.

LUCIFER. It is thy fate which weighs upon thee.  
Necessity sits on humanity,  
Like to the world on Atlas' neck. 'Tis this,  
And the sultry sense of overdrawn life.

FESTUS.

True ;

The worm of the world hath eaten out my heart. ~~~~~

LUCIFER. I will renew it in thee. It shall be  
The bosom favorite of every beauty,  
Even like a rosebud. Thou shalt render happy,  
By naming who may love thee. Come with me.

FESTUS. I have a love on earth, and one in  
Heaven.

LUCIFER. Thou shalt love ten as others love  
but one!

FESTUS. Oh! I was glad when something in me  
said

Come, let us worship beauty! and I bowed ;  
And went about to find a shrine ; but found  
None that my soul, when seeing, said enough, to.  
Many I met with where I put up prayers,  
And had them more than answered ; and at such  
I worshipped, partly because others did ;  
Partly because I could not help myself.  
But none of these were for me ; and away  
I went champing and choking in proud pain ;  
In a burning wrath that not a sea could slake.  
So I betook me to the sounding sea ;  
And overheard its slumberous mutterings  
Of a revenge on man ; whereat almost  
I gladdened, for I felt savage as the sea.  
I had only one thing to behold, the sea ;

I had only one thing to believe, I loved;  
Until that lonesome sameness grew sublime  
And darkly beautiful as death, when some  
Bright soul regains its star-home, or as Heaven  
Just when the stars falter forth, one by one,  
Like the first words of love from a maiden's lips.  
There are points from which we can command our  
life ;

When the soul sweeps the future like a glass ;  
And coming things, full freighted with our fate,  
Jut out, dark, on the offering of the mind.  
Let them come ! Many will go down in sight ;  
In the billow's joyous dash of death go down.  
At last came love ; not whence I sought nor thought  
it ;

As on a ruined and bewildered wight  
Rises the roof he meant to have lost for ever.  
On came the living vessel of all love ;  
Terrible in its beauty as a serpent,  
Rode down upon me like a ship full sail  
And bearing me before it, kept me up  
Spite of the drowning speed at which we drave  
On, on, until we sank both. Was not this love ?

LUCIFER. Why, how can I tell ? I am not in  
love ;

But I have oft times heard mine angels call  
Most piteously on their lost loves in Heaven ,  
And, as I suffer, I have seen them come ;  
Seen starlike faces peep between the clouds,  
And Hell become a tolerable torment.  
Some souls lose all things but the love of beauty ;  
And by that love they are redeemable ;  
For in love and beauty they acknowledge good ;  
And good is God — the great Necessity.  
I have not told thee half I will do for thee.  
All secrets thou shalt ken — all mysteries construe.  
At nothing marvel. All the veins which stretch,  
Unsearchable by human eyes, of lore  
Most precious, most profound, to thine shall bare

And vulgar lie like dust. The world within,  
The world above thee, and the dark domain,  
Mine own thou shalt o'er rule; and he alone  
Who rightly can esteem such high delights,  
He only merits—he alone shall have.

FESTUS. And if I have shall I be happier?  
What is pleasure? What, happiness?

LUCIFER. It is that  
I vouchsafe to thee.

FESTUS. Am I tempted thus  
Unto my fall?

LUCIFER. God wills or lets it be.  
How thinkest thou?

FESTUS. That I will go with thee.

LUCIFER. From God I come.

FESTUS. I do believe thee, spirit,  
He will not let thee harm me. Him I love,  
And thee I fear not. I obey Him.

LUCIFER. Good.  
Both time and case are urgent. Come away!

FESTUS. Give me a breathing-time to fortify,  
Within myself, the promise I have made.

LUCIFER. Expect me, then, at midnight, here.  
Remember,  
That thou canst any time repent.

FESTUS. Ay, true. [*Goes.*]

LUCIFER. Repentance never yet did aught on  
earth;  
It undoes many good things. Of all men,  
Heaven shield me from the wretch who can repent

SCENE — *Water and Wood — Midnight.*

FESTUS, *alone.*

All things are calm, and fair, and passive. Earth  
Looks as if lulled upon an angel's lap  
Into a breathless dewy sleep: so still,

That we can only say of things, they be !  
 The lakelet now, no longer vexed with gusts,  
 Replaces on her breast the pictured moon [time  
 Pearled round with stars. Sweet imaged scene of  
 To come, perchance, when this vain life o'erspent,  
 Earth may some purer beings' presence bear ;  
 Mayhap even God may walk among his saints,  
 In eminence and brightness like yon moon,  
 Mildly outbeaming all the beads of light  
 Strung o'er night's proud dark brow. How  
 strangely fair

Yon round still star, which looks half suffering from,  
 And half rejoicing in its own strong fire ;  
 Making itself a loneliness of light,  
 Like Deity, where'er in Heaven it dwells.  
 How can the beauty of material things  
 So win the heart and work upon the mind,  
 Unless like-natured with them ? Are great things  
 And thoughts of the same blood ? They have like  
 effect.

LUCIFER. Why doubt on mind ? What matter  
 how we call  
 That which all feel to be their noblest part ?  
 Even spirits have a better and a worse :  
 For every thing created must have form.  
 Passions they have, somewhat like thine ; but less  
 Of grossness and that downwardness of soul  
 Which men have. It is true they have no earth ;  
 For what they live on is above themselves.

FESTUS. There seems a sameness among things ;  
 for mind  
 And matter speak, in causes, of one God.  
 The inward and the outward worlds are like ;  
 The pure and gross but differ in degree.  
 Tears, feeling's bright embodied form, are not  
 More pure than dewdrops, Nature's tears, which she  
 Sheds in her own breast for the fair which die.  
 The sun insists on gladness ; but at night,  
 When he is gone, poor Nature loves to weep.



LUCIFER. There is less real difference among things  
Than men imagine. They overlook the mass,  
But fasten each on some particular crumb,  
Because they feel that they can equal that,  
Of doctrine, or belief, or party cause.

FESTUS. That is the madness of the world — and that  
Would I remove.

LUCIFER. It is imbecility,  
Not madness.

FESTUS. Oh! the brave and good who swerve  
A worthy cause can only one way fail;  
By perishing therein. Is it to fail?  
No; every great or good man's death is a step  
Firm set towards their end — the end of being;  
Which is the good of all and love of God.  
The world must have great minds, even as great  
spheres

Or suns, to govern lesser restless minds,  
While they stand still and burn with life; to keep  
Them in their places, and to light and heat them.  
If I desire immortal life for aught,  
It is to learn the mystery of mind  
And somewhat more of God. Let others rule  
Systems or succor saints, if such things please;  
To live like light or die in light like dew,  
Either! I should be blest.

LUCIFER. It may not be.  
For as we do not see the sun himself,  
It is but the light about him, like a ring  
Of glory round the forehead of a saint, so  
God thou wilt never see. His unveiled love  
Were terrible, too much for man to meet.

FESTUS. Men have a claim on God; and none  
who hath  
A heart of kindness, reverence and love,  
But dare look God in the face and ask His smile.  
He dwells in no fierce light — no cloud of flame;

And if it were, Faith's eye can look through Hell,  
 And through the solid world. We must all think  
 On God. Yon water must reflect the sky.  
 Midnight! Day hath too much light for us,  
 To see things spiritually. Mind and Night  
 Will meet, though in silence, like forbidden lovers,  
 With whom to see each other's sacred form  
 Must satisfy. The stillness of deep bliss,  
 Sound as the silence of the high hill-top  
 Where thunder finds no echo — like God's voice  
 Upon the worldling's proud, cold, rocky heart —  
 Fills full the sky; and the eye shares with Heaven  
 That look, so like to feeling, which the bright  
 And glorious things of Nature ever wear.  
 There is much to think and feel of things beyond  
 This earth; which lie, as we deem, upwards — far  
 From the day's glare and riot — they are Night's!  
 Oh! could we lift the future's sable shroud!

LUCIFER. Behind a shroud what should thou  
 see but death?

FESTUS. Spirit is like the thread whereon are  
 strung

The beads or worlds of life. It may be here,  
 It may be there that I shall live again;  
 In yon strange world whose long nights know no star,  
 But seven fair maidlike moons attending him  
 Perfect his sky — perchance in one of those —  
 But live again I shall wherever it be.  
 We long to learn the future — love to guess.

LUCIFER. The science of the future is to man,  
 But what the shadow of the wind might be.  
 Such thoughts are vain and useless.

FESTUS. Forced on us.

LUCIFER. All things are of necessity.

FESTUS. Then best.

But the good are never fatalists. The bad  
 Alone act by necessity, they say.

LUCIFER. It matters not what men assume to be;  
 Or good, or bad, they are but what they are.

FESTUS. What is necessity? Are we, and thou,  
And all the worlds, and the whole infinite  
We cannot see, but working out God's thoughts?  
And have we no self-action? Are all God?

LUCIFER. Then hath He sin and all absurdity.

FESTUS. Yet, if created Being have free-will,  
Is it not wrong to judge it may traverse  
God's own high will, and yet impossible  
To think on't otherwise?

LUCIFER. It may be so.  
All creature wills, and all their ends and powers  
Must come within the boundless scope of God's.

FESTUS. And all our powers are but weaknesses  
To what we shall have, and to that God hath.  
Doth not the wish, too, point the likelihood  
Of life to come?

LUCIFER. Boys wish that they were kings.  
And so with thee. A deathless spirit's state,  
Freed from gross form and bodily weightiness,  
Seems kingly by the side of souls like thine.

And boys and men will likely both be balked.

What if it be, that spirit, after death,  
Is loosed like flesh into its elements?

The worlds which man hath constellated, hold  
No fellowship in nature; nor perchance  
As he hath systematized life, mind, and soul.  
But sooth to say, I know not aught of this.

I have no kind. No nature like to me  
Exists. And human spirits must at least  
Sleep till the day of doom, if it ever be.

FESTUS. Hast never known one free from  
body?

LUCIFER. None.

FESTUS. Why seek then to destroy them?

LUCIFER. It is my part.

Let ruin bury ruin. Let it be  
Woe here, woe there, woe, woe, be everywhere!  
It is not for me to know, nor thee, the end  
Of evil. I inflict and thou must bear.

The arrow knoweth not its end and aim.  
 And I keep rushing, ruining along  
 Like a great river rich with dead men's souls.  
 For if I knew, I might rejoice ; and that  
 To me by Nature is forbidden. I know  
 Nor joy nor sorrow ; but a changeless tone  
 Of sadness like the nightwind's is the strain  
 Of what I have of feeling. I am not  
 As other spirits, — but a solitude  
 Even to myself ; I the sole spirit sole.

FESTUS. Can none of thine immortals answer me ?

LUCIFER. None, mortal !

FESTUS. Where then is thy vaunted power ?

LUCIFER. It is better seen as thus I stand apart  
 From all. Mortality is mine — the green  
 Unripened universe. But as the fruit  
 Matures, and world by world drops mellowed off  
 The wrinkling stalk of Time, as thine own race  
 Hath seen of stars now vanished — all is hid  
 From me. My part is done. What after comes  
 I know not more than thou.

FESTUS. Raise me a spirit !  
 Awake ye dead ! out with the secret, death !  
 The grave hath no pride nor the rise-again.  
 Let each one bring the bane whereof he died.  
 Bring the man his, the maiden hers ! Oh ! half  
 Mankind are murderers of themselves or souls.  
 Yea, what is life but lingering suicide ?  
 Wake, dead ! Ye know the truth ; yet there ye lie  
 All mingling, mouldering, perishing together  
 Like run sand in the hour-glass of old Time.  
 Death is the mad world's asylum. There is peace ;  
 Destruction's quiet and equality.  
 Night brings out stars as sorrow shows us truths :  
 Though many, yet they help not ; bright, they light  
 not.

They are too late to serve us : and sad things  
 Are aye too true. We never see the stars

Till we can see nought but them. So with truth.  
 And yet if one would look down a deep well,  
 Even at noon, we might see those same stars  
 Far fairer than the blinding blue — the truth;  
 Probe the profound of thine own nature, man!  
 And thou may'st see reflected, e'en in life,  
 The worlds, the Heavens, the ages; by and by,  
 The coming come. Then welcome, world-eyed  
 Truth!

But there are other eyes men better love  
 Than Truth's: for when we have her she is so cold,  
 And proud, we know not what to do with her.  
 We cannot understand her, cannot teach;  
 She makes us love her, but she loves not us;  
 And quits us as she came and looks back never.  
 Wherefore we fly to Fiction's warm embrace,  
 With her to relax and bask ourselves at ease;  
 And, in her loving and unhindering lap  
 Voluptuously lulled, we dream at most  
 On death and truth: she knows them, loves them  
 not;  
 Therefore we hate them and deny them both.  
 Call up the dead!

LUCIFER. Let rest while rest they may!

For free from pain and from this world's wear and  
 tear

It may be a relief to them to rot;  
 And it must be that at the day of doom,  
 If mortals should take up immortal life,  
 They will curse me with a thunder which shall  
 shake

The sun from out the socket of his sphere.

The curse of all created. Think on it!

FESTUS. Those souls thou mean'st whom thou  
 hast ruined, damned.

LUCIFER. Nor only those; when once the vir-  
 gin bloom

Of soul is soiled — and rudely hath my hand  
 Swept o'er the swelling clusters of all life —

Little it matters whether crushed or touched  
 Scarcely : each speaks the spoiler hath been there.  
 The saved, the lost, shall curse me both alike :  
 God too shall curse me, and I, I, myself.  
 That curse is ever greatening — quick with hell ;  
 The coming consummation of all woe.

FESTUS. O man, be happy ! Die and cease for  
 ever !

Why wear we not the shroud alway, that robe  
 Which speaks our rank on earth, our privilege ?  
 To know I have a deathless soul I would lose it.

LUCIFER. Believest thou all I tell thee ?

FESTUS. All, I do.

Stringing the stars at random round her head,  
 Like a pearl network, there she sits — bright night !  
 I love night more than day — she is so lovely.  
 But I love night the most because she brings  
 My love to me in dreams which scarcely lie ;  
 Oh ! all but truth and lovelier oft than truth !  
 Let me have dreams like these, sweet Night, for  
 ever,

When I shall wake no more ; an endless dream  
 Of love and holy beauty 'mid the stars.

LUCIFER. I see thy heart and I will grant thy  
 wish.

I have lied to thee. I have command over spirits.  
 Whom wilt thou that I call ?

FESTUS. Mine Angela !

LUCIFER. There is an Angel ever by thine  
 hand.

What seest thou ?

FESTUS. It is my love ! It is she !  
 My glory ! spirit ! beauty, let me touch thee.  
 Nay, do not shrink back : well then I am wrong.  
 Thou didst not use to shrink from me, my love.  
 Angela ! dost thou hear me ? Speak to me.  
 And thou art there — looking alive and dead.  
 Thy beauty is then incorruptible.  
 I thought so, oft as I have looked on thee.

Thou art too much even now for me as once.  
 I cannot gather what I raved to say;  
 Nor why I had thee hither. Stay, sweet sprite!  
 Dear art thou to me now, as in that hour  
 When first Love's wave of feeling, spray-like broke  
 Into bright utterance, and we said we loved.  
 Yea, but I must come to thee. Move no more!  
 Art thou in death or Heaven or from the stars?  
 Have I done wrong in calling for thee thus?  
 What art thou? Speak, love; whisper me as wont  
 In the dear times gone bye; or durst thou not  
 Unfold the mystery of thine and mine  
 Own being? Was it Death who hushed thy lips?  
 Is his cold finger there still? Let me come!  
 She is not!

LUCIFER. And thou canst not bring her back.

FESTUS. I will not, cannot be without her.

Call her!

LUCIFER. I call on spirits and I make them  
 come;

But they depart according to their own will.  
 Another time and she shall speak with thee—  
 Ere long—and she shall shew thee where she  
 dwells,

And how doth pass her immortality;—  
 If lengthening decay can so be called.

Can lines finite one way be infinite

Another? And yet such is deathlessness.

FESTUS. It is hard to deem that spirits cease,  
 that thought

And feeling flesh-like perish in the dust.

Shall we know those again in a future state

Whom we have known and loved on earth? Say  
 yes!

LUCIFER. The mind hath features as the body  
 hath.

FESTUS. But is it mind which shall rerise?

LUCIFER. Man were  
 Not man without the mind he had in life.

FESTUS. Shall all defects of mind and fallacies  
 Of feeling be immortalized ? all needs,  
 All joys, all sorrows, be again gone through,  
 Before the final crisis be imposed ?  
 Shall Heaven but be old earth created new ?  
 Or earth, treelike, transplanted into Heaven,  
 To flourish by the waters of all life,  
 And we within its shade, as heretofore,  
 Cropping its fruit, with life-seeds cored at heart ?

LUCIFER. Man's nature, physical and psychical,  
 Will be together raised, changed, glorified ;  
 And all shall be alike, like God ; and all  
 Unlike each other, and themselves. The earth  
 Shall vanish from the thoughts of those she bore,  
 As have the idols of the olden time  
 From men's hearts of the present. All delight  
 And all desire, shall be with Heavenly things,  
 And the new nature God bestowed on man.

FESTUS. Then man shall be no more man, but  
 an Angel.

LUCIFER. When he is dead and buried. What  
 remains, —  
 That such an obscure, contradictory, thing  
 Should be perpetuated anywhere ?

FESTUS. Oh ! if God hates the flesh, why made  
 He it  
 So beautiful that e'en its semblance maddens ?  
 Am I to credit what I think I have seen ?  
 Or am I suffering some deceit of thine ?

LUCIFER. I am explaining, not deluding.

FESTUS. True  
 Defining night by darkness, death by dust.  
 I run the gauntlet of a file of doubts,  
 Each one of which down hurls me to the ground.  
 I ask a hundred reasons what they mean,  
 And every one points gravely to the ground,  
 With one hand, and to Heaven with the other.  
 In vain I shut mine eyes. Truth's burning beam  
 Forces them open, and when open, blinds them.



LUCIFER. Doubly unhappy!

FESTUS. I am too unhappy  
To die; as some too way-worn cannot sleep.  
Planets and suns, that set themselves on fire  
By their own rapid self-revolvements, are  
But like some hearts. Existence I despise.  
The shape of man is wearisome; a bird's,  
A worm's — a whirlwind's, I would change with  
aught.  
Time! dash thine hour-glass down. Have done  
with this!

The course of Nature seems a course of Death,  
And nothingness the sole substantial thing.

LUCIFER. Corruption springs from Light: 't is  
the same power

Creates, preserves, destroys: the matter which  
It works on, being one ever-changing form, —  
The living and the dying and the dead.

FESTUS. I'll not believe a thing which I have  
known.

Hell was made hell for me, and I am mad.

LUCIFER. True venom churns the froth out of  
the lips;

It works, and works like any water-wheel.  
And she then was the maiden of thy heart.  
Well, I have promised. Ye shall meet again.

FESTUS. I loved her for that she was beau-  
tiful;

And that to me she seemed to be all nature  
And all varieties of things in one;  
Would set at night in clouds of tears, and rise  
All light and laughter in the morning: yea,  
And that she never schooled within her breast  
One thought or feeling, but gave holiday  
To all; and that she made all even mine  
In the communion of love: and we  
Grew like each other for we loved each other —  
She, mild and generous as the sun in spring;  
And I, like earth all budding out with love.

LUCIFER. And then, love's old end, falsehood  
                   nothing worse  
 I hope ?

FESTUS. What's worse than falsehood ? to deny  
 The god which is within us, and in all  
 Is love ? Love hath as many vanities  
 As charms ; and this, perchance, the chief of both :  
 To make our young heart's track upon the first,  
 And snowlike fall of feeling which overspreads  
 The bosom of the youthful maiden's mind,  
 More pure and fair than even its outward type.  
 If one did thus, was it from vanity ?  
 Or thoughtlessness, or worse ? Nay, let it pass.  
 The beautiful are never desolate ;  
 But some one alway loves them — God or man.  
 If man abandons, God himself takes them.  
 And thus it was. She whom I once loved died.  
 The lightning loathes its cloud — the soul its clay.  
 Can I forget that hand I took in mine,  
 Pale as pale violets ; that eye, where mind  
 And matter met alike divine ? ah, no !  
 May God that moment judge me when I do !  
 Oh ! she was fair : her nature once all spring,  
 And deadly beauty like a maiden sword ;  
 Startlingly beautiful. I see her now !  
 Whatever thou art thy soul is in my mind ;  
 Thy shadow hourly lengthens o'er my brain,  
 And peoples all its pictures with thyself.  
 Gone, not forgot — passed, not lost — thou shalt  
                   shine  
 In Heaven like a bright spot in the sun !  
 She said she wished to die, and so she died ;  
 For, cloudlike, she poured out her love, which was  
 Her life, to freshen this parched heart. It was thus.  
 I said we were to part, but she said nothing.  
 There was no discord — it was music ceased —  
 Life's thrilling, bounding, bursting joy. She sate  
 Like a house-god, her hands fixed on her knee ;  
 And her dark hair lay loose and long around her.

Through which her wild bright eye flashed like flint  
 She spake not, moved not, but she looked the more,  
 As if her eye were action, speech and feeling.  
 I felt it all; and came and knelt beside her.  
 The electric touch solved both our souls together.  
 Then comes the feeling which unmakes, undoes;  
 Which tears the sealike soul up by the roots  
 And lashes it in scorn against the skies.  
 Twice did I madly swear to God, hand clenched,  
 That not even He nor death should tear her from me.  
 It is the saddest and the sorest sight  
 One's own love weeping; — but why call on God,  
 But that the feeling of the boundless bounds  
 All feeling, as the welkin doth the world?  
 It is this which ones us with the whole and God.  
 Then first we wept; then closed and clung to  
 gether;

And my heart shook this building of my breast,  
 Like a live engine booming up and down.  
 She fell upon me like a snow-wreath thawing.  
 Never were bliss and beauty, love and woe,  
 Ravelled and twined together into madness,  
 As in that one wild hour; to which all else,  
 The past, is but a picture — that alone  
 Is real, and for ever there in front;  
 Making a black blank on one side of life  
 Like a blind eye. But after that I left her;  
 And only saw her once again alive.

LUCIFER. Well, shall we go?

FESTUS. This moment. I am ready.  
 Farewell ye dear old walks and trees! farewell  
 Ye waters! I have loved ye well. In youth  
 And childhood it hath been my life to drift  
 Across ye lightly as a leaf; or skim  
 Your waves in yon skiff, swallowlike; or lie  
 Like a loved locket on your sunny bosom.  
 Could I, like you, by looking in myself  
 Find mine own Heaven—farewell! Immortal, come!  
 The morning peeps her blue eye on the east

LUCIFER. Think not so fondly as thy foolish  
 race,  
 Imagining a Heaven from things without;  
 The picture on the passing wave call Heaven —  
 The wavelet, life — the sands beneath it, death;  
 Daily more seen till, lo! the bed is bare.  
 This fancy fools the world.

FESTUS.

Let us away!

SCENE — *A Mountain — Sunrise.*

FESTUS AND LUCIFER.

FESTUS. Hail beauteous Earth! Gazing o'er  
 thee, I all  
 Forget the bonds of being; and I long  
 To fill thee, as a lover pines to blend  
 Soul, passion, yea existence, with the fair  
 Creature he calls his own. I ask for nought  
 Before or after death but this, — to lie,  
 And look, and live, and bask, and bless myself  
 Upon thy broad bright bosom. From thee I  
 Sprang, and to thee I turn, heart, arm and brain.  
 Yes, I am all thine own. Thou art the sole  
 Parent. To rock and river, plain and wood  
 I cry, ye are my kin. While I, O Earth!  
 Am but an atom of thee, and a breath,  
 Passing unseen and unrecorded like  
 The tiny throb here in my temple's pulse.  
 Thou art for ever and the sacred bride  
 Of heaven, — worthy the passion of our God.  
 O! full of light, love, grace! — the grace of all  
 Who owe to thee their life; thy Maker's love;  
 His face's light. All thine rejoice in thee;  
 Thou in thyself for aye; rolling through air  
 As seraphs' song out of their trumpet lips  
 Rolls round the skies of Heaven. See the sun!  
 God's crest upon His azure shield the Heavens.  
 Canst thou, a spirit, look upon him?

LUCIFER.

Ay.

I led him from the void, where he was wrought,  
By this right hand, up to the glorious seat  
His brightness overshadows; built his throne  
On piles of gold; and laid his chambers on  
Beams of gold; wrapped a veil of fire around  
His face; and bade him reign and burn like me.  
There, ever since, sat warming into life  
These worlds as in a nest, he has and is.  
But fall he must. I have done, do, nought else  
From my first thought to this and to my last.  
No matter; it is beneath this mind of mine  
To reckon of aught. I bear, have borne the ill  
Of ages, of eternities—and must.  
I care not. I shall sway the world as now,  
Which worse and worse sinks with me as I sink,  
Till finite souls vanish as a vapor;  
Till immortality, the proud thing, perish;  
And God alone be and eternity.  
Then will I clap my hands and cry to Him,  
I have done! Have Thy will now! There is none  
but Thee.

I am the first created being. I  
Will be the last to perish and to die.

FESTUS. Thou art a fit monitor, methinks, of  
pleasure.

LUCIFER. To the high air sunshine and cloud  
are one;

Pleasure and pain to me. Thou and the earth  
Alone feel these as different—for Ye  
Are under them—the Heavens and I above.

FESTUS. But tell me, have ye scenes like this in  
Hell?

LUCIFER. Nay, not in Heaven.

FESTUS. What is Heaven? not the toys  
Of singing, love and music? such a place  
Were fit for women only.

LUCIFER. Heaven is no place;  
Unless it be a place with God, allwhere.

It is the being good — the knowing God —  
 The consciousness of happiness and power;  
 With knowledge which no spirit e'er can lose  
 But doth increase in every state; and aught  
 It most delights in the full leave to do.  
 But why consume me with such questions? Why  
 Add earth to Hell, in the great chain of worlds  
 Which God in wrath hath bound about me?

FESTUS.

Why!

'T was therefore that I closed with thee, great Field!  
 That thou mightst answer all things I proposed,  
 Or bring me those who would do.

LUCIFER.

All these things

Thou wilt know sometime, when to see and know  
 Are one; to see a thing and comprehend  
 The nature of it essentially; perceive  
 The reason and the science of its being,  
 And the relations with the universe  
 Of all things actual or possible,  
 Mortal, immortal, spiritual, gross.  
 This, when the spirit is made free of Heaven,  
 Is the divine result; proportioned still  
 To the intelligence as human; for  
 There are degrees in Heaven as every thing,  
 By God's will. Unimaginable space  
 As full of suns as is earth's sun of atoms,  
 Faileth to match His boundless variousness;  
 And ever must do, though a thousand worlds,  
 As diverse from each other as is thine  
 From any of thy system's, were elanced  
 Each minute into life unendingly.  
 All of yon worlds, and all who dwell in them,  
 Stand in diverse degrees of bliss and being.  
 Through the ten thousand times ten thousandth grade  
 Of blessedness, above this world's and man's  
 Ability to feel or to conceive,  
 The soul may pass and yet know nought of Heaven.  
 More than a dim and miniature reflection  
 Of its most bright infinity; — for God

Makes to each spirit its peculiar Heaven ; —  
 And yet is Heaven a bright reality,  
 As this or any of yon worlds ; a state  
 Where all is loveliness and power and love ;  
 Where all sublimest qualities of mind,  
 Not infinite, are limited alone  
 By the surrounding Godhood, and where nought  
 But what produceth glory and delight,  
 To creature and Creator is : where all  
 Enjoy entire dominion o'er themselves,  
 Acts, feelings, thoughts, conditions, qualities,  
 Spirit and soul and mind ; all under God,  
 For spirit is soul Deified ; — while earth,  
 To the immortal vast, God-natured Spirit,  
 Is but a spell, which having served to light  
 A lamp, is cast into consuming fire.

FESTUS. And Hell ? Is it naught but pits and  
 chains and flames ?

LUCIFER. An ever greatening sense of ill and  
 woe,  
 Aye crushing down the soul, but filling never  
 Its infinite capacity of pain.

FESTUS. But human nature is not infinite,  
 And therefore cannot suffer endlessly.

LUCIFER. God may create in time what shall  
 endure  
 Unto Eternity. With Him is no  
 Distinction, nor in that which is of Him.

FESTUS. Then is not soul of God, but man and  
 earth.  
 Soul when made spirit is of earth no more,  
 Nor time, but of Eternity and Heaven.  
 'Tis but when in the body, and bent down  
 To worldly ends, that human souls become  
 Objects of time, as most are, till the hour  
 Comes when the soul of man shall be made one  
 With God's spirit ; and where shall woe be then ?  
 Where, sin ? where, suffering ? when the mortal  
 soul

Shall be Divinized and eternized by  
God's very spirit put upon it ?

LUCIFER. How  
Can souls begotten to predestined doom,  
From and before all worlds, be deemed of earth?

FESTUS. Things spiritual, as belonging God,  
Are known unto Him, and predestined from  
Eternity, nor these alone ; but Flesh  
Forms not nor does it need the care of Fate.

LUCIFER. The object of eternal knowledge  
must  
Have like existence.

FESTUS. Then it cannot be  
Bound unto torment ; that would be to bring  
Torture on godlike essence.

LUCIFER. Hast not heard,  
How thine existence here, on earth, is but  
The dark and narrow section of a life  
Which was with God, long ere the sun was lit,  
And shall be yet, when all the bold bright stars  
Are dark as death-dust — Immortality  
And Wisdom tending thee on either hand,  
Thy divine sisters ? But do thou believe  
E'en what thou wilt. It matters not to me.

FESTUS. Is it the nature or the deed of God  
To render finite follies infinite,  
Or to eternize sin and death in fire ?  
For so long as the punishment endures,  
The crime lasts. Were it not for thy presence,  
Spirit ! I would not deem Hell were.

LUCIFER. Let not  
My presence pass for more than it is worth,  
I pray, nor yet my absence. Trust me, I  
Could wish, with thee, that Hell were blotted out  
Of utmost space. 'Tis man himself aye makes  
His own God and his hell. But this is truth.

FESTUS. The truth is perilous never to the true,  
Nor knowledge to the wise ; and to the fool,  
And to the false, error and truth alike.



Error is worse than ignorance. But say : —  
 How can eternal punishment be due  
 To temporal offences, to a pulse  
 Of momentary madness ?

LUCIFER. Pardon me.  
 Sin is not temporary. Nothing is,  
 Of spiritual nature, but hath cause  
 Immortal and immortal end in all,  
 As spirits. Therefore till the soul shall be  
 By grace redeified, as is the soul,  
 So is the sin, for ever before God.

FESTUS. Sin is not of the spirit, but of that  
 Which blindeth spirit, heart and brain.

LUCIFER. Believe so.  
 The law of all the worlds is retribution.

FESTUS. But is it so of God ?

LUCIFER. The laws of Heaven  
 Are not of earth ; there law is liberty.

FESTUS. Thou thundercloud of spirits, darkning  
 The skies and wrecking earth ! Could I hate men  
 How I should joy with thee, even as an eagle,  
 Nigh famished, in the fellowship of storms ;  
 But I still love them. What will come of men ?

LUCIFER. Whatever may, perdition is their  
 meed.  
 Were Heaven dispeopled for a ministry  
 To warn them of their ways ; were thou and I  
 To monish them ; were Heaven, and Earth, and Hell  
 To preach at once, they still would mock and jeer  
 As now ; but never repent until too late ;  
 Until the everlasting hour had struck.

FESTUS. Men might be better if we better  
 deemed  
 Of them. The worst way to improve the world  
 Is to condemn it. Men may overget  
 Delusion — not despair.

LUCIFER. Why love mankind ?  
 The affections are thy system's weaknesses ;  
 The wasteful outlets of self-maintenance.

FESTUS. The wild flower's tendril, proof of  
 feebleness,  
 Proves strength; and so we fling our feelings out,  
 The tendrils of the heart, to bear us up.  
 O Earth! how drear to think to tear oneself,  
 Even for an hour, from looks like this of thine;  
 From features, oh! so fair; to quit for aye  
 The luxury of thy side. Why, why art thou  
 Thus glorious, and 't were not to sate the soul,  
 And chide us for the senseless dream of Heaven?  
 The still strong stream sweeps onward to its end,  
 Like one of the great purposes of God;  
 Or like, may be, a soul like mine to Him.  
 Along yon deep blue vein upon thy bosom,  
 Earth, I could float for ever. See it there —  
 Winding among its green and smiling isles,  
 Like Charity amidst her children dear;  
 Or Peace, rejoicing in her olive wreaths,  
 And gladdening as she glides along the lands.

LUCIFER. And yet all this must end — must  
 pass; drop down  
 Oblivion like a pebble in a pit:  
 For God shall lay His hand upon the earth,  
 And crush it up like a red leaf.

FESTUS. Not be?  
 I cannot root the thought, nor hold it firm.

LUCIFER. This same sweet world which thou  
 wouldst fondly deem  
 Eternal, may be; which I soon shall see  
 Destruction suck back as the tide a shell.

FESTUS. It will not be yet. I'll woo thee,  
 world, again,  
 And revel in thy loveliness and love.  
 I have a heart with room for every joy:  
 And since we must part, sometime, while I may,  
 I'll quaff the nectar in thy flowers, and press  
 The richest clusters of thy luscious fruit  
 Into the cup of my desires. I know  
 My years are numbered not in units ye'

But I cannot live unless I love and am loved ;  
 Unless I have the young and beautiful  
 Bound up like pictures in my book of life.  
 It is the intensest vanity alone  
 Which makes us bear with life. Some seem to  
 live,

Whose hearts are like those unenlightened stars  
 Of the first darkness — lifeless, timeless, useless —  
 With nothing but a cold night air about them ;  
 Not suns — not planets — darkness organized :  
 Orbs of a desert darkness : with no soul  
 To light its watchfire in the wilderness,  
 And civilize the solitude one moment.

There are such seemingly ; but how or why  
 They live I know not. This to me is life ;  
 That if life be a burden, I will join  
 To make it but the burden of a song :

I hate the world's coarse thought. And this is life  
 To watch young beauty's budlike feelings burst  
 And load the soul with love ; — as that pale flower,  
 Which opes at eve, spreads sudden on the dark  
 Its yellow bloom, and sinks the air down with  
 sweets.

Let Heaven take all that's good — Hell all that's  
 foul ;

Leave us the lovely ! and we will ask no more.

LUCIFER. To me it seems time all should end.  
 The sky

Grows gray. It is not so bright nor blue as once.  
 Well I remember, as it were yesterday,  
 When earth and Heaven went happy, hand in  
 hand,

With all the morning dew of youth about them ;  
 With the bright unworldly hearts of youth and  
 truth

And the maiden bosoms of the beautiful : —  
 Ere earth sinned, or the pure indignant Heavens  
 Retreated high, nigh God ; when earth was all  
 A creeping mass alive with shapeless things :

And when there were but three things in the world—

Monsters, mountains and water : before age  
Had thickened the eyes of stars ; and while the sea,  
Rejoicing like a ring of saints round God,  
Or Heaven on Heaven about some newborn sun,  
In its sublime samesoundingness, laughed out  
And cried not I ! Like God I never rest.

FESTUS. God hath his rest ; earth hers. Let me have mine.

Yet must I look on thee, fair scene, again,  
Ere I depart. The glory of the world  
Is on all hands. In one encircling ken,  
I gaze on river, sea, isle, continent,  
Mountain, and wood, and wild, and fire-lipped hill,  
And lake, and golden plain, and sun, and Heaven,  
Where the stars brightly die, whose death is day ;  
City and port and palace, ships and tents,  
Lie massed and mapped before me. All is here.  
The elements of the world are at my feet,  
Above me and about me. Now would I  
Be and do somewhat beside that I am.  
Canst thou not give me some ethereal slave,  
Of the pure essence of an element —  
Such as my bondless brain hath oft times drawn  
In the divine insanity of dreams —  
To stand before me and obey me, spirit ?

LUCIFER. Call out, and see if aught arise to thee.

FESTUS. Green dewy Earth, who standest at my feet,

Singing and pouring sunshine on thy head,  
As naiad native water, speak to me !  
I am thy son. Canst thou not now, as once,  
Bring forth some being dearer, liker to thee  
Than is my race, — Titan or tiny fay,  
Stream-nymph or wood-nymph ? She hath ceased  
to speak.

Like God, except in thunder, or to look

Unless in lightning. Miracles, with earth,  
Are out of fashion as with Heaven.

LUCIFER. More's  
The pity. Call elsewhere ! Old Earth is hard  
Of hearing, may be.

FESTUS. I beseech thee, Sea !  
Tossing thy wavy locks in sparkling play,  
Like to a child awakening with the light  
To laughter. Canst not thou disgorge for me  
From thy deep bosom, deep as Heaven is high,  
Of all thy sea-gods one, or sea-maids ?

LUCIFER. None !

FESTUS. I half despair. Fire ! that art slumber-  
ing there,  
Like some stern warrior in his rocky fort,  
After the vast invasion of the world,  
Hast not some flaming imp, or messenger  
Of empyrean element, to whom,  
In virtue of his nature, are both known  
The secrets of the burning, central, void below,  
And yon bright Heaven, out of whose æry fire  
Are wrought the forms of angels and the thrones ?  
Hast none at hand to do my bidding ? Come !  
Breathe out a spirit for me ! One I ask  
That shall be with me always, as a friend,  
And not like thee, who despotizest o'er  
The heart thou seek'st to serve. I must be free.

LUCIFER. All finite souls must serve ; their  
widest sway  
Is but the rule of service. This fair earth  
Which thou dost boast so much of, why, thou see'st  
'Tis but the particolored, scummy dross  
Of the original element wherefrom  
The fiery worlds were framed.

FESTUS. Air ! and thou, Wind !  
Which art the unseen similitude of God  
The Spirit, His most meet and mightiest sign ;  
The earth with all her steadfastness and strength,  
Sustaining all, and bound about with chains

Of mountains, as is life with mercies, ranging round  
With all her sister orbs the whole of Heaven,  
Is not so like the unlikenable One  
As thou. Ocean is less divine than thee ;  
For although all but limitless, it is yet  
Visible, many a land not visiting.  
But thou art, Lovelike, everywhere ; o'er earth,  
O'er ocean triumphing, and aye with clouds,  
That like the ghost of ocean's billows roll,  
Decking or darkening Heaven. The sun's light  
Floweth and ebbeth daily like the tides ;  
The moon's doth grow or lessen, night by night ;  
The stirless stars shine forth by fits and hide,  
And our companion planets come and go ; —  
And all are known, their laws and liberties.  
But no man can foreset thy coming, none  
Reason against thy going ; thou art free,  
The type impalpable of Spirit, thou.  
Thunder is but a momentary thing,  
Like a world's death-rattle, and is like death ;  
And lightning, like the blaze of sin, can blind  
Only and slay. But what are these to thee,  
In thine all-present variousness ? Now,  
So light as not to wake the snowiest down  
Upon the dove's breast, winning her bright way  
Calm and sublime as Grace unto the soul,  
Towards her far native grove ; now, stern and  
strong  
As ordnance, overturning tree and tower ;  
Cooling the white brows of the peaks of fire —  
Turning the sea's broad furrows like a plough, —  
Fanning the fruitening plains, breathing the sweets  
Of meadows, wandering o'er blinding snows,  
And sands like sea-beds and the streets of cities,  
Where men as garnered grain lie heaped together ;  
Freshening the cheeks, and mingling oft the locks  
Of youth and beauty, 'neath star-speaking eve ;  
Swelling the pride of canvas, or, in wrath,  
Scattering the fleets of nations like dead leaves :

In all, the same o'ermastering sightless force,  
 Bowing the highest things of earth to earth,  
 And lifting up the dust unto the stars;  
 Fatelike, confounding reason, and like God's  
 Spirit, conferring life upon the world, —  
 Midst all corruption incorruptible;  
 Monarch of all the elements! hast thou  
 No soft Eolian sylph, with sightless wing,  
 To spare a mortal for an hour?

LUCIFER. Peace, peace!  
 All nature knows that I am with thee here,  
 And that thou need'st no minor minister.  
 To thee I personate the world — its powers,  
 Beliefs, and doubts and practices.

FESTUS. Are all  
 Mine invocations fruitless, then?

LUCIFER. They are.  
 Let us enjoy the world!

FESTUS. If 'twas God's will  
 That thou shouldst visit me He shall not send  
 Temptation to my heart in vain. Sweet world!  
 We all still cling to thee. Though thou thyself  
 Passest away, yet men will hanker about thee,  
 Like mad ones by their moping haunts. Men pass,  
 Cleaving to things themselves which pass away,  
 Like leaves on waves. Thus all things pass for  
 ever,  
 Save mind and the mind's meed.

LUCIFER. Let us too pass!

SCENE — *Alcove and Garden.*

FESTUS AND CLARA.

FESTUS. What happy things are youth and love  
 and sunshine!  
 How sweet to feel the sun upon the heart!  
 To know it is lighting up the rosy blood,

And with all joyous feelings, prism-hued,  
 Making the dark breast shine like a spar grot.  
 We walk among the sunbeams as with angels.

CLARA. Yes, there are feelings so serene and  
 sweet,

Coming and going with a musical lightness,  
 That they can make amends for their passingness,  
 And balance God's condition to decay ;  
 As yon light fleecy cloudlet floating along,  
 Like golden down from some high angel's wing,  
 Breaks but relieves and beautifies the blue.

I wonder if ever I could love another.

How I should start to see upon the sward  
 A shadow not thine own armlinked with mine !  
 See, here is a garland I have bound for thee.

FESTUS. Nay, crown thyself; it will suit thee  
 better, love.

Place wreaths of everlasting flowers on tombs,  
 And deck with fading beauties forms that fade.  
 Put it away, — I will no crown save this :  
 And could the line of dust which here I trace  
 Upon my brow but warrant dust beneath —  
 And nothing more — or could this bubble frame,  
 Informed with soul, lashed from the stream of life  
 By its own impetus, but burst at once,  
 And vanish part on high and part below,  
 I would be happy, nor would envy death.  
 Could I, like Heaven's bolt, earthing quench my-  
 self,

This moment would I burn me out a grave.  
 Might I but be as many years in dying  
 As I have lived — that might be some relief.

CLARA. What canst thou mean ?

FESTUS. Mean ? Is there not a future !  
 The past, the present and the coming, curse each !  
 The future, curse it !

CLARA. Shall we not ever live  
 And love as now ?

FESTUS. Ay, live I fear we must.



CLARA. And love: because we then are happiest.

We shall lack nothing having love: and we,  
 We must be happy everywhere — we two!  
 For spiritual life is great and clear,  
 And self-continuous as the changeless sea,  
 Rolling the same in every age as now;  
 Whether o'er mountain tops, where only snow  
 Dwells, and the sunbeam hurries coldly by;  
 Or o'er the vales, as now, of some old world  
 Older than ancient man's. As is the sea's,  
 So is the life of spirit, and the kind.  
 And then with natures raised, refined, and freed  
 From these poor forms, our days shall pass in  
 peace

And love; no thought of human littleness  
 Shall cross our high calm souls, shining and pure  
 As the gold gates of Heaven. Like some deep  
 lake

Upon a mountain summit they shall rest,  
 High above cloud and storm of life like this,  
 All peace and power, and passionless purity;  
 Or if a thought of other troubled times  
 Ruffle it for a moment, it shall pass  
 Like a chance raindrop on its heavenward face.  
 I love to meditate on bliss to come.  
 Not that I am unhappy here; but that  
 The hope of higher bliss may rectify  
 The lower feeling which we now enjoy.  
 This life, this world is not enough for us;  
 They are nothing to the measure of our mind.  
 For place we must have space; for time we must  
 have

Eternity; and for a spirit godhood.

FESTUS. Mind means not happiness: power is  
 not good.

CLARA. True bliss is to be found in holy life;  
 In charity to man — in love to God:  
 Why should such duties cease, such powers decay?

Are they not worthy of a deathless state —  
 A boundless scope — a high uplifted life ?  
 Man, like the air-born eagle who remains  
 On earth only to feed and sleep and die ;  
 But whose delight is on his lonely wing,  
 Wide sweeping as a mind, to force the skies  
 High as the lightfall ere, begirt with clouds,  
 It dash this nether world.—immortal man  
 Rushes aloft, right upwards, into Heaven.  
 O faith of Christ, sole honor of the world !

FESTUS. What know men of religion, save its  
 forms ?

CLARA. True faith nor biddeth nor abideth  
 form.

The bended knee, the eye uplift is all  
 Which man need render ; all which God can bear.  
 What to the faith are forms ? A passing speck,  
 A crow upon the sky. God's worship is  
 That only He inspires ; and His bright words,  
 Writ in the red-leaved volume of the heart,  
 Return to him in prayer, as dew to Heaven.  
 Our proper good we rarely seek or make ;  
 Mindless of our immortal powers and their  
 Immortal end, as is the pearl of its worth,  
 The rose its scent, the wave its purity.

FESTUS. Come, we will quit these saddening  
 themes. Wilt sing  
 To me ? for I am gloomy ; and I love  
 Thy singing, sacred as the sound of hymns,  
 On some bright Sabbath morning, on the moor,  
 Where all is still save praise ; and where hard by  
 The ripe grain shakes its bright beard in the sun ;  
 The wild bee hums more solemnly ; the deep sky,  
 The fresh green grass, the sun, and sunny brook,  
 All look as if they knew the day, the hour ;  
 And felt with man the need and joy of thanks.

CLARA. I cannot sing the lightsome lays of  
 love,  
 Many thou know'st who can ; but none that can

Love thee as I do — for I love thy soul;  
And I would save it, Festus! Listen then:

Is Heaven a place where pearly streams  
Glide over silver sand?  
Like childhood's rosy dazzling dreams  
Of some far faery land?  
Is Heaven a clime where diamond dew  
Glitter on fadeless flowers?  
And mirth and music ring aloud  
From amaranthine bowers?

Ah no; not such, not such is Heaven!  
Surpassing far all these;  
Such cannot be the guerdon given  
Man's wearied soul to please.  
For saint and sinner here below  
Such vain to be have proved:  
And the pure spirit will despise  
Whate'er the sense hath loved.

There we shall dwell with Sire and Son,  
And with the mother-maid,  
And with the Holy Spirit, one:  
In glory like arrayed:  
And not to one created thing  
Shall our embrace be given;  
But all our joy shall be in God;  
For only God is Heaven.

FESTUS. I know that thou dost love me. I in  
vain  
Strive to love aught of earth or Heaven but  
thee.

Thou art my first, last, only love; nor shall  
Another even tempt my heart. Like stars,  
A thousand sweet and bright and wondrous fair,  
A thousand deathless miracles of beauty,  
They shall ever pass at all but eyeless distance,

And never mix with thy love ; but be lost  
All, meanly in its moonlike lustrousness.

CLARA. How still the air is ! the tree tops stir  
not :

But stand and peer on Heaven's bright face as  
though

It slept and they were loving it : they would not  
Have the skies see them move for summers : would  
they ?

See that sweet cloud ! It is watching us, I am cer-  
tain.

What have we here to make thee stay one second ?

Away ! thy sisters wait thee in the west,  
The blushing bridemaids of the sun and sea.

I would I were like thee, thou little cloud,

Ever to live in Heaven : or seeking earth

To let my spirit down in drops of love :

To sleep with night upon her dewy lap ;

And, the next dawn, back with the sun to Heaven,

And so on through eternity, sweet cloud !

I cannot but think that some senseless things

Are happy. Often and often have I watched

A gossamer line sighing itself along

The air, as it seemed ; and so thin, thin and bright,

Looking as woven in a loom of light,

That I have envied it, I have, and followed ; —

Oft watched the sea-bird's down blown o'er the  
wave,

Now touching it, now spirited aloft,

Now out of sight, now seen, — till in some bright  
fringe

Of streamy foam, as in a cage, at last

A playful death it dies, and mourned its death.

FESTUS. But thinkest thou the future is a state

More positive than this ; or that it can be

Aught but another present, full of cares,

And toils, perhaps, and duties ; that the soul

Will ever be more nigh to God than now,

Save as may seem from mind's debility :

Just as the sun, from weakness of the eye,  
 And the illusions made by matter's forms,  
 Seems hot and wearied resting on the hill?  
 It would be well, I think, to live as though  
 No more were to be looked for; to be good  
 Because it is best, here; and leave hope and fear  
 For lives below ourselves. If earth persuades not  
 That I owe prayer and praise and love to God,  
 While all I have He gives, will Heaven? will  
 Hell?

No; neither, never!

CLARA. I think not all with thee.  
 Have I not heard thee hint of spirit-friends?  
 Where are they now?

FESTUS. Ah! close at hand, mayhap.  
 I have a might immortal; and can ken  
 With angels. Neither sky nor night nor earth  
 Hinder me. Through the forms of things I see  
 Their essences; and thus, even now, behold —  
 But where I cannot show to thee — far round,  
 Nature herself — the whole effect of God.  
 Mind, matter, motion, heat, time, love, and life,  
 And death and immortality; those chief  
 And first-born giants all are there; all parts,  
 All limbs of her their mother; she is all.

CLARA. And what does she?

FESTUS. Produce: it is her life.  
 The three named last, life, death, deathlessness,  
 Glide in elliptic path round all things made —  
 For none save God can fill the perfect whole:  
 And are but to eternity as is  
 The horizon to the world. At certain points  
 Each seems the other; now, the three are one;  
 Now, all invisible; and now, as first,  
 Moving in measured round.

CLARA. How look these beings?

FESTUS. Ah! Life looks gaily and gloomily in  
 turns;  
 With a brow chequered like the sward, by leaves

Between which the light glints ; and she, careless,  
wears

A wreath of flowers — part faded and part fresh.

And Death is beautiful and sad and still :

She seems too happy ; happier far than life —

In but one feeling, apathy : and on

Her chill white brow frosts bright, a braid of snow

CLARA. And Immortality ?

FESTUS. She looks alone ;

As though she would not know her sisterhood.

And on her brow a diadem of fire,

Matched by the conflagration of her eye,

Outflaming even that eye which in my sleep

Beams close upon me till it bursts from sheer

O'erstrainedness of sight, burns.

CLARA. What do they ?

FESTUS. Each strives to win me to herself.

CLARA. How ?

FESTUS. Death

Opens her sweet white arms and whispers, peace !

Come say thy sorrows in this bosom ! This

Will never close against thee ; and my heart,

Though cold, cannot be colder much than man's.

Come ! All this soon must end ! and soon the world

Shall perish leaf by leaf, and land by land ;

Flower by flower — flood by flood — and hill

By hill, away ; Oh ! come, come ! Let us die.

CLARA. Say that thou wilt not die !

FESTUS. Nay, I love Death.

But Immortality, with finger spired,

Points to a distant, giant world — and says

There, there is my home ! Live along with me !

CLARA. Canst see that world ?

FESTUS. Just — a huge shadowy shape ;

It looks a disembodied orb — the ghost

Of some great sphere which God hath stricken dead :

Or like a world which God hath thought — not made.

CLARA. Follow her, Festus ! Does she speak  
again ?

FESTUS. She never speaks but once; and now  
in scorn,  
Points to this dim, dwarfed, misbegotten sphere.

CLARA. Why let her pass?

FESTUS. That is the great world-question.  
Life would not part with me; and from her brow  
Tearing her wreath of passion-flowers, she flung  
It round my neck and dared me struggle then.  
I never could destroy a flower: and none  
But fairest hands like thine can grace with me  
The plucking of a rose. And Life, sweet Life!  
Vowed she would crop the world for me and lay it  
Herself before my feet even as a flower.  
And when I felt that flower contained thyself—  
One drop within its nectary kept for me,  
I lost all count of those strange sisters three;  
And where they be I know not. But I see  
One who is more to me.

CLARA. I know not how  
Thou hast this power and knowledge. I but hope  
It comes from good hands; if it be not thine  
Own force of mind. It is much less what we do  
Than what we think, which fits us for the future.  
I wish we had a little world to ourselves;  
With none but we two on it.

FESTUS. And if God  
Gave us a star, what could we do with it  
But that we could without it? Wish it not!

CLARA. I'll not wish then for stars; but I could  
love  
Some peaceful spot where we might dwell unknown,  
Where home-born joys might nestle round our  
hearts

As swallows round our roofs,—and blend their  
sweets

Like dewy-tangled flowerets in one bed.

FESTUS. The sweetest joy, the wildest woe is  
love;

The taint of earth, the odor of the skies,

Is in it. Would that I were aught but man!  
 The death of brutes, the immortality  
 Of fiend or angel, better seems than all  
 The doubtful prospects of our painted dust.  
 And all Morality can teach is — Bear!  
 And all Religion can inspire is — Hope!

CLARA. It is enough. Fruition of the fruit  
 Of the great Tree of Life, is not for earth.  
 Stars are its fruit, its lightest leaf is life.  
 The heart hath many sorrows beside love,  
 Yea many as the veins which visit it.  
 The love of aught on earth is not its chief  
 Nor ought to be. Inclusive of them all  
 There is the one main sorrow, life; — for what  
 Can spirit, severed from the great one, God,  
 Feel but a grievous longing to rejoin  
 Its infinite — its author — and its end?  
 And yet is life a thing to be beloved,  
 And honored holily, and bravely borne.  
 A man's life may be all ease, and his death  
 By some dark chance, unthought of agony: —  
 Or life may be all suffering, and decease  
 A flower-like sleep; — or both be full of woe,  
 Or each comparatively painless. Blame  
 Not God for inequalities like these!  
 They may be justified. How canst thou know?  
 They may be only seeming. Canst thou judge?  
 They may be done away with utterly  
 By loving, fearing, knowing God the Truth.  
 In all distress of spirit, grief of heart,  
 Bodily agony, or mental woe,  
 Rebuffs and vain assumptions of the world,  
 Or the poor spite of weak and wicked souls,  
 Think thou on God! Think what he underwent  
 And did for us as man. Weigh thou thy cross  
 With Christ's, and judge which were the heavier.  
 Joy even in thine anguish! — such was His,  
 But measurelessly more. Thy suffering  
 Assimilateth thee to Him. Rejoice!



Think upon what thou shalt be ! Think on God !  
 Then ask thyself, what is the world, and all  
 Its mountainous inequalities ? Ah, what !  
 Are not all equal as dust-atomes ?

FESTUS. My soul's orb darkens as a sudden  
 star,  
 Which having for a time exhausted earth  
 And half the Heavens of wonder, mortally  
 Passes for ever, not eclipsed, consumed ;—  
 All but a cloudy vapor darkening there,  
 The very spot in space it once illumed.  
 Once to myself I seemed a mount of light ;  
 But now, a pit of night. — No more of this !  
 Here have I lain all day in this green nook,  
 Shaded by larch and hornbeam, ash and yew ;  
 A living well and runnel at my feet,  
 And wild flowers, dancing to some delicate air ;  
 An urn-topped column and its ivy wreath  
 Skirting my sight as thus I lie and look  
 Upon the blue, unchanging, sacred skies :  
 And thou, too, gentle Clara, by my side,  
 With lightsome brow and beaming eye, and bright  
 Long glorious locks, which drop upon thy cheek  
 Like goldhued cloudflakes on the rosy morn.  
 Oh ! when the heart is full of sweets to o'erflowing,  
 And ringing to the music of its love,  
 Who but an angel or an hypocrite  
 Could speak or think of happier states ?

CLARA. Farewell !

Remember what thou saidst about the stars. [*Goes.*

FESTUS. Oh ! why was woman made so fair ? or  
 mar

So weak as to see that more than one had beauty ?  
 It is impossible to love but one.  
 And yet I dare not love thee as I could ;  
 For all that the heart most longs for and deserves,  
 Passes the soonest and most utterly.  
 The moral of the world's great fable, life.  
 All we enjoy seems given to deceive,

Or may be, undeceive us ; who cares which ?  
 And when the sum is done, and we have proved it,  
 Why work it over and over still again ?  
 I am not what I would be. Hear me, God !  
 And speak to me in thine invisible likeness  
 The wind, as once of yore. Let me be pure  
 Oh ! I wish I was a pure child again,  
 As ere the clear could trouble me : when life  
 Was sweet and calm as is a sister's kiss ;  
 And not the wild and whirlwind touch of passion,  
 Which though it hardly light upon the lip,  
 With breathless swiftness sucks the soul out of sight  
 So that we lose it, and all thought of it.  
 What is this life wherein Thou hast founded me,  
 But a bright wheel which burns itself away,  
 Benighting even night with its grim limbs,  
 When it hath done and fainted into darkness ?  
 Flesh is but fiction, and it flies away ;  
 The gaunt and ghastly thing we bear about us  
 And which we hate and fear to look upon  
 Is truth ; in death's dark likeness limned — no  
                   more.

SCENE — *Anywhere.*

FESTUS and LUCIFER meeting.

FESTUS. God hath refused me : wilt thou do it  
                   for me ?

Or shall I end with both ? remake myself ?

LUCIFER. Now that is the one thing which I  
                   cannot do.

Am I not open with thee ? why choose that ?

FESTUS. Because I will it. Thou art bound to  
                   obey.

LUCIFER. The world bears marks of my obe-  
                   dience.

FESTUS. Off ! I am torn to pieces. Let me try

And gather up myself into a man,  
As once I was. I have done with thee ! Dost hear ?

LUCIFER. Thou canst not mean this.

FESTUS. Once for all — I do.

LUCIFER. It is men who are deceivers — not  
the Devil.

The first and worst of all frauds is to cheat  
Oneself. All sin is easy after that.

FESTUS. I feel that we must part : part now or  
never ;

And I had rather of the two it were now.

LUCIFER. This is my last walk through my  
favorite world :

And I had hoped to have enjoyed it with thee.

For thee I quitted Hell ; for thee I warped

And shrivelled up my soul into a man :

For thee I shed my shining wings ; for thee

Put on this mask of flesh, this mockery

Of motion, and this seeming shape like thine.

And by my woe, I swear that were I now,

For thy false heart, to give my spirit spring,

I would scatter soul and body both to Hell,

And let one burn the other.

FESTUS. If thou darest !

Lift but the finger of a thought of ill

Against me, and — thou durst not. Mark, we part.

LUCIFER. Well ; as thou wilt. Remember that  
thy heart

Will shed its pleasures as thine eye its tears ;

And both leave loathsome furrows.

FESTUS. Thinkest thou

That I will have no pleasures without thee,

Who marrest all thou makest and even more ?

LUCIFER. Thou canst not ; save indeed some  
poor trite thing

Called moderation, every one can have ;

And modesty, God knows, is suffering.

FESTUS. Now will I prove thee liar for that  
word,

And that the very vastest out of Hell.  
 With perfect condemnation I abjure  
 My soul; my nature doth abhor itself;  
 I have a soul to spare [Goes.

LUCIFER. A hundred, I.  
 I have him yet: for he is mine to tempt.  
 Gold hath the hue of hell flames: but for him  
 I will lay some brilliant and delicious lure  
 Which shall be worth perdition to a seraph.  
 Most men glide quietly and deeply down:  
 Some seek the bottom like a cataract.  
 Now he shall find it, seek it how he will.  
 None ever went without once taking breath.  
 It is passion plunges men into mine arms;  
 But it matters not; Hell burns before them all.  
 It is by Hell-light they do their chiefest deeds;  
 And by Hell-light they shine unto each other;  
 And Hell through life's thick fog glares red and  
 round;  
 And but for Hell they would grope in utter dark.

SCENE — *A Country Town — Market-place — Noon.*

LUCIFER and FESTUS.

LUCIFER. These be the toils and cares of mighty  
 men.

Earth's vermin are as fit to fill her thrones  
 As these high Heaven's bright seats.

FESTUS. Men's callings all  
 Are mean and vain; their wishes more so: oft  
 The man is bettered by his part or place.  
 How slight a chance may raise or sink a soul!

LUCIFER. What men call accident is God's own  
 part.

He lets ye work your will — it is His own:  
 But that ye mean not, know not, do not, He doth.

FESTUS. What is life worth without a heart to feel

The great and lovely, and the poetry  
 And sacredness of things? for all things are  
 Sacred, — the eye of God is on them all,  
 And hallows all unto it. It is fine  
 To stand upon some lofty mountain-thought  
 And feel the spirit stretch into a view;  
 To joy in what might be if will and power  
 For good would work together but one hour.  
 Yet millions never think a noble thought:  
 But with brute hate of brightness bay a mind  
 Which drives the darkness out of them, like  
     hounds.

Throw but a false glare round them, and in shoals  
 They rush upon perdition: that's the race.  
 What charm is in this world-scene to such minds  
 Blinded by dust? What can they do in Heaven  
 A state of spiritual means and ends?  
 Thus must I doubt — perpetually doubt.

LUCIFER. Who never doubted never half be-  
     lieved.

Where doubt there truth is — 't is her shadow. I  
 Declare unto thee that the past is not.  
 I have looked over all life, yet never seen  
 The age that had been. Why then fear or dream  
 About the future? Nothing but what is, is;  
 Else God were not the Maker that He seems,  
 As constant in creating as in being.  
 Embrace the present! Let the future pass.  
 Plague not thyself about a future. That  
 Only which comes direct from God, His spirit,  
 Is deathless. Nature gravitates without  
 Effort; and so all mortal natures fall  
 Deathwards. All aspiration is a toil;  
 But inspiration cometh from above,  
 And is no labor. The earth's inborn strength  
 Could never lift her up to yon stars, whence  
 She fell; nor human soul, by native worth,  
 Claim Heaven as birthright, more than man may  
     call

Cloudland his home. The soul's inheritance,  
 Its birth-place, and its death-place, is of earth,  
 Until God maketh earth and soul anew;  
 The one like Heaven, the other like Himself.  
 So shall the new Creation come at once;  
 Sin, the dead branch upon the tree of Life,  
 Shall be cut off forever; and all souls  
 Concluded in God's boundless amnesty.

FESTUS. Thou windest and unwindest faith at  
 will.

What am I to believe?

LUCIFER. Thou mayst believe  
 But that which thou art forced to.

FESTUS. Then I feel  
 That instinct of immortal life in me,  
 Which prompts me to provide for it.

LUCIFER. Perhaps.

FESTUS. Man hath a knowledge of a time to  
 come —

His most important knowledge: the weight lies  
 Nearest the short end; and the world depends  
 Upon what is to be. I would deny  
 The present, if the future. Oh! there is  
 A life to come, or all's a dream.

LUCIFER. And all  
 May be a dream. Thou seest in thine, men, deeds,  
 Clear, moving, full of speech and order; then  
 Why may not all this world be but a dream  
 Of God's? Fear not! Some morning God may  
 waken.

FESTUS. I would it were. This life's a mystery.  
 The value of a thought cannot be told;  
 But it is clearly worth a thousand lives  
 Like many men's. And yet men love to live  
 As if mere life were worth their living for.  
 What but perdition will it be to most?  
 Life's more than breath and the quick round of  
 blood,  
 It is a great spirit and a busy heart.

The coward and the small in soul scarce do live.  
One generous feeling — one great thought — one  
deed

Of good, ere night, would make life longer seem  
Than if each year might number a thousand days,—  
Spent as is this by nations of mankind.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not  
breaths;

In feelings, not in figures on a dial.

We should count time by heart-throbs. He most  
lives

Who thinks most — feels the noblest — acts the  
best.

Life's but a means unto an end — that end,  
Beginning, mean and end to all things — God.

The dead have all the glory of the world.

Why will we live and not be glorious?

We never can be deathless till we die.

It is the dead win battles. And the breath

Of those who through the world drive like a wedge,

Tearing earth's empires up, nears death so close

It dims his well-worn scythe. But no! the brave

Die never. Being deathless, they but change

Their country's arms for more — their country's  
heart.

Give then the dead their due; it is they who saved  
us.

The rapid and the deep — the fall, the gulph

Have likenesses in feeling and in life.

And life so varied, hath more loveliness

In one day than a creeping century

Of sameness. But youth loves and lives on change

Till the soul sighs for sameness; which at last

Becomes variety, and takes its place.

Yet some will last to die out thought by thought,

And power by power, and limb of mind by limb,

Like lambs upon a gay device of glass,

Till all of soul that's left be dry and dark;

Till even the burden of some ninety years

Hath crashed into them like a rock ; shattered  
 Their system as if ninety suns had rushed  
 To ruin earth — or Heaven had rained its stars ;  
 Till they become, like scrolls, unreadable  
 Through dust and mould. Can they be cleaned  
 and read ?

Do human spirits wax and wane like moons !

LUCIFER. The eye dims and the heart gets old  
 and slow ;

The lithe limb stiffens, and the sun-hued locks  
 Thin themselves off, or whitely wither ; — still  
 Ages not spirit, even in one point,  
 Immeasurably small ; from orb to orb,  
 In ever rising radiance, shining like  
 The sun upon the thousand lands of earth.

Look at the medley, motley throng we meet !  
 Some smiling — frowning some ; their cares and joys  
 Alike not worth a thought — some sauntering  
 slowly

As if destruction never could o'ertake them ;  
 Some hurrying on as fearing judgment swift  
 Should trip the heels of Death and seize them  
 living.

FESTUS. Grief hallows hearts even while it ages  
 heads ;

And much hot grief, in youth, forces up life  
 With power which too soon ripens and which drops.

[*A funeral passes.*]

Whose funeral is this ye follow, friends ?

LUCIFER. Would ye have grief, let me come !  
 I am woe.

MOURNER. We want no grief : Festus ! she  
 died of grief.

FESTUS. Did ye say she died ? oh ! I knew her  
 then.

Set down the body ; let me look upon her !  
 Now, Son of God ! what dost Thou now in heaven  
 While one so beautiful lies earthening here ?  
 I will give up the future for the past ;



The winged spirit and the starry home  
If Thou wilt let her live, and make me love.

MOURNER. She was a lock of Heaven which  
Heaven gave earth,  
And took again, because unworthy of her.

FESTUS. Her air was an immortal's; I have  
seen  
Stars look on it with feeling; and her eye,  
Wherever she went, it won her way like wine.  
Men bowed to it as to the lifted Host.  
How could I be so cruel? Who but I?  
And now, corruption, come; sit; feast thyself!  
This is the choicest banquet thou hast been at.  
Thou art my happier, only rival: thou  
Who takest love from the living — life from  
beauty —

Beauty from death — whole robber of the world!

MOURNER. The moment after thou desertedst  
her  
A cloud came o'er the prospect of her life;  
And I foresaw how evening would set in,  
Early and dark and deadly. She was true.

FESTUS. Did I not love thee too? pure! perfect  
thing!

This is a soul I see and not a body.

Go, beauty, rest for aye; go, starry eyes,  
And lips like rosebuds peeping out of snow;  
Go, breast love-filled as a boat's sail with wind,  
Leaping from wave to wave as leaps a child  
Thoughtless o'er grassy graves; go, locks, which  
have

The golden embrownment of a lion's eye!

Yet one more look; farewell, thou well and fair!  
All who but loved thee shall be deathless. Nought  
Named but with thee can perish. Thou and Death  
Have made each other purer, levelier, seem,  
Like snow and moonlight. Never more for thee  
Let eyes be swollen like streams with latter rains!  
To die were rapture having lived with thee.

Thy soul hath passed out of a bodily Heaven  
 Into a spiritual. Rest for aye!—  
 Pure as the dead, in life the dead are holy.  
 I would I were among them. Let us pass!  
 Living is but a habit; and I mean  
 To break myself of it soon.

LUCIFER. Too soon thou canst not.  
 Men heed not of the day, how nigh none knows,  
 Which brings the consummation of the world.  
 But in my ear the old machine already  
 Begins to grate. They would not credit warning,  
 Or I would up and cry, Repent! I will.  
 Here is a fair gathering and I feel moved.  
 Mortals, Repent! the world is nigh to its end;  
 On its last legs and desperately sick.  
 See ye not how it reels round all day long?

BOYS. Oh! here's a ranter. Come, here's fun.  
 Amen!

I know the church service by heart.

BYSTANDER. Be off!  
 You'll serve the church by keeping out of it.

LUCIFER. I am a preacher come to tell ye truth.  
 I tell ye too there is no time to be lost;  
 So fold your souls up neatly, while ye may;  
 Direct to God in Heaven; or some one else  
 May seize them, seal them, send them—you know  
 where.

The world must end. I weep to think of it.  
 But you, you laugh! I knew ye would. I know  
 Men never will be wise till they are fools  
 For ever. Laugh away! The time will come,  
 When tears of fire are trickling from your eyes,  
 Ye will blame yourselves for having laughed at me.  
 I warn ye, men: prepare! repent! be saved!  
 I warn ye, not because I love, but know ye.  
 God will dissolve the world, as she of old  
 Her pearl, within His cup and swallow ye  
 In wrath: although to taste ye would be poison,  
 And death and suicide to aught but God.

Again I warn ye. Save himself who can !  
 Do ye not oft begin to seek salvation ?  
 You ? you ? and fail, as oft, to find ? Sink ? Cease !  
 And shall I tell ye, brethren, why ye fail ?  
 Once and for ever ? why, there is no past ;  
 And the future is the fiction of a fiction ;  
 The present moment is eternity ;  
 It is that ye have sucked corruption from the world  
 Like milk from your own mothers : it is in  
 Your soul-blood and your soul-bones. Earth does  
 not

Wean one out of a thousand sons to Heaven.  
 Beginnings are alike : it is ends which differ.  
 One drop falls, lasts, and dries up — but a drop ;  
 Another begins a river : and one thought  
 Settles a life, an immortality :  
 And that one thought ye will not take to good.  
 Now I will tell ye just one other truth :  
 Ye hate the truth as snails salt — it dissolves ye,  
 Body and soul — but I don't mind. So, now :  
 Up to this moment ye are all, each, damned.  
 What are ye now ? still damned ! It will be the  
 same

To-morrow — and the next day — and the next :  
 Till some fine morning ye will wake in fire.  
 Ye see I do not mince the truth for ye.  
 Belike ye think your lives will dribble out  
 As brooks in summer dry up. Let us see !  
 Try : dike them up : they stagnate — thicken —  
 scum.

That would make life worse than death. Well,  
 let go !

Where are ye then ? for life, like water, will  
 Find its last level : what level ? The grave.  
 It is but a fall of five feet after all ;  
 That cannot hurt ye ; it is but just enough  
 To work the wheel of life ; so work away !  
 Ye may think that I do not know the terms  
 And treasures whereupon ye live so high.

But I know more than most men, modestly  
 Speaking. I know I am lost, and ye too. God  
 Could only save me by destroying me;  
 So that I have no advantage over you.  
 And therefore think ye will the rather bear  
 One of your own state to advise for ye.  
 Now don't you envy me, good folks, I pray, —  
 Envy's a coal comes hissing hot from hell.  
 'T will be such coals will burn ye by the way.  
 Your other preachers first think they are safe.  
 Now I say, broadly, I am the worst among ye;  
 And God knows I have no need to wrong myself,  
 Nor you. I boast not of it, but as truth:  
 It is little to be proud of, credit me.  
 What is salvation? What is safety? Think!  
 Who wants to know? Does any?

THE CROWD. All of us.

LUCIFER. Then I will not tell ye. You shall  
 wait until

Some angel come and stir your stagnant souls:  
 Then plunge into yourselves and rise redeemed.  
 Come, I'll unroll your hearts and read them to ye.  
 To say ye live is but to say ye have souls,  
 That ye have paid for them and mean to play them,  
 Till some brave pleasure wins the golden stake,  
 And rakes it up to death as to a bank.  
 Ye live and die on what your souls will fetch;  
 And all are of different prices: therefore Hell  
 Cannot well bargain for mankind in gross;  
 But each soul must be purchased, one by one.  
 This it is makes men rate themselves so high:  
 While truly ye are worth little: but to God  
 Ye are worth more than to yourselves. By sin  
 Ye wreak your spite against God — that ye know:  
 And knowing, will it. But I pray, I beg,  
 Act with some smack of justice to your Maker,  
 If not unto yourselves. Do! It is enough  
 To make the very Devil chide mankind —  
 Such baseness, such unthankfulness! Why he

Thanks God he is no worse. You don't do that.  
 I say be just to God. Leave off these airs.  
 Know your place — speak to God — and say, for  
 once,

Go first, Lord ! Take your finger off your eye !  
 It blocks the universe and God from sight.

Think ye your souls are worth nothing to God ?  
 Are they so small ? What can be great with God ?  
 What will ye weigh against the Lord ? Yourself ?  
 Bring out your balance : get in, man by man :  
 Add earth, heaven, hell, the universe ; that's all.

God puts his finger in the other scale,  
 And up we bounce, a bubble. Nought is great  
 Nor small with God — for none but He can make  
 The atom indivisible, and none

But He can make a world : He counts the orbs,  
 He counts the atoms of the universe,  
 And makes both equal — both are infinite.

Giving God honor, never underrate  
 Yourself : after Him ye are every thing.

But mind ! God's more than every thing ; He is God.  
 And what of me ? No, us ? no ! I mean the Devil ?

Why see ye not he goes before both you  
 And God ? Men say — as proud as Lucifer —  
 Pray who would not be proud with such a train ?  
 Hath he not all the honor of the earth ?

Why Mammon sits before a million hearths  
 Where God is bolted out from every house.

Well might He say He cometh as a thief ;  
 For He will break your bars and burst your doors  
 Which slammed against him once, and turn ye out,  
 Roofless and shivering, 'neath the doom-storm ;

Heaven

Shall crack above ye like a bell in fire,  
 And bury all beneath its shining shards.  
 He calls : ye hear not. Lo ! he comes — ye see not.  
 No ; ye are deaf as a dead adder's ear :  
 No ; ye are blind as never bat was blind,  
 With a burning bloodshot blindness of the heart ;

A swimming, swollen senselessness of soul.  
Listen! Whom love ye most? Why him to whom  
Ye in your turn are dearest. Need I name?  
Oh no! But all are devils to themselves;  
And every man his own great foe. Hell gets  
Only the gleanings; earth hath the full wain;  
And hell is merry at its harvest home.  
But ye are generous to sin and grudge  
The gleaners nothing; ask them, push them in.  
Let not an ear, a grain of sin be lost;  
Gather it, grind it up; it is our bread:  
We should be ashamed to waste the gifts of God.  
Why is the world so mad? Why runs it thus  
Raving and howling round the universe?  
Because the Devil bit it from the birth!  
The fault is all with him. Fear nothing, friends!  
It is fear which beds the far to-come with fire  
As the sun does the west: but the sun sets;  
Well; still ye tremble—tremble, first at light,  
Then darkness. Tremble! ye dare not believe.  
No, cowards! sooner than believe ye would die;  
Die with the black lie flapping on your lips  
Like the soot-flake upon a burning bar.  
Be merry, happy if ye can: think never  
Of him who slays your souls, nor Him who saves.  
There is time enough for that when ye are a-dying  
Keep your old ways! It matters not this once.  
Be brave! Ye are not men whom meat and wine  
Serve to remind but of the sacrament;  
To whom sweet shapes and tantalizing smiles  
Bring up the Devil and the ten commandments—  
And so on—but I said the world must end.  
I am sorry; it is such a pleasant world:  
With all its faults it is perfect—to a fault:  
And you, of course, end with it. Now how long  
Will the world take to die? I know ye place  
Great faith upon death-bed repentances;  
The suddener the better. I know ye often  
Begin to think of praying and repenting;

But second thoughts come and ye are worse than  
ever;

As over new white snow a filthy thaw.

Ye do amaze me verily. How long

Will ye take heart on your own wickedness,

And God's forbearance? Have ye cast it up?

Come now; the year and month, day, hour and  
minute,

Sin's golden cycle. Do ye know how long

Exactly Heaven will grant ye? how long God, —

Who when he had slain the world and wasted it,

Hung up His bow in Heaven, as in his hall

A warrior after battle — will yet bear

Your contumely and scorn of His best gifts, —

Man's mockery of man? But never mind!

Some of us are magnificently good,

And hold the head up high like a giraffe;

You, in particular, and you — and you.

Good men are here and there, I know; but then, —

• You must excuse me if I mention this —

My duty is to tell it you — the world,

Like a black block of marble, jagged with white,

As with a vein of lightning petrified,

Looks blacker than without such; looks in truth,

So gross the heathen, gross the Christian too —

Like the original darkness of void space,

Hardened. Instead of justice, love and grace,

5 Each worth to man the mission of a God,

Injustice, hate, uncharitableness,

Triequal reign round earth, a Trinity of Hell.

Ye think ye never can be bad enough:

And as ye sink in sin, ye rise in hope.

And let the worst come to the worst, you say,

There always will be time to turn ourselves,

And cry for half an hour or so to God:

Salvation, sure, is not so very hard —

It need not take one long; and half an hour

Is quite as much as we can spare for it.

We have no time for pleasures. Business! business!

No! ye shall perish sudden and unsaved.  
 The priest shall, dipping, die. Can man save man?  
 Is water God? The counsellor, wise fool!  
 Drop down amid his quirks and sacred lies—  
 The judge, while dooming unto death some wretch,  
 Shall meet at once his own death, doom, and judge.  
 The doctor, watch in hand, and patient's pulse,  
 Shall feel his own heart cease its beats—and fall:  
 Professors shall spin out, and students strain  
 Their brains no more; art, science, toil shall cease.  
 The world shall stand still with a rending jar,  
 As though it struck at sea. The halls where sit  
 The heads of nations shall be dumb with death.  
 The ship shall after her own plummet sink,  
 And sound the sea herself and depths of death.  
 At the first turn Death shall cut off the thief,  
 And dash the gold bag in his yellow brain.  
 The gambler, reckoning gains, shall drop a piece;  
 Stoop down and there see death;—look up, there  
     God.

The wanton, temporizing with decay,  
 And qualifying every line which vice  
 Writes bluntly on the brow, inviting scorn,  
 Shall pale through plastered red: and the loose,  
     low sot  
 See clear, for once, through his misty, o'erbrimmed  
     eye.

The just, if there be any, die in prayer.  
 Death shall be everywhere among your marts,  
 And giving bills which no man may decline—  
 Drafts upon Hell one moment after date.  
 Then shall your outeries tremble amid the stars:  
 Terrors shall be about ye like a wind:  
 And fears come down upon ye like a house.

FESTUS. Yon man looks frightened.

LUCIFER.

Then it is time to stop.

I hope I have done no good. He will soon forget  
 His soul. Flesh soaks it up as sponge does water.  
 Now wait! I will rub them backwards like a cat;



And you shall see them spit and sparkle up.  
 Let us suppose a case, friends! You are men;  
 And there is God! and I will be the Devil.  
 Very well. I am the Devil.

ONE *says*. I think you are.  
 You look as if you lived on buttered thunder.

LUCIFER. Nay, be not wroth. Ye would crucify  
 the Devil,

I do believe, if he a moment vexed you.  
 I know well which ye choose: but choose again!  
 Time or eternity? Speak, Hell or Heaven?

THE CROWD. He's a mad ranter: down with  
 him! —

FESTUS. Let him be!

LUCIFER. Stand by me, Festus, and I will by  
 thee.

Why, God and man! this is the second time  
 That I have run for my life.

FESTUS. Nay, nay, come back!  
 They will not harm thee: they would chair thee  
 round

The market-place, knew they but whom thou art.  
 Peace, there my friends! one minute; let us pray!  
 Grant us, oh God! that in thy holy love

The universal people of the world

May grow more great and happy every day;

Mightier, wiser, humbler, too, towards Thee.

And that all ranks, all classes, callings, states

Of life, so far as such seem right to Thee,

May mingle into one, like sister trees,

And so in one stem flourish: — that all laws

And powers of government be based and used

In good and for the people's sake; — that each

May feel himself of consequence to all,

And act as though all saw him; — that the whole,

The mass of every nation may so do

As is most worthy of the next to God;

For a whole people's souls, each one worth more

Than a mere world of matter, make combined,

A something godlike — something like to Thee.  
We pray thee for the welfare of all men.  
Let monarchs who love truth and freedom feel  
The happiness of safety and respect  
From those they rule, and guardianship from Thee  
Let them remember they are set on thrones  
As representatives, not substitutes  
Of nations, to implead with God and man.  
Let tyrants who hate truth, or fear the free,  
Know that to rule in slavery and error,  
For the mere ends of personal pomp and power,  
Is such a sin as doth deserve a hell  
To itself sole. Let both remember, Lord !  
They are but things like-natured with all nations;  
That mountains issue out of plains, and not  
Plains out of mountains, and so likewise kings  
Are of the people, not the people of kings.  
And let all feel, the rulers and the ruled,  
All classes and all countries, that the world  
Is Thy great halidom ; that Thou art King,  
Lord ! only owner and possessor. Grant  
That nations may now see, it is not kings,  
Nor priests they need fear so much as themselves ;  
That if they keep but true to themselves, and free,  
Sober, enlightened, godly — mortal men  
Become impassible as air, one great  
And indestructible substance as the sea.  
Let all on thrones and judgment-seats reflect  
How dreadful Thy revenge through nations is  
On those who wrong them ; but do Thou grant,  
Lord !  
That when wrongs are to be redressed, such may  
Be done with mildness, speed, and firmness, not  
With violence or hate, whereby one wrong  
Translates another — both to Thee abhorrent.  
The bells of time are ringing changes fast.  
Grant, Lord ! that each fresh peal may usher in  
An era of advancement, that each change  
Prove an effectual, lasting, happy gain.

And we beseech Thee, overrule, oh God !  
 All civil contests to the good of all :  
 All party and religious difference  
 To honorable ends, whether secured  
 Or lost ; and let all strife, political  
 Or social, spring from conscientious aims,  
 And have a generous self-ennobling end,  
 Man's good and Thine own glory in view always .  
 The best may then fail and the worst succeed  
 Alike with honor. We beseech Thee, Lord !  
 For bodily strength, but more especially  
 For the soul's health and safety. We entreat Thee  
 In thy great mercy to decrease our wants,  
 And add autumnal increase to the comforts  
 Which tend to keep men innocent, and load  
 Their hearts with thanks to Thee as trees in bearing : —

The blessings of friends, families, and homes,  
 And kindnesses of kindred. And we pray  
 That men may rule themselves in faith in God,  
 In charity to each other, and in hope  
 Of their own souls' salvation : — that the mass,  
 The millions in all nations may be trained,  
 From their youth upwards, in a nobler mode,  
 To loftier and more liberal ends. We pray  
 Above all things, Lord ! that all men be free  
 From bondage, whether of the mind or body ; —  
 The bondage of religious bigotry,  
 And bald antiquity, servility  
 Of thought or speech to rank and power ; be all  
 Free as they ought to be in mind and soul  
 As well as by state-birthright ; — and that Mind,  
 Time's giant pupil, may right soon attain  
 Majority, and speak and act for himself !  
 Incline Thou to our prayers, and grant, oh Lord !  
 That all may have enough, and some safe mean  
 Of worldly goods and honors, by degrees,  
 Take place, if practicable, in the fitness  
 And fulness of Thy time. And we beseech Thee,

That Truth no more be gagged, nor consciences  
 dungeoned,  
 Nor science be impeached of godlessness,  
 Nor faith be circumscribed, which as to Thee,  
 And the soul's self affairs is infinite ;  
 But that all men may have due liberty  
 To speak an honest mind, in every land,  
 Encouragement to study, leave to act  
 As conscience orders. We entreat Thee, Lord !  
 For Thy Son's sake to take away reproach  
 Of all kinds from Thy church, and all temptation  
 Of pomp or power political, that none  
 May err in the end for which they were appointed  
 To any of its orders, low or high ;  
 And no ambition, of a worldly cast,  
 Leaven the love of souls unto whose care  
 They feel propelled by Thy most holy spirit.  
 Be every church established, Lord ! in truth.  
 Let all who preach the word, live by the word,  
 In moderate estate ; and in Thy church, —  
 One, universal, and invisible  
 World-wards, yet manifest unto itself,  
 May it seem good, dear Saviour, in Thy sight,  
 That orders be distinguished, not by wealth,  
 But piety and power of teaching souls.  
 Equalize labor, Lord ! and recompense.  
 Let not a hundred humble pastors starve,  
 In this or any land of Christendom,  
 While one or two, impalaced, mitred, throned  
 And banqueted, burlesque if not blaspheme  
 The holy penury of the Son of God ;  
 The fastings, the foot-wanderings, and the preach-  
 ings  
 Of Christ and His first followers. Oh that the Son  
 Might come again ! There should be no more war,  
 No more want, no more sickness ; with a touch,  
 He should cure all diseases, and with a word,  
 All sin ; and with a look to Heaven, a prayer,  
 Provide bread for a millior at a time.

But till that perfect advent grant us, Lord !  
 That all good institutions, orders, claims,  
 Charitably proposed, or in the aid  
 Of Thy divine foundation, may much prosper,  
 And more of them be raised and nobly filled ; —  
 That Thy word may be taught throughout all lands,  
 And save souls daily to the thrones of Heaven ! —  
 And we entreat Thee, that all men whom Thou  
 Hast gifted with great minds may love Thee well,  
 And praise Thee for their powers, and use them most  
 Humbly and holily, and, lever-like,  
 Act but in lifting up the mass of mind  
 About them ; knowing well that they shall be  
 Questioned by thee of deeds the pen hath done,  
 Or caused, or glozed ; inspire them with delight  
 And power to treat of noble themes and things,  
 Worthily, and to leave the low and mean —  
 Things born of vice or day-lived fashion, in  
 Their naked native folly ; — make them know  
 Fine thoughts are wealth, for the right use of which  
 Men are and ought to be accountable, —  
 If not to Thee, to those they influence :  
 Grant this we pray Thee, and that all who read,  
 Or utter noble thoughts, may make them theirs,  
 And thank God for them, to the betterment  
 Of their succeeding life ; — that all who lead  
 The general sense and taste, too apt, perchance,  
 To be led, keep in mind the mighty good  
 They may achieve, and are in conscience, bound,  
 And duty, to attempt unceasingly  
 To compass. Grant us, All-maintaining Sire !  
 That all the great mechanic aids to toil  
 Man's skill hath formed, found, rendered, — whether  
     used  
 In multiplying works of mind, or aught  
 To obviate the thousand wants of life,  
 May much avail to human welfare now  
 And in all ages, henceforth and for ever !  
 Let their effect be, Lord ! to lighten labor.

And give more room to mind, and leave the poor  
Some time for self-improvement. Let them not  
Be forced to grind the bones out of their arms  
For bread, but have some space to think and feel  
Like moral and immortal creatures. God!  
Have mercy on them till such time shall come;  
Look Thou with pity on all lesser crimes,  
Thrust on men almost when devoured by want,  
Wretchedness, ignorance and outcast life!  
Have mercy on the rich, too, who pass by  
The means they have at hand to fill their minds  
With serviceable knowledge for themselves,  
And fellows, and support not the good cause  
Of the world's better future! Oh reward  
All such who do, with peace of heart and power  
For greater good. Have mercy, Lord! on each  
And all, for all men need it equally.  
May peace and industry and commerce weld  
Into one land all nations of the world,  
Rewedding those the Deluge once divorced.  
Oh! may all help each other in good things,  
Mentally, morally, and bodily!  
Vouchsafe, kind God! Thy blessing to this isle,  
Specially! May our country ever lead  
The world, for she is worthiest; and may all  
Profit by her example, and adopt  
Her course, wherever great, or free, or just.  
May all her subject colonies and powers  
Have of her freedom freely, as a child  
Receiveth of its parents. Let not rights  
Be wrested from us to our own reproach,  
But granted. We may make the whole world free,  
And be as free ourselves as ever, more!  
If policy or self-defence call forth  
Our forces to the field, let us in Thee  
Place, first, our trust, and in Thy name we shall  
O'ercome, for we will only wage the right.  
Let us not conquer nations for ourselves,  
But for Thee, Lord! who hast predestined us

To fight the battles of the future now,  
And so have done with war before Thou comest.  
Till then, Lord God of armies, let our foes  
Have their swords broken and their cannon burst,  
And their strong cities levelled; and while we  
War faithfully and righteously, improve,  
Civilize, christianize the lands we win  
From savage or from nature, Thou, oh God!  
Wilt aid and hallow conquest, as of old,  
Thine own immediate nation's. But we pray  
That all mankind may make one brotherhood,  
And love and serve each other; that all wars  
And feuds die out of nations, whether those  
Whom the sun's hot light darkens, or ourselves  
Whom he treats fairly, or the northern tribes  
Whom ceaseless snows and starry winters blench,  
Savage or civilized, — let every race,  
Red, black or white, olive, or tawny-skinned,  
Settle in peace and swell the gathering hosts  
Of the great Prince of Peace! Oh! may the  
hour

Soon come when all false gods, false creeds, false  
prophets, —

Allowed in Thy good purpose for a time, —  
Demolished, the great world shall be at last,  
The mercy-seat of God, the heritage  
Of Christ, and the possession of the Spirit,  
The comforter, the wisdom! shall all be  
One land, one home, one friend, one faith, one law  
Its ruler God, its practice righteousness,  
Its life peace! For the one true faith we pray;  
There is but one in Heaven and there shall be  
But one on earth, the same which is in Heaven.  
Prophecy is more true than history.

Grant us our prayers, we pray, Lord! in the name  
And for the sake of Thy Son Jesus Christ,  
Our Saviour and Redeemer, who with Thee,  
And with the Holy Spirit, reigneth God  
Over all worlds, one blessed Trinity! —

THE CROWD. Amen!

LUCIFER. Well, friends, we'll sing a hymn; then  
part.

I give it out, and you sing — all of you.

Oh! Earth is cheating Earth  
From age to age for ever;  
She laughs at faith and worth,  
And dreams she shall die never;  
Never, never, never!  
And dreams she shall die never.

And Hell is cursing Hell  
From age to age for ever;  
Its groans ring out the knell  
Of souls that may die never;  
Never, never, never!  
Of souls that may die never.

But Heaven is blessing Heaven  
From age to age for ever;  
And its thanks to God are given  
For bliss that can die never;  
Never, never, never!  
For bliss that can die never.

My blessing be upon ye all; now go!

FESTUS. I wonder what these people make of  
thee.

LUCIFER. Ay manner's a great matter.

FESTUS. They deserve

All the rebuke thou gavest them and more.  
What mountains of delusion men have reared!  
How every age hath hustled on to build  
Its shadowy mole — its monumental dream!  
How faith and fancy, in the mind of man,  
Have spuriously mingled, and how much  
Shall pass away for aye, as pass before  
Yon sun, the Lord of steadfastness and change,



The visionary landscapes of the skies; —  
 The golden capes far stretching into Heaven,  
 The snow-piled cloud-craggs, the bright winged isles  
 Which dot the deep, impassive, ocean air  
 Like a disbanded rainbow, of all hues,  
 Fit for translated fairy's Paradise; —  
 Or as before the eye of musing child,  
 The faces Fancy forms in clouds and fire  
 Of glowing angel or of darkening fiend.  
 Arts, superstition, arms, philosophy,  
 Have each in turn possessed, betrayed, and mocked  
 us.

Yes, vain philosophy, thine hour is come !  
 Thy lips were lined with the immortal lie,  
 And dyed with all the look of truth. Men saw,  
 Believed, embraced, detested, cast thee off.  
 Those lights, the morn of Truth's immortal day,  
 As thou didst falsely swear them, have they not  
 Vanished, the mere auroras of the mind ?  
 And thou didst vow to gather clear again  
 The fallen waters of humanity ;  
 To smoothe the flaw from out an eye ; to piece  
 A pounded pearl. Thank God ! I am a man ;  
 Not a philosopher ! Rivers may rot,  
 Never revive the root of oak firebolted.  
 Come, let us to the hills ! where none but God  
 Can overlook us ; for I hate to breathe  
 The breaths and think the thoughts of other men,  
 In close and clouded cities, where the sky  
 Frowns like an angry Father mournfully.  
 I love the hills and I love loneliness.  
 And oh ! I love the woods, those natural fanes  
 Whose very air is holy ; and we breathe  
 Of God ; for He doth come in special place,  
 And, while we worship, He is there for us !

LUCIFER. It is time that something should be  
 done for the poor.

The sole equality on earth is death ;  
 Now, rich and poor are both dissatisfied.

I am for judgment: that will settle both.  
Nothing is to be done without destruction.  
Death is the universal salt of states;  
Blood is the base of all things — law and war,  
I could tame this lion age to follow me.  
I should like to macadamize the world;  
The road to Hell wants mending.  
FESTUS. Come away !

SCENE — *The Surface.*

LUCIFER and FESTUS.

LUCIFER. Wilt ride ?

FESTUS. I'll have an hour's ride.

LUCIFER. Be mine the steeds ! be me the guide  
Come hither, come hither,  
My brave black steed !  
And thou, too, his fellow,  
Hither with speed !  
Though not so fleet  
As the steeds of Death,  
Your feet are as sure,  
Ye have longer breath.  
Ye have drawn the world  
Without wind or bait,  
Six thousand years,  
And it waxeth late  
So take me this once,  
And again to my home,  
And rest ye and feast ye.  
They come, they come.

FESTUS. Tossing their manes like  
Pitchy surge ; and lashing  
Their tails into a  
Tempest ; their eyes flashing,  
Like shooting thunderbolts.

LUCIFER. Come, know your masters, colts !  
Up, and away !

FESTUS. Hurrah ! hurrah !  
The noblest pace the world e'er saw.  
I swear by Heaven we'll beat the sun,  
In the longest heat that ever was run ;  
If we keep it up as we have begun.

LUCIFER. I told thee my steeds  
Were a gallant pair.

FESTUS. And they were not thine,  
They might be divine.

LUCIFER. Thine is named Ruin ;  
And Darkness mine.

FESTUS. Like all of thy deeds.  
Now that's unfair.

LUCIFER. A civiller and gentler beast  
Thou hast never crossed at least.  
Now, look around !

FESTUS. Why, this is France.  
Nature is here like a living romance.  
Look at its vines and streams and skies,  
Its glancing feet and dancing eyes !

LUCIFER. 'Tis a strange nation, light yet strong,  
Fierce of heart and blithe of tongue ;  
Prone to change ; so fond of blood  
She wounds herself to quaff her own.

FESTUS. Oh ! it's a brave and lovely land ;  
And well deserving every good  
Which others wish themselves alone,  
Could she but herself command.

LUCIFER. On ! on ! no more delay !  
Or we'll not ride round  
The world all day.

FESTUS. Good horse, get off the ground !

LUCIFER. Sit firm ; and if our horses please,  
We will take at once the Pyrenees.  
'Twas bravely leapt !

FESTUS. Ay, this is Spain :  
Europe's last land  
'T will e'er remain ;

Last in the progress of the earth ;  
 The last in liberty ;  
 The last in wealth and worth ;  
 The last in bigotry.

LUCIFER. Turn thy steed, and slacken rein ;  
 Quick ! we must be back again :  
 O'er the vale hid in the mountain,  
 O'er the merry forest fountain ;  
 Ruin and Darkness ! we must fly  
 O'er crag and rift,  
 Swift — swift — swift  
 As the glance of an eye.

FESTUS. That is Italy — the grave  
 And resurrection of the slave.

LUCIFER. And there lies Greece, whose soul  
 Men say hath fled.

FESTUS. Perhaps some God may come,  
 And raise the dead.

LUCIFER. Norward now we'll hold our course  
 Thine I think is the bolder horse ;  
 But bear him up with a harder hand !  
 Rough riding this o'er Swisserland.

FESTUS. So all have found it who have tried ;  
 High as their Alps the people's pride,  
 Never to have bowed before  
 The tyrant or the conqueror.

LUCIFER. Away, away ! before thee lie  
 The fields and floods of Germany.

FESTUS. Well I love thee, Father-land !  
 Sire of Europe, as thou art !

Be free ! and crouch no more, but stand !

Thy noblest son will take thy part.

Oh ! sooner let the mountains bend

Beneath the clouds, when tempests lour,

Than nations stoop their sky compeering heads

In homage to some petty despot's power !

The worm which suffers mincing into parts,

May sprout forth heads and tails, but grows no  
 hearts.

LUCIFER. There lies Austria! Famous land  
For fiddlesticks and sword-in-hand.

FESTUS. And Poland, whom truly unhappy we  
call.

Unworthy to rise — unwilling to fall.  
Forge into swords thy feudal chain!  
Smite e'en the souls of foes in twain!  
The fetters have been bound in vain  
Round England's arms: and we are free  
As the souls of our sires in Heaven which be.  
That earth should have so few  
Men, Fathers, like to you!

LUCIFER. What matter who be free or slaves;  
For all there is one tyranny, the grave's;  
Or freedom, may be. On! on! haste!

FESTUS. What land is yonder wide, white  
waste?

LUCIFER. Ha! 't is Russia's gentle realm:  
Whose sceptre is the sword — whose crown, the  
helm.

FESTUS. I swear by every atom which exists,  
I better love this reckless ride  
O'er hill and forest, lake and river wide;  
O'er sunlit plain and through the mountain mists,  
Than aught which thou hast given beside.

LUCIFER. See what a long, long track  
Of dust and fire behind,  
For miles and miles aback!  
And shrill and strong,  
As we shoot along,  
Whistles and whirrs,  
Like a forest of firs  
Falling, the cold north wind.

FESTUS. Look! my way I can only read  
By the sparks from the hoof of my giant steed

LUCIFER. Where art thou now?

FESTUS. In Tartar land;  
I know by the deserts of salt and sand.

Nor aim nor end hath a wandering life ;  
Rest reaps but rest, and strife but strife.  
With the nations round  
They ne'er have mixed ;  
For good or ill  
They stand all still ;  
Their bodies but rove,  
Their minds are fixed.  
And yonder lies old China's wall,  
Where gods of gold do men enthrall ;  
Gods whose gold's their only worth.

LUCIFER. Well, is not gold the god of  
earth ?

Now southward, hey ! for Hindostan !  
The sun beats down both beast and man.  
Insect and herb for life do gasp ;  
The river reeks and faints the asp.

FESTUS. But blithe are we,  
And our steeds, I trow ;  
And the mane of mine  
Yet bears the snow  
Which fell on us  
By Caucasus.  
By the four beasts ! but this is warm.

LUCIFER. Away ! away !  
Nor stint nor stay ;  
We'll reach the sea before yon storm.

FESTUS. Wilt take the sea ?

LUCIFER. Ay, that will we !  
And swim as we ride,  
Our steeds astride ;  
Come leap, leap off with me !

FESTUS. What ? shall we leap  
Sheer off this steep,  
A mile the sea above ?

LUCIFER. Leap as to save  
From worse than a grave  
The maid thou most dost love !

FESTUS. There is a rapture in the headlong  
 leap,  
 The wedgelike cleaving of the closing deep !  
 A feeling full of hardihood and power  
 With which we court the waters that devour.  
 Oh ! 't is a feeling great, sublime, supreme,  
 Like the ecstatic influence of a dream,  
 To speed one's way thus o'er the sliding plain ;  
 And make a kindred being with the main.

LUCIFER. By Chaos ! this is gallant sport ;  
 A league at every breath ;  
 Methinks if I ever have to die,  
 I'll ride this rate to death.

FESTUS. Away, away upon the whitening tide,  
 Like lover hastening to embrace his bride,  
 We hurry faster than the foam we ride.  
 Dashing aside the waves which round us cling,  
 With strength like that which lifts an eagle's wing  
 Where the stars dazzle and the angels sing.

LUCIFER. We scatter the spray,  
 And break through the billows,  
 As the wind makes way  
 Through the leaves of willows !

FESTUS. In vain they urge their armies to the  
 fight :  
 Their surge-crests crumble 'neath our stroke of  
 might.

We meet and fear not ; mount — now rise, now  
 fall —

And dare, with full-nerved arm, the rage of all.  
 Through anger-swollen wave or sparkling spray,  
 Nothing it recks ; we hold our perilous way  
 Right onward ! till we feel the whirling brain  
 Ring with the maddening music of the main ;  
 Till the fixed eyeball strives and strains to ken,  
 Yet loathes to see the shore and haunts of men ;  
 And the blood, half starting through each ridgy  
 vein,

In the unwieldy hand sets black with pain.

Then let the tempest cloud on cloud come spread,  
 And tear the stormy terrors of his head ;  
 Let the wild sea-bird wheel around my brow,  
 And shriek — and swoop — and flap her wing as  
                   now !

It gladdens ! on ! ye boisterous billows, roll !  
 And keep my body ; ye have ta'en my soul.  
 Thou element ! the type which God hath given,  
 For eyes and hearts too earthy, of His Heaven !  
 Were Heaven a mockery, I would never mourn  
 While o'er thy bosom I might still be borne ;  
 While yet to me the power and joy was given  
 To fling my breast on thine, and mingle earth with  
                   Heaven.

LUCIFER. See yonder ! now we quit the main  
 For here 's the Cape, here 's land again, —  
 And scour we must o'er Afric's plain.

FESTUS. Away ! away ! on either hand  
 Nor town nor tower,  
 Nor shade nor shower —  
 Nothing but sun and sand.

LUCIFER. See, there they are ! I knew, right  
                   soon,  
 We would light on the mountains of the moon.  
 Over them ! over, nought forbids !

FESTUS. Yonder the Nile and the Pyramids ?  
 Hurrah ! by my soul !  
 At every bound  
 I see, I feel  
 The earth rush round.

I see the mountains slide away —  
 That side night and this side day.

LUCIFER. Shall we go to America ?

FESTUS. Why, have we time ?

LUCIFER. Oh, plenty ;  
 Be there, too, ere we reckon twenty.  
 Another run, another bound !  
 And we shall leave this lion ground.

FESTUS. The sea again ! the swift bright sea



LUCIFER. Hold hard, and follow me !  
Well, now we have travelled upon the waves,  
Wilt travel a time beneath ?  
And visit the sea-born in their caves ;  
And look on the rainbow-tinted wreath  
Of weeds, beset with pearls, wherewith  
The mermaid binds her long green hair,  
Or rouse the sea-snake from his lair ?

FESTUS. Ay, ay ! down let us dive !

LUCIFER. Look up ! we lack not stars ;  
And every star thou seest's alive :  
A little globe of life — light — love,  
Whose every atom is a living being ;  
Each the other's bosom seeing,  
Each enlightening the other.

FESTUS. Oh ! how unlike the world above,  
Where each doth mainly, vainly strive  
To dim or to outshine his brother !

LUCIFER. Come on ! come on !

FESTUS. Are those bright spars,  
Or eyes of things which ne'er forgive,  
That seem to play on us, and glare  
With rage that we so far should dare  
To search the hidden deeps,  
Where tide, the moonslave, sleeps ?  
Where the wind breathes not, and the wave  
Walks softly as above a grave ; —  
Where coral worms, in countless nations,  
Build rocks up from the sea's foundations ; —  
Where the islands strike their roots  
Far from the old mainland ;  
And spring like desert-fruits,  
Shook off by God's strong hand,  
Up from their bed of sand.  
Look, listen ! there is music in the cave,  
Where ocean sleeps, and brightness in the wave  
The sea-bird makes its pillow, and the star,  
Last born of Heaven, its azure mirror ; — far  
And wide, the pale, fine, fire of ocean flows,

Softly sublime like lightnings in repose —  
Till roused, anon, afar its flaming spray it throws.

LUCIFER. There! now we stand  
On the world's-end-land!

Over the hills  
Away we go!  
Through fire, and snow,  
And rivers, whereto  
All others are rills.

FESTUS. Through the lands of silver,  
The lands of gold;  
Through lands untrodden,  
And lands untold.

LUCIFER. By strait and bay  
We must away;  
Through swamp, and plain,  
And hurricane;

FESTUS. And that dark cloud of slaves  
Which yet may rise; —  
Though nought shall blot the bannered stars  
From Freedom's skies.  
America! half-brother of the world!  
With something good and bad of every land;  
Greater than thee have lost their seat —  
Greater scarce none can stand.  
Thy flag now flouts the skies,  
The highest under Heaven;  
Save the red cross, whereto are given  
All victories.

LUCIFER. Our horses snort and snuff the sea,  
And pant for where we ought to be.

FESTUS. Well, here we are! and as we flew in,  
I said, let Darkness follow Ruin!

LUCIFER. 'T was right. Spur on! Come, Dark-  
ness, come!  
Think of thy well-strown stall!

FESTUS. For me, I care not what's to come,  
Nor for the fate by which I fall;  
But I would that I were Ocean's son,

The solitary brave,  
Like yon sea-snake, to climb upon  
The crest of the bounding wave.

Oh ! happy, if at last I lie

Within some pearly and coral cave ;

While over head the booming surge

And moaning billow shall chaunt my dirge ;

And the storm-blast, as it sweepeth by,

Shall, answering, howl to the mermaid's sigh,

And the night-wind's mournful minstrelsy,

Their requiem over my grave.

LUCIFER. Through morn and midnight, sunset  
and high noon,

One hour hath ta'en us ; — o'er all land and sea,

O'er opening earthquake and iceberg, have we

Swept in swift safety. 'T will be over, soon.

Behold the common, narrow sea,

Which, like a strong man's arm,

Keeps back two foes whose lips are white,

Whose hearts with rage are warm.

FESTUS. England ! my country, great and free !

Heart of the world, I leap to thee !

How shall my country fight

When her foes rise against her,

But with thine arm, O Sea !

The arm which thou lent'st her ?

Where shall my country be buried

When she shall die ?

Earth is too scant for her grave :

Where shall she lie ?

She hath brethren more than a hundred,

And they all want room ;

They may die and may lie where they live —

They shall not mix with her doom.

Where but within thine arms,

O sea, O sea ?

Wherein she hath lived and gloried,

Let her rest be !

We will rise and will say to the sea,

Flow over her !  
 We will cry to the depths of the deep,  
 Cover her !  
 The world hath drawn his sword,  
 And his red shield drips before him : —  
 But, my country, rise !  
 Thou canst never die  
 While a foe hath life to fly ;  
 Rise land, and gore him !

LUCIFER. Now get on land, and hie along  
 O'er forest, copse, and glade ;  
 We have but a league or two more to go  
 Before our journey's made ;  
 With speed that flings the sun into the shade !

FESTUS. See the gold sunshine patching,  
 And streaming and streaking across  
 The gray-green oaks ; and catching,  
 By its soft brown beard, the moss.

LUCIFER. Ah ! here we get an open plain :  
 Here we'll get down.

Away, good steeds ! be off again !

FESTUS. We must be near to Town.  
 I am bound to thee for ever  
 By the pleasure of this day ;  
 Henceforth we will never sever,  
 Come what come may.

SCENE — *A Village Feast. Evening.*

FESTUS, LUCIFER, and OTHERS.

FESTUS. It is getting dark. One has to walk  
 quite close,  
 To see the pretty faces that we meet.

LUCIFER. A disagreeable necessity,  
 Truly.

FESTUS. We'll rest upon this bridge. I am  
 tired.  
 Yon tall slim tree ! does it not seem as made

For its place there, a kind of natural maypole? —  
 Beyond, the lighted stalls stored with the good  
 Things of our childhood's world, and behind them,  
 The shouting showman and the clashing cymbal;  
 The open-doored cottages and blazing hearth, —  
 The little ones running up with naked feet,  
 And cake in either hand, to their mother's lap, —  
 Old and young laughing, schoolboys with their  
     playthings,

Clowns cracking jokes, and lasses with sly eyes,  
 And the smile settling in their sunflecked cheeks,  
 Like noon upon the mellow apricot; —  
 Make up a scene I can for once give in to.  
 It must please all, the social and the selfish.  
 Are they not happy?

LUCIFER.                      Why, it matters not.

They seem so: that's enough.

FESTUS.                      But not the same.

LUCIFER. Yet truth and falsehood meet in  
     seeming, like  
 The falling leaf and shadow on the pool's face.  
 And these are joys, like beauty, but skin deep.

FESTUS. Remove all such and what's the joy  
     of earth?

'Tis they create the appetite of life —  
 Give zest and relish to the lot of millions.  
 And take the taste for them away — what's left?  
 A dry ungainly skeleton of soul.

LUCIFER. Power is aye above the soul and joy  
 Below it. Pleasure men prefer to power.

*(Children at play.)*

FESTUS. Play away, good ones!

AN OLD MAN.                      Pity the poor blind man!

FESTUS. Here is substantial pity.

OLD MAN.                      Heaven reward you!

FESTUS. Blind as the blue skies after sunset  
     Blind!

And I am tired of looking on what is.  
 One might as well see beauty never more,

As look upon it with an empty eye.  
I would this world were over. I am tired.  
Nought happens but what happens to one's self;  
And all hath happened I have wished, and more.  
Our pleasures all pass from us, one by one,  
With that relief which sighing gives the heart,  
Though each sigh leaves it lower. It is sad  
To think how few our pleasures really are :  
And for the which we risk eternal good.  
There's nothing that can satisfy one's self,  
Except one's self. Well, it is very sad,  
And by the time we come of age we have felt,  
In one degree or other, all that age  
Can offer. We have reaped our field ere noon.  
The rest is reproduction ; sowing — reaping —  
Losing again. Toil and gain tire alike.  
We cannot live too slowly to be good  
And happy, nor too much by line and square.  
But youth is burning to forestall its nature,  
And will not wait for time to ferry it  
Over the stream, but flings itself into  
The flood, and perishes. And yet, why not ?  
There is no charm in time as time, nor good.  
The long days are no happier than the short ones.  
'T is some time now since I was here. We leave  
Our home in youth — no matter to what end ; —  
Study — or strife — or pleasure, or what not :  
And coming back in few short years, we find  
All as we left it, outside ; the old elms,  
The house, grass, gates, and latchet's selfsame click.  
But lift that latchet, — all is changed as doom :  
The servants have forgotten our step, and more  
Than half of those who knew us know us not.  
Adversity, prosperity, the grave,  
Play a round game with friends. On some the  
world  
Hath shot its evil eye, and they are passed  
From honor and remembrance, and a stare  
Is all the mention of their names receives ;

And people know no more of them than of  
The shapes of clouds at midnight, a year back.

LUCIFER. Let us move on to where the dancing  
is ;

We soon shall see how happy they all are.  
Here is a loving couple quarrelling.  
And there, another. It is quite distressing.  
See yonder. Two men fighting !

FESTUS. What avail  
These vile exceptions to the rule of joy ?

LUCIFER. Behold the happiness of which thou  
spakest !

The highest hills are miles below the sky,  
And so far is the lightest heart below  
True happiness.

FESTUS. This is a snakelike world,  
And always hath its tail within its mouth,  
As if it ate itself, and moralled time.  
The world is like yon children's merry-go-round ;  
What men admire are carriages and hobbies,  
Which the exalted manikins enjoy.  
There is a noisy ragged crowd below  
Of urchins drives it round, who only get [haps :  
The excitement for their pains — best gain per-  
For it is not they who labor that grow dizzy  
Nor sick — that's for the idle, proud above,  
Who soon dismount, more weary of enjoying  
Than those below of working ; and but fair.  
It is wretchedness or recklessness alone  
Keeps us alive. Were we happy we should die  
Yet what is death ? I like to think on death :  
It is but the appearance of an apparition.  
One ought to tremble ; but oughts stand for nothing.  
I hate the thought of wrinkling up to rest ;  
The toothlike aching ruin of the body,  
With the heart all out, and nothing left but edge.  
Give me the long high bounding feel of life,  
Which cries, let me but leap unto my grave,  
And I'll not mind the when nor where. We never

Care less for life than when enjoying it.  
 Oh! I should love to die. What is to die?  
 I cannot hold the meaning more than can  
 An oak's arms clasp the blast that blows on it.  
 I am made up to die; for having been  
 Every thing, there is nothing left but nothing  
 To be again.

LUCIFER. Hark! here is a ballad-singer.

BALLAD-SINGER. All of my own composing!

FESTUS. Yes, Yes— we know.

SINGER. My gipsy maid! my gipsy maid!  
 I bless and curse the day  
 I lost the light of life, and caught  
 The grief which maketh gray.  
 Would that the light which blinded me  
 Had saved me on my way!

My night-haired love! so sweet she was,  
 So fair and blithe was she;  
 Her smile was brighter than the moon's,  
 Her eyes the stars might see.

I met her by her lane-spread tent,  
 Beside a moss-green stone,  
 And bade her make, not mock, my fate,  
 My fortune was her own.  
 Thou art but yet a boy, she said,  
 And I a woman grown.

I am a man in love, I cried;  
 My heart was early manned;  
 She smiled, and only drooped her eyes,  
 And then let go my hand.  
 We stood a minute: neither spake  
 What each must understand.

I told her, so she would be mine  
 And follow where I went,



She straight should have a bridal bower  
Instead of gipsy tent.

Or would she have me wend with her,  
The world between should fall ;  
For her I would fling up faith and friends,  
And name, and fame, and all.

Her smile so bright froze while I spake,  
And ice was in her eye ;  
So near, it seemed ere touch her heart  
I might have kissed the sky.

I said that if she loved to rule,  
Or if she longed to reign,  
I would make her Queen of every race  
Which tearlike trode the world's sad face,  
Or bleed at every vein.

She laid her finger on her lip,  
And pointed to the sky ;  
There is no God to come, she said :  
Dost thou not fear to die ?

And what is God, I said, to thee ?  
Thy people worship not.  
The good, the happy, and the free,  
She said, they need no God.

I looked until I lost mine eyes ;  
I felt as though I were  
In a dark cave, with one weak light —  
The light of life — with her ;  
And that was wasting fast away ;  
I watched but would not stir.

Again she took my hand in hers,  
And read it o'er and o'er ;  
Ah ! eyes so young, so sweet, I said,  
Make as they read love's lore.

She held my hand — I trembled whilst —  
For sorely soon I felt  
She made the love-cross she foretold,  
And all the woe she dealt.

Unhappy I should be, she said,  
And young to death be given;  
I told her I believed in her,  
Not in the stars of Heaven.

Hush! we breathe Heaven, she said, and bowed  
And the stars speak through me.  
Let Heaven, I cried, take care of Heaven!  
I only care for thee.

She shrank: I looked, and begged a kiss:  
I knew she had one for me;  
She would deny me none, she said,  
But give me none would she.

My gipsy maid! my gipsy maid!  
'Tis three long years like this,  
Since there I gave and got from thee  
That meeting, parting kiss.

I saw the tears start in her eye,  
And trickle down her cheek,  
Like falling stars across the sky,  
Escaping from their Maker's eye:  
I saw, but spared to speak.

Go, and forget! she said, and slid  
Below her lowly tent.  
I will not, cannot — hear me, girl!  
She heard not, and I went.

At eve, by sunset, I was there,  
The tent was there no more;

The fire which warmed her flickered still —  
The fire she sat before.

I stood by it, till through the dark  
I saw not where it lay;  
And then like that my heart went out  
In ashy grief and gray.

My gipsy maid! my gipsy maid!  
Oh! let me bless this day;  
This day it was I met thee first,  
And yet it shall be and is cursed,  
For thou hast gone away.

LUCIFER. Another, please — not quite so gloomy,  
friend.

GIRL. I wonder if the tale it tells be true.

SINGER. I dare say — but you want a merrier.  
Every man's life has its apocrypha;  
Mine has, at least. I have said more than need be.  
It happened, too, when I was very young.  
We never meet such gipsies when we are old;  
And yet we more complain of youth than age.  
Now, make a ring, good people. Let me breathe!

[Sings

Oh! the wee green neuk, the sly green neuk,  
The wee sly neuk for me!

Whare the wheat is wavin' bright and brown,  
And the wind is fresh and free.

Whare I weave wild weeds, and out o' reeds  
Kerve whistles as I lay;

And a douce low voice is murmurin' by  
Through the lee-lang simmer day.

Oh! the wee green neuk, etc.

And whare a' things luik as though they lo'ed  
To languish in the sun;

And that if they feed the fire they dree,  
They wadna ae pang were gone.

Whare the lift aboon is still as death,  
 And bright as life can be;  
 While the douce low voice says, na, na, na!  
 But ye mauna luik sae at me.  
 Oh! the wee green neuk, etc.

Whare the lang rank bent is saft and cule,  
 And freshenin' till the feet;  
 And the spot is sly, and the spinnie high,  
 Whare my luve and I mak seat:  
 And I teaze her till she rins, and then  
 I catch her roun' the tree;  
 While the poppies shak' their heids and blush.  
 Let 'em blush till they drap, for me!  
 Oh! the wee green neuk, etc.

FESTUS. And all who know such feelings and  
 such scenes  
 Will, I am sure, reward you. Here — take this.  
 OTHERS. And this, and this — too.  
 SINGER. Thank ye all, good friends!  
 FESTUS. There's much that bath no merit but  
 its truth,

And no excuse but nature. Nature does  
 Never wrong: 'tis society which sins.  
 Look on the bee upon the wing among flowers;  
 How brave, how bright his life! Then mark him  
 hived,

Cramped, cringing in his self-built, social cell.  
 Thus is it in the world-hive: most where men  
 Lie deep in cities as in drifts — death drifts,  
 Nosing each other like a flock of sheep;  
 Not knowing and not caring whence nor whither  
 They come or go, so that they fool together.

LUCIFER. It is quite fair to halve these lives and  
 say

This side is nature's, that society's,  
 When both are side-views only of one thing.

FARMER. I am glad to see you come among us,  
 sir.

PARSON. Why, I have but little comfort in these pastimes ;

And any heart, turned Godwards, feels more joy  
In one short hour of prayer, than e'er was raised  
By all the feasts on earth since their foundation.  
But no one will believe us ; as if we  
Had never known the vain things of the world,  
Nor lain and slept in sin's seducing shade,  
Listless, until God woke us ; made us feel  
We should be up and stirring in the sun ;  
For every thing had to be done ere night.  
What is all this joy and jollity about ?

Grant there may be no sin. What good is it ?

FARMER. I can't defend these feasts, sir, and  
can't blame.

PARSON. Good evening, friends ! Why, Festus !  
I rejoice

We meet again. I have a young friend here,  
A student — who hath staid with us of late.  
You would be glad, I know, to know each other.  
Therefore be known so.

FESTUS. You are a student, sir.

STUDENT. I profess little ; but it is a title  
A man may claim perhaps with modesty.

FESTUS. True. All mankind are students. How  
to live

And how to die forms the great lesson still.  
I know what study is : it is to toil  
Hard, through the hours of the sad midnight watch,  
At tasks which seem a systematic curse,  
And course of bootless penance. Night by night,  
To trace one's thought as if on iron leaves ;  
And sorrowful as though it were the mode  
And date of death we wrote on our own tombs :  
Wring a slight sleep out of the couch, and see  
The self-same moon, which lit us to our rest,  
Her place scarce changed perceptibly in Heaven.  
Now light us to renewal of our toils. —  
This, to the young mind, wild and all in leaf,

Which knowledge, grafting, paineth. Fruit soon comes,

And more than all our troubles pays us powers;  
 So that we joy to have endured so much:  
 That not for nothing have we slaved and slain  
 Ourselves almost. And more; it is to strive  
 To bring the mind up to one's own esteem:  
 Who but the generous fail? It is to think,  
 While thought is standing thick upon the brain  
 As dew upon the brow—for thought is brain-sweat;  
 And gathering quick and dark, like storms in  
 summer,

Until convulsed, condensed, in lightning sport,  
 It plays upon the heavens of the mind,—  
 Opens the hemisphered abysses here,  
 And we become revealers to ourselves.

STUDENT. When night hath set her silver lamp  
 on high,

Then is the time for study; when Heaven's light  
 Pours itself on the page, like prophecy  
 On time, unglooming all its mighty meanings;  
 It is then we feel the sweet strength of the stars,  
 And magic of the moon.

LUCIFER.

It's a bad habit.

STUDENT. And wisdom dwells in secret and on  
 high,

As do the stars. The sun's diurnal glare  
 Is for the daily herd; but for the wise,  
 The cold pure radiance of the night-born light,  
 Wherewith is inspiration of the truth.  
 There was a time when I would never go  
 To rest before the sun rose; and for that,  
 Through a like length of time as that now gone,  
 The world shall speak of me six thousand years  
 hence.

LUCIFER. How know you that the world wont  
 end to-morrow?

PARSON. I now, an early riser, love to hail  
 The dreamy struggles of the stars with light,

And the recovering breath of earth, sleep-drowned,  
Awakening to the wisdom of the sun,  
And life of light within the tent of Heaven : —  
To kiss the feet of Morning as she walks  
In dewy light along the hills, while they,  
All odorous as an angel's fresh-culled crown,  
Unveil to her their bounteous loveliness.

STUDENT. I am devote to study. Worthy books  
Are not companions — they are solitudes :  
We lose ourselves in them and all our cares.  
The further back we search the human mind, —  
Mean in the mass, but in the instance great —  
Which starting first with Deities and stars  
And broods of beings earth-born, Heaven-begot,  
And all the bright side of the broad world, now  
Doats upon dreams and dim atomic truths,  
Is all for comfort and no more for glory —  
The nobler and more marvellous it shows.  
Trifles like these make up the present time ;  
The Iliad and the Pyramids the past.

FESTUS. The future will have glory not the less.  
I can conceive a time when the world shall be  
Much better visibly, and when, as far  
As social life and its relations tend,  
Men, morals, manners shall be lifted up  
To a pure height we know not of nor dream ; —  
When all men's rights and duties shall be clear,  
And charitably exercised and borne ;  
When education, conscience, and good deeds  
Shall have just equal sway, and civil claims ; —  
Great crimes shall be cast out, as were of old  
Devils possessing madmen : — Truth shall reign,  
Nature shall be rethroned, and man sublimed.

STUDENT. Oh ! then may Heaven come down  
again to earth ;  
And dwell with her, as once, like to a friend.

LUCIFER. As like each other as a sword and  
scythe.  
Oh ! then shall lions mew and lambkins roar !

FESTUS. And having studied — what next?

STUDENT. Much I long

To view the capital city of the world.

The mountains, the great cities, and the sea,

Are each an era in the life of youth.

FESTUS. There to get worldly ways, and thoughts  
and schemes;

To learn to detect, distrust, despise mankind —

To ken a false factitious glare amid much

That shines with seeming saintlike purity —

To gloss misdeeds — to trifle with great truths —

To pit the brain against the heart, and plead

Wit before wisdom, — these are the world's ways:

It learns us to lose that in crowds which we

Must after seek alone — our innocence;

And when the crowd is gone.

STUDENT.

Not only that:

There all great things are round one. Interests,

Mighty and mountainous of estimate,

Are daily heaped or scattered 'neath the eye.

Great deeds, great thoughts, great schemes, and  
crimes, and all

Which is in purpose, or in practice, great

Of human nature — there are common things.

Men make themselves be deathless as in spite;

As if they waged some lineal feud with time;

As though their fathers were immortal, too,

And immortality an every-day

Accomplishment.

FESTUS. Fie! fie! 'tis more for this:

Amid gayer people and more wanton ways,

To give a loose to all the lists of youth —

To train your passion flowers high ahead,

And bind them on your brow as others do.

The mornlit revel and the shameless mate —

The tabled hues of darkness and of blood —

The published bosom and the crowning smile —

The cup excessive; and if aught there be

More vain than these or wanton — that to have —



Have all but always in intent, effect,  
 Or fact. Nay, nay, deny it not : I know.  
 Youth hath a strange and strong desire to try  
 All feelings on the heart : it is very wrong,  
 And dangerous, and deadly : strive against it

STUDENT. It might be some old sage was warn-  
 ing us.

FESTUS. Youth might be wise. We suffer less  
 from pains

Than pleasures.

STUDENT. I should like to see the world,  
 And gain that knowledge which is —

FESTUS. Barrener

Than ice ; possessing and producing nought  
 But means and forms of death or vanity.

The world is just as hollow as an eggshell.

It is a surface, not a solid, mind :

And all this boasted knowledge of the world  
 To me seems but to mean acquaintance with  
 Low things, or evil, or indifferent.

FARMER. Much more is said of knowledge than  
 it's worth.

A man may gain all knowledge here, and yet  
 Be, after death, as much in the dark as I.

LUCIFER. What makes you know of living  
 after death ?

FARMER. Why, nothing that I know ; and there  
 it is, —

But something I am told has told me so.

No angel ever came to me to prove it ;

And all my friends have died, and left no ghosts.

FESTUS. All that is good a man may learn from  
 himself ;

And much, too, that is bad.

PARSON. Nay, let me speak !

Aught that is good the soul receives of God

When He hath made it His ; and until then

Man cannot know, nor do, nor be, aught good.

Oh ! there is nought on earth worth being known

But God and our own souls — the God we have  
 Within our hearts; for it is not the hope,  
 Nor faith, nor fear, nor notions others have  
 Of God can serve us, but the sense and soul  
 We have of Him within us; and, for men,  
 God loves us men each individually,  
 And deals with us in order, soul by soul.

LUCIFER. What are your politics?

FARMER. I have none

LUCIFER. Good.

FARMER. I have my thoughts. I am no party  
 man.

I care for measures more than men, but think  
 Some little may depend upon the men;  
 Something in fires depends upon the grate.

FIRST BOY. What are your colors?

SECOND. Blue as Heaven.

THIRD. And mine

Are yellow as the sun.

FIRST. Mine, green as grass.

SECOND. Green's forsaken, and yellow's for-  
 sworn,

And blue's the color that shall be worn.

STUDENT. As to religion, politics, law, and war  
 But little need be said. All are required,  
 And all are well enough. Of liberty,  
 And slavery, and tyranny we hear  
 Much; but the human mind affects extremes.  
 The heart is in the middle of the system;  
 And all affections gather round the truth,  
 The moderated joys and woes of life.  
 I love my God, my country, kind and kin,  
 Nor would I see a dog wronged of his bone.  
 My country! if a wretch should e'er arise,  
 Out of thy countless sons, who would curtail  
 Thy freedom, dim thy glory,—while he lives  
 May all earth's peoples curse him—for of all  
 Hast thou secured the blessing;—and if one  
 Exist who would not arm for liberty,

Be he too cursed living, and when dead,  
 Let him be buried downwards, with his face  
 Looking to Hell, and o'er his coward grave  
 The hare skulk in her form.

LUCIFER. Nay, gently, friend.  
 Curse nothing, not the Devil. He's beside you—  
 For aught you know.

STUDENT. I neither know nor care.

*(They pass some card-players.)*

FESTUS. Kings, queens, knaves, tens would trick  
 the world away,  
 And it were not, now and then, for some brave ace.

STUDENT. You see yon wretched, starved old  
 man; his brow  
 Grooved out with wrinkles, like the brown dry sand  
 The tide of life is leaving?

LUCIFER. Yes, I see him.

STUDENT. Last week he thought he was about  
 to die;  
 So he bade gold be strewn beneath his pillow,  
 Gold on a chest that he might lie and see,  
 And gold put in a basin on his bed,  
 That he might dabble with his fingers in.  
 He's going now to grope for pence or pins.  
 He never gave a pin's worth in his life.  
 What would you do to him?

LUCIFER. I would have him wrought  
 Into a living wire, which, beaten out,  
 Might make a golden network for the world;  
 Then melt him inch by inch and hell by hell,  
 Where is the law of wrath.

STUDENT. Oh, charity!  
 It is a thought the Devil might be proud of—  
 Once and away. Misers and spendthrifts may  
 Torment each other in the world to come.

FESTUS. Men look on death as lightning, always  
 far  
 Off, or in Heaven. They know not it is in  
 Themselves, a strong and inward tendency,

The soul of every atom, every hair:  
 That nature's infinite electric life,  
 Escaping from each isolated frame,  
 Up out of earth, or down from Heaven, becomes  
 To each its proper death, and adds itself  
 Thus to the great reünion of the whole.  
 There is a man in mourning! What does he here?

STUDENT. He has just buried the only friend  
 he had,  
 And now comes hither to enjoy himself.

FESTUS. Why will we dedicate the dead to God,  
 And not ourselves, the living? Oft we speak,  
 With tears of joy and trust, of some dear friend  
 As surely up in Heaven; while that same soul,  
 For aught we know, may be shuddering even in  
 Hell

To hear his name named; or there may be no  
 Soul in the case—and the fat icy worm,  
 Give him a tongue, can tell us all about him.

STUDENT. Here is music. Stay. That simple  
 melody  
 Comes on the heart like infant innocence—  
 Pure feeling pure; while yet the new-bodied soul  
 Is swinging to the motion of the heavens,  
 And scarce hath caught, as yet, earth's backening  
 course.

FESTUS. The heart is formed as earth was—its  
 first age  
 Formless and void, and fit but for itself;  
 Then feelings half alive, just organized,  
 Come next,—then creeping sports and purposes,—  
 Then animal desires, delights, and loves—  
 For love is the first and granite-like effect  
 Of things—the longest and the highest; next  
 The wild and winged desires, youth's saurian  
 schemes,  
 Which creep and fly by turns; which kill, and eat,  
 And do disgorge each other: comes at length  
 The mould of perfect matchless manhood—then

Woman divides the heart, and multiplies it.  
 The insipidity of innocence  
 Palls : it is guilty, happy, and undone.  
 A death is laid upon it, and it goes —  
 Quits its green Eden for the sandy world,  
 Where it works out its nature, as it may,  
 In sweat, smiles, blood, tears, cursings, and what not.  
 And giant sins possess it ; and it worships  
 Works of the hand, head, heart — its own or others —  
 A creature worship, which excludeth God's :  
 The less thrusts out the greater. Warning comes,  
 But the heart fears not — feels not ; till at last  
 Down comes the flood from Heaven ; and that  
 heart,

Broken inwards, earthlike, to its central hell ;  
 Or like the bright and burning eye we see  
 Inly, when pressed hard backwards on the brain,  
 Ends and begins again — destroyed, is saved.  
 Every man is the first man to himself,  
 And Eves are just as plentiful as apples ;  
 Nor do we fall, nor are we saved by proxy.  
 The Eden we live in is our own heart ;  
 And the first thing we do, of our free choice,  
 Is sure and necessary to be sin. [damned.

LUCIFER. The only right men have is to be  
 What is the good of music, or the beauty ?  
 Music tells no truths.

FESTUS. Oh ! there is nought so sweet  
 As lying and listening music from the hands,  
 And singing from the lips, of one we love —  
 Lips that all others should be turned to. Then  
 The world would all be love and song ; Heaven's  
 harps

And orbs join in : the whole be harmony —  
 Distinct, yet blended — blending all in one  
 Long and delicious tremble like a chord.  
 But to Thee, God ! all being is a harp,  
 Whereon Thou makest mightiest melody.  
 Hast ever been in love ?

STUDENT.

I never was.

FESTUS. 'Tis love which mostly destines our life.

What makes the world in after life I know not,  
 For our horizon alters as we age :  
 Power can only make up for the lack of love —  
 Power of some sort. The mind at one time grows  
 So fast, it fails ; and then its stretch is more  
 Than its strength ; but, as it opes, love fills it up,  
 Like to the stamen in the flower of life,  
 Till for the time we well-nigh grow all love ;  
 And soon we feel the want of one kind heart  
 To love what's well, and to forgive what's ill,  
 In us, — that heart we play for at all risks.

STUDENT. How can the heart which lies embodied deep,  
 In blood and bone, set like a ruby eye  
 Into the breast, be made a toy for beauty,  
 And, vane-like, blown about by every wanton  
 sigh ?

How can the soul, the rich star-travelled stranger,  
 Who here sojourneth only for a purchase,  
 Risk all the riches of his years of toil,  
 And his God-vouched inheritance of Heaven,  
 For one light momentary taste of love ? [sport —

FESTUS. It is so ; and when once you know the  
 The crowded pack of passions in full cry —  
 The sweet deceits, the tempting obstacles —  
 The smile, the sigh, the tear, and the embrace —  
 All the delights of love at last in one,  
 With kisses close as stars in the milky way,  
 In at the death you cry, though 'twere your own !

STUDENT. Upon my soul, most sound morality !  
 Nothing is thought of virtue, then, nor judgment ?

FESTUS. Oh ! every thing is thought of — but  
 not then,

And — judgment — no ! it is nowhere in the field.

STUDENT. Slow-paced and late arriving, still  
 it comes.

I cannot understand this love ; I hear  
Of its idolatry, not its respect.

FESTUS. Respect is what we owe ; love what  
we give.

And men would mostly rather give than pay.  
Morality's the right rule for the world,  
Nor could society cohere without  
Virtue ; and there are those whose spirits walk  
Abreast of angels and the future, here.  
Respect and love thou such.

LUCIFER.

Of course you wish

Women to love you rather than love them.

It is better. Now, you say you are a student.

All things take study ; what more than the face —

Whether your own, or hers you look and long at ?

There are many ways to one end : here is one : —

You are good-looking ; but that matters little :

It only pleases them. To please yourself

Your face may be as ugly as the ——. Well, well,

But you must cultivate yourself : it will pay you.

Study a dimple ; work hard at a smile :

The things most delicate require most pains.

Practise the upward — now the sidelong glance —

Now the long passionful unwinking gaze,

Which beats itself at last, and sees air only.

Be restless, and distress yourself for her.

Take up her hand — press it, and pore on it —

Let it drop — snatch it again as though you had

Let slip so much of honor or of Heaven.

Swear — vow by all means — never miss an oath :

If broken, why it only spoils itself ;

It is a broken oath and not an whole one.

Frown — toss about — let her lips be for a time :

But steal a kiss at last like fire from Heaven.

Weep if you can, and call the tears heat-drops.

Droop your head — sigh deep — play the fool, in  
short,

One hour, and she will play the fool for ever.

Mind ! it is folly to tell women truth ;

They would rather live on lies so they be sweet.  
 Never be long in one mind to one love.  
 You change your practice with your subject. All  
 Differ. But yet, who knows one woman well  
 By heart, knows all. It is my experience;  
 And I advise on good authority.  
 So thank me for my lecture on delusion.

FESTUS. Time laughs at love. It is a hateful  
 sight,  
 That bald old gray-beard jeering the boy, Love.  
 But as to women: that game has two sides.  
 Passion is from affection; and there is nought  
 So maddening and so lowering as to have  
 The worse in passion. Think, when one by one,  
 Pride, love, and jealousy, and fifty more  
 Great feelings column up to force a heart.  
 And all are beaten back — all fail — all fall:  
 The tower intact: but risk it: we must learn.  
 To know the world, be wise and be a fool.  
 The heart will have its swing — the world its way:  
 Who seeks to stop them, only throws himself down.  
 We must take as we find: go as they go,  
 Or stand aside. Let the world have the wall.  
 How do you think, pray, to get through the world?

STUDENT. I mean not to get through the world  
 at all,  
 But over it.

FESTUS. Aspiring! You will find  
 The world is all up-hill when we would do;  
 All down-hill when we suffer. Nay, it will part  
 Like the Red Sea, so that the poor may pass.  
 We make our compliments to wretchedness,  
 And hope the poor want nothing, and are well.  
 But I mean, what profession will you choose?  
 Surely you will do something for a name.

STUDENT. Names are of much more conse-  
 quence than things. [friend

FESTUS. Well; here's our honest, all-exhorting  
 The parson — here the doctor. I am sure



The Devil may act as moderator there,  
And do mankind some service.

LUCIFER. In his way.

STUDENT. But I care neither for men's souls  
nor bodies.

FESTUS. What say you to the law? are you ambitious?

STUDENT. Nor do I mind for other people's  
business.

I have no heart for their predicaments :  
I am for myself. I measure every thing  
By, what is it to me? from which I find  
I have but little in common with the mass,  
Except my meals and so forth ; dress and sleep.  
I have that within me I can live upon :  
Spider-like, spin my place out anywhere.

FESTUS. To none of all the arts and sciences, —  
Astronomy nor entomology,  
Nor gunnery, for instance, then you feel  
Attracted heartily and mentally?

STUDENT. Why no; there are so many rise  
and fall,  
One knows not which to choose. As for the stars,  
I never look on them without dismay.  
Earth has outrun them in our modern mind,  
By worlds of odds. Enough for us, it seems,  
And our cold calculators to jot down  
Their revolutions, distances, and squares ; —  
And the bright laws which stars and spirits rule,  
Are all laid out and buried grave on grave.  
The fourfold worlds and elemental spheres,  
Which in concentric circles, like the ring  
That the magician stands in, from on high  
Give spiritual calling to our earth,  
And lord it over her, yet in such wise,  
That still by them we may conjoin our souls  
Unto the starry spirits of all worlds ;  
Beyond the changeful mansions of the moon,  
Beyond the burning heart of heaven, where dwell

The governors of nature and the blest,  
All knowing spirits and celestial,  
And divine demons ; are all gone — extinct.  
There is no danger now of knowing aught  
Which ought not to be known. No more of that ! —  
And you, ye planetary sons of light !  
From him who hovereth, moth-like, round the sun  
To six-mooned Uranus, Light's loftiest round.  
Your aspects, dignities, ascendancies,  
Your partile quartiles, and your plastic trines,  
And all your Heavenly houses and effects,  
Shall meet no more devout expounders here.  
You too, ye juried signs, earth's sunny path  
Upon her wheeling orbit, all farewell !  
Your exaltations and triplicities,  
Fiery, airy, and the rest ; your falls,  
And detriments, and governments, and gifts,  
Are all abolished. Henceforth ye shall shine  
In vain to man. Diurnal, cardinal,  
Nocturnal, equinoctial, hot or dry,  
Earthy, or moist, or feminine, or fixed,  
Luxurious, violent, bicorporate,  
Masculine, barren, and commanding, cold,  
Fruitful or watery, or what not, now  
It matters nothing. The joy of Jupiter,  
The exaltation of the Dragon's head,  
The sun's triplicity and glorious  
Day house on high, the moon's dim detriment,  
And all the starry inclusions of all signs —  
Shall rise, and rule, and pass, and no one know  
That there are spirit-rulers of all worlds,  
Which fraternize with earth, and, though unknown,  
Hold in the shining voices of the stars  
Communion on high, ever and everywhere. —  
The mystic charm of numbers, and the sole  
Oneness which is in all, of nature's great  
Triadic principle, in all things seen ;  
In man thus, as composed of thrice three forms  
Intrinsic ; first, corporeally, blood,

Body, and bones ; next, intellectually,  
Imagination, judgment, memory ;  
And thirdly, spiritually, mind and soul,  
And spirit, which unites with God the whole  
Being, and comes from and returns to Him, —  
Allures no more man's mind debased. Thus, too,  
Of alchemy ; the golden starry stone,  
Invisible, the principle of life,  
The quintessence of all the elements,  
Is still unbought ; — still flows the stream of pearl  
Beneath the magic mountain ; still the scent  
As of a thousand amaranthine wreaths, which lures  
Ali life unto its sweetness, floats around  
Mistlike, the shining bath where Luna laves,  
Or Sol, bright brother of that mooned maid,  
Triumphs in light ; — the spiritual sun,  
The Heavenly Earth smaragdine, and the fire-  
Spirit of life, the live land still exist,  
Immortally, internally unseen. —  
Still breathes the Paradisal air around  
The universal whole ; the watery fire,  
Destructive, yet impalpable to sense,  
The initial and conclusion of the world,  
Yea, the beginning and the end of Death,  
The secret which is shared 'tween God and man,  
And which is nature only, wholly, still  
In Heavenly gloom incomprehensible  
Wait the Deific will ; yea, still the light  
Whereto all elements contribute, burns  
About us and within us, world and soul ; —  
The primal sperm and matter of the world,  
Whose centre is the limit of all things, —  
The snowy gold, the star and spirit seed  
Which is to render rich and deathless all, —  
The self-begot, self-wedded, and self-born,  
Which the wind carries in its womb, all have,  
And few receive ; the spirit of the earth,  
The water of immortal life still lives : —  
The universal solvent of disease

Still bounds through nature's veins ; and still, in  
fine,

The secrets only to be told by fire  
Starry or beamless, central and extreme,  
Burn to be born. And other natures may  
Use them, and do. In Demogorgon's hall  
Still sits the universal mystery  
Throned in itself and ministered unto  
By its own members : — Man, alas ! alone,  
The recreant spirit of the universe,  
Contemns the operations of the light ;  
Loves surface-knowledge ; calls the crimes of crowds  
Virtue : adores the useful vices ; licks  
The gory dust from off the feet of war,  
And swears it food for gods, though fit for fiends  
Only : — reversing just the Devil's state  
When first he entered on this orb of man's —  
A fallen angel's form, a reptile's soul.

LUCIFER. Oh ! this is libellous to man and fiend  
And brute together.

STUDENT. All are art and part  
Of the same mystic treason. But enough ; —  
The most material, immaterial  
Departments of pure wisdom are despised.  
For well we know that, properly prepared,  
Souls self-adapted knowledge to receive  
Are by the truth desired, illumined ; man's  
Spirit, extolled, dilated, clarified,  
By holy meditation and divine  
Lore, fits him to convene with purer powers  
Which do unseen surround us aye and gladde  
In human good and exaltation ; thus  
The face of Heaven is not more clear to one,  
Than to another outwardly ; but one  
By strong intention of his soul perceives,  
Attracts, unites himself to essences  
And elemental spirits of wider range  
And more beneficent nature, by whose aid  
Occasion, circumstance, futurity

Impress on him their image, and impart  
 Their secrets to his soul ; thus chance and lot  
 Are sacred things ; thus dreams are verities.  
 But oh ! alas for all earth's loftier lore,  
 And spiritual sympathy of worlds ! —  
 There shall be no more magic nor cabala,  
 Nor Rosicrucian nor Alchymic lore,  
 Nor fairy fantasies ; no more hobgoblins,  
 Nor ghosts, nor imps, nor demons. Conjurors,  
 Enchanters, witches, wizards, shall all die  
 Hopeless and heirless ; their divining arts  
 Supernal or infernal — dead with them.  
 And so 't will doubtless be with other things  
 In time ; therefore I will commit my brain  
 To none of them.

FESTUS. Perchance 't were wiser not.  
 Man's heart hath not half uttered itself yet,  
 And much remains to do as well as say.  
 The heart is some time ere it finds its focus.  
 And when it does, with the whole light of nature  
 Strained through it to a hair's breadth, it but burns  
 The things beneath it, which it lights to death.  
 Well, farewell, Mr. Student. May you never  
 Regret those hours which make the mind, if they  
 Unmake the body ; for the sooner we  
 Are fit to be all mind, the better. Blest  
 Is he whose heart is the home of the great dead,  
 And their great thoughts. Who can mistake great  
 thoughts ?

They seize upon the mind — arrest, and search,  
 And shake it — bow the tall soul as by wind —  
 Rush over it like rivers over reeds,  
 Which quaver in the current — turn us cold,  
 And pale, and voiceless ; leaving in the brain  
 A rocking and a ringing, — glorious  
 But momentary, madness might it last,  
 And close the soul with Heaven as with a seal !  
 In lieu of all these things whose loss thou mournest,  
 If earnestly or not I know not, use

The great and good and true which ever live,  
And are all common to pure eyes and true.  
Upon the summit of each mountain-thought  
Worship thou God; for Deity is seen  
From every elevation of the soul.  
Study the Light; attempt the high; seek out  
The soul's bright path; and since the soul is fire  
Of heat intelligential, turn it aye  
To the all-Fatherly source of light and life;  
Piety purifies the soul to see  
Perpetual apparitions of all grace  
And power, which to the sight of those who dwell  
In ignorant sin are never known. Obey  
Thy genius, for a minister it is  
Unto the throne of Fate. Draw to thy soul,  
And centralize the rays which are around  
Of the Divinity. Keep thy spirit pure  
From worldly taint by the repellant strength  
Of virtue. Think on noble thoughts and deeds,  
Ever. Count o'er the rosary of truth;  
And practice precepts which are proven wise.  
It matters not then what thou fearest. Walk  
Boldly and wisely in that light thou hast;—  
There is a hand above will help thee on.  
I am an omnist, and believe in all  
Religions, — fragments of one golden world  
Yet to be relit in its place in Heaven —  
For all are relatively true and false,  
As evidence and earnest of the heart  
To those who practice, or have faith in them.  
The absolutely true religion is  
In Heaven only, yea in Deity.  
But foremost of all studies, let me not  
Forget to bid thee learn Christ's faith by heart.  
Study its truths, and practice its behests:  
They are the purest, sweetest, peacefullest,  
Of all immortal reasons or records:  
They will be with thee when all else have gone.  
Mind, body, passion, all wear out — not faith

Nor truth. Keep thy heart cool, or rule its heat  
To fixed ends : waste it not upon itself.  
Not all the agony of all the damned,  
Fused in one pang, vies with that earthquake throb  
Which wakens it from waste to let us see  
The world rolled by for aye ; and that we must  
Wait an eternity for our next chance,  
Whether it be in Heaven or elsewhere.

STUDENT.

Sir,

I will remember this most grave advice,  
And think of you with all respect.

FESTUS.

Well, mind !

The worst men often give the best advice.  
Our deeds are sometimes better than our thoughts  
Commend me, friend, to every one you meet :  
I am an universal favorite.

Old men admire me deeply for my beauty,  
Young women for my genius and strict virtue,  
And young men for my modesty and wisdom.  
All turn to me, whenever I speak, full-faced,  
As planets to the sun, or owls to a rushlight.  
Farewell !

STUDENT. I hope to meet again.

FESTUS.

And I. —

Yonder's a woman singing. Let us hear her.

SINGER. In the gray church tower  
Were the clear bells ringing  
When a maiden sat in her lonely bower  
Sadly and lowly singing,  
And thus she sang, that maiden fair,  
Of the soft blue eyes and the long light hair

This hand hath oft been held by one  
Who now is far away ;  
And here I sit and sigh alone  
Through all the weary day.  
Oh, when will he I love return !  
Oh, when shall I forget to mourn !

Along the dark and dizzy path  
 Ambition madly runs,  
 'Tis there they say his course he hath,  
 And therefore love he shuns.  
 Oh, fame and honor bind his brow,  
 For so he would be with me now !

In the gray church tower  
 Were the clear bells ringing,  
 When a bounding step in that lonely bower  
 Broke on the maiden singing ;  
 She turned, she saw ; oh, happy fair !  
 For her love who loved her so well was there

LUCIFER. And we might trust these youths and  
 maidens fair,

The world was made for nothing but love, love !  
 Now I think it was made but to be burned.

FESTUS. And if I love not now, while woman is  
 All bosom to the young, when shall I love ?  
 Who ever paused on passion's fiery wheel ?  
 Or trembling by the side of her he loved  
 Whose lightest touch brings all but madness, ever  
 Stopped coldly short to reckon up his pulse ?  
 The car comes — and we lie — and let it come ;  
 It crushes — kills — what then ? It is joy to die.  
 Enough shall not fool me. I fling the foil  
 Away. Let me but look on aught which casts  
 The shadow of a pleasure, and here I bare  
 A breast which would embrace a bride of fire.  
 Pleasure — we part not ! No ! It were easier  
 To wring God's lightnings from the grasp of God.  
 I must be mad ; but so is all the world.  
 Folly. It matters not. What is the world  
 To me ? Nought. I am all things to myself.  
 If my heart thundered, would the world rock ?

Well —

Then let the mad world fight its shadow down ;  
 There soon will be nor sun, nor world, nor shadow.  
 And thou, my blood, my bright red running soul —



Rejoice thou, like a river, in thy rapids !  
 Rejoice — thou wilt never pale with age, nor thin  
 But in thy full dark beauty, vein by vein,  
 Fold by fold, serpent-like, encircling me  
 Like a stag, sunstruck, top thy bounds and die.  
 Throb, bubble, sparkle, laugh and leap along !  
 Make merry while the holidays shall last.  
 Heart ! I could tear thee out, thou fool ! thou fool !  
 And strip thee into shreds upon the wind :  
 What have I done that thou shouldst serve me  
 thus ?

LUCIFER. Let us away. We have had enough  
 of this.

FESTUS. The night is glooming on us. It is the  
 hour

When lovers will speak lowly, for the sake  
 Of being nigh each other ; and when love  
 Shoots up the eye like morning on the east,  
 Making amends for the long northern night  
 They passed ere either knew the other loved.  
 It is the hour of hearts, when all hearts feel  
 As they could love to mad death, finding aught  
 To give back fire ; for love, like nature, is  
 War — sweet war ! Arms ! To arms ! so they be  
 thine,

Woman ! Old people may say what they please —  
 The heart of age is like an emptied wine-cup,  
 Its life lies in a heel-tap — how can they judge ?  
 'T were a waste of time to ask how they wasted  
 theirs.

But while the blood is bright, breath sweet, skin  
 smooth,  
 And limbs all made to minister delight —  
 Ere yet we have shed our locks like trees their  
 leaves,

And we stand staring bare into the air —  
 He is a fool who is not for love and beauty.  
 I speak unto the young, for I am of them,  
 And alway shall be. What are years to me ?

Traitors! that vice-like fang the hand ye lick:  
Ye fall like small birds beaten by a storm  
Against a dead wall, dead. I pity ye.  
Oh! that such mean things should raise hope or  
fear;

Those Titans of the heart, that fight at Heaven  
And sleep by fits on fire; whose slightest stir's  
An earthquake. I am bound and blest to youth!  
Oh! give me to the young — the fair — the free —  
The brave, who would breast a rushing, burning  
world

Which came between them and their heart's de-  
light.

None but the brave and beautiful can love.  
Oh, for the young heart like a fountain playing!  
Flinging its bright, fresh feelings up to the skies  
It loves and strives to reach — strives, loves in  
vain;

It is of earth, and never meant for Heaven.  
Let us love both, and die. The sphinx-like heart,  
Consistent in its inconsistency,  
Loathes life the moment that life's riddle is read:  
The knot of our existence is untied,  
And we lie loose and useless. Life is had;  
And then we sigh, and say, can this be all?  
It is not what we thought — it is very well —  
But we want something more — there is but death.  
And when we have said, and seen, and done, and  
had,

Enjoyed and suffered, all we have wished and  
feared —

From fame to ruin, and from love to loathing —  
There can come but one more change — try it —  
death.

Oh! it is great to feel we care for nothing —  
That hope, nor love, nor fear, nor aught of earth  
Can check the royal lavishment of life;  
But like a streamer strown upon the wind,  
We fling our souls to fate and to the future.

And to die young is youth's divinest gift, —  
 To pass from one world fresh into another,  
 Ere change hath lost the charm of soft regret,  
 And feel the immortal impulse from within  
 Which makes the coming, life — cry, always, on !  
 And follow it while strong — is Heaven's last  
                   mercy.

There is a fire-fly in the southern clime  
 Which shineth only when upon the wing ;  
 So is it with the mind : when once we rest,  
 We darken. On ! said God unto the soul  
 As to the earth, for ever. On it goes,  
 A rejoicing native of the infinite —  
 As a bird of air — an orb of heaven.

SCENE — *The centre.*

FESTUS and LUCIFER.

LUCIFER. Behold us in the fire-crypts of the  
                   world !

Through seas and buried mountains tomblike tracts,  
 Fit to receive the skeleton of Death  
 When he is dead — through earthquakes, and the  
                   bones

Of earthquake-swallowed cities, have we wormed  
 Down to the ever-burning forge of fire,  
 Whereon in awful and omnipotent ease  
 Nature, the delegate of God, brings forth  
 Her everlasting elements, and breathes  
 Around that fluent heat of life which clothes  
 Itself in lightnings, wandering through the air,  
 And pierces to the last and loftiest pore  
 Of Earth's snow-mantled mountains. In these vaults  
 Are hid the archives of the universe ;  
 And here, the ashes of all ages gone,  
 Each finally inurned. These pillars stand,  
 Earth's testimony to eternity.



Breathless embrace, close-clinging as for life ; —  
 Veined it with gold, and dusted it with gems,  
 Lined it with fire, and round its heart-fire bowed  
 Rock-ribs unbreakable ; until at last  
 Earth took her shining station as a star,  
 In Heaven's dark hall, high up the crowd of  
     worlds.

All this and thus did God ; and yet it ends  
 The ball He rolled and rounded, melts away  
 E'en now to its constituent atomies.

FESTUS. It is enough. Though here were  
     posited

All secrets of existence, natural  
 Or supernatural, dwell not here would I,  
 Though 't were to drain profoundest fountains. No  
 I love it not, the science nor the scene.  
 I long to know again the fresh green earth,  
 The breathing breeze, the sea and sacred stars.  
 These recollections crowd upon my soul,  
 As constellations on the evening skies,  
 And will not be forgotten. Let us leave !

LUCIFER. Aught that reminds the exile of his  
     home

Is surely pleasant. I, friend, am content.

FESTUS. I cannot be content with less than  
     Heaven.

O Heaven, I love thee ever ! sole and whole,  
 Living and comprehensive of all life ;  
 Thee, agy world, thee, universal Heaven,  
 And heavenly universe ! thee, sacred seat  
 Of intellective Time, the throned stars  
 And old oracular night ; — by night or day,  
 To me thou canst not but be beautiful,  
 Boundless, all-central, universal sphere !  
 Whether the sun all-light thee, or the moon,  
 Embayed in clouds, mid starry islands round,  
 With mighty beauty inundate the air ; —  
 Or when one star, like a great drop of light,  
 From her full flowing urn hangs tremulous, —



When, too, by mountainous travail, human might  
 Sought to possess the everlasting Heavens,  
 And incommunicable, by the right  
 Of self-acquirement and high kindred with  
 Celestial virtues ; — when the mortal powers —  
 Forecounsel, wisdom, and experience,  
 Teachers of all arts, founders of all good,  
 With Godhood strove, and gloriously failed —  
 In failure half successful ; as these scenes,  
 Fire-fountains, and volcano-utterances,  
 Earth-heavings, island vomitings, evince.

FESTUS. The world hath made such comet-like  
 advance

Lately on science, we may almost hope,  
 Before we die of sheer decay, to learn  
 Something about our infancy. But me  
 This troubles not. Were all earth's mountain  
 chains

To utter fire at once, what a grand show  
 Of pyrotechny for our neighbor moon !  
 Let us ascend ; but not through the charred throat  
 Of an extinct volcano.

LUCIFER. This way — down.  
 So shalt thou thread the world at once.

FESTUS. Haste, haste.

SCENE — *A ruined Temple.*

FESTUS AND LUCIFER.

FESTUS. Here will I worship solely.

LUCIFER. 'T is a fane  
 Once sacred to the Sun.

FESTUS. It matters not  
 What false god here hath falsely been adored,  
 Or what life-hating rites these walls have viewed.  
 The truly holy soul, which hath received  
 The unattainable, can hallow hell.  
 Now to the only true and Triune God

These walls shall echo praise, if never yet.  
 Bring me a morsel of the fire without ;  
 For I will make a sacred offering  
 To God, as though the High Priest of the world.  
 He lacks not consecration at best hands  
 Whom Thou hast hallowed, Lord, by choice ; and  
                   these,

The elements I offer, Thou hast made  
 Holy, by making them.

LUCIFER.

Lo ! here is fire.

I will await thee in the air.

FESTUS.

Withdraw !

Thine, Lord ! are all the elements and worlds ; —  
 The sun is Thy bright servant, and the moon  
 Thy servant's servant ; — the round rushing earth,  
 The lifeful air, the thousand winged winds,  
 The Heaven-kinned fire, the continental clouds,  
 The sea broad breasted, and the tranced lake,  
 The rich arterial rivers, and the hills  
 Which wave their woody tresses in the breeze,  
 In grateful undulation, all are Thine ; —  
 Thine are the snow-robed mountains circling earth  
 As the white spirits God the Saviour's throne ; —  
 Thine the bright secrets, central in all orbs,  
 And rudimental mysteries of life.  
 The sun-starred night, the ever-maiden morn,  
 The all-prevailing day, consummate eve,  
 Confess them Thine through the perpetual world : —  
 All art hath wrought from earth, or science lured  
 From truth, like flame out of the fire cloud, are  
 Thine ; — Thine the glory, all belongs to Thee,  
 Finite, indefinite, and infinite,  
 As mountains to a world, as worlds to Heaven.  
 The high doomed city and the toilful town  
 And early hamlet, — all that live or die,  
 That flourish or decay, that change, or stand  
 Before Thy face, unchanged, exist for Thee,  
 Or are not at Thy bidding ; Thine, all souls ;  
 Atom and world, the universe is Thine ! —



Thou canst as easily turn Thy kindest eye  
From comprehending the bright Infinite,  
To this crushed temple, where the wild flower decks  
Its earthquake-rifted walls, and the birds build  
In corners of its columned capitals, —  
And to this crumbling heart I offer here,  
As trust Thine own Eternity. Behold !  
Accept, I pray Thee, Lord ! this sacrifice ;  
These elemental offerings simple, pure,  
Which in the name of man I make to Thee,  
Formless, save prostrate soul and kneeling heart —  
In token of Thy perfect monarchy  
And all comprising mercy. These are they !  
A flowery turf, a branch, a burning coal,  
A cup of water and an empty bowl ;  
This air-filled bowl is typic of the world  
Thou fillest with Thy spirit, and the soul,  
Receptive of Thy life-conferring truth ; —  
This the symbolic element wherefrom  
We are to be reborn, wherein made pure ;  
Those whom Thou choosest are to be redeemed  
Out of the mighty multitudes of men ;  
Yet all as of one nature be redeemed.  
This coal, torn flaming from the earth, proclaims  
Thy sin-consuming mercy as of earth ;  
And may our souls ever aspire to Thee,  
As these pale flames unto the stars ; this turf  
Is as the earthy nature and abode  
We would subject to Thee ; and lieth here,  
The representative of every star  
And world-extended matter ! Lord ! this branch,  
Which waveth high o'er all, oh, let it sign  
Thine own Eternal Son's humanity,  
Which was on earth, yet ever lives in Heaven,  
Redemptive of all Being. Golden Branch !  
Which, in the eld-time, seer's and sybil's words,  
Full of dark central thought and mystic truth,  
Foretold should overspread the spirit world,  
And with its fruit heal every wound of Death, —

Tree of eternal life, Thee all adore.  
 Accept this prayer, O Saviour ! that if men  
 Can nothing do but sin, Thou mayst forgive  
 The creature crime, and bring back all to Thee.  
 Thou art the one who made the universe ;  
 Yet didst Thou walk on earth ; Thou brakest  
                   bread

And drankest wine with men, betokening so  
 Thine own complete, Divine Humanity.  
 May all obey Thy words and do Thy will !  
 We praise Thee God, our father ; whoso would  
 Be saved, let him believe in Thee Triune.  
 Thou doest all things rightly ; all are best,  
 Sorrow, or joy, or power, or suffering.  
 Providing, therefore, all things that must be  
 And ought to be, as Thou dost and hast done,  
 From the beginning even to the end,  
 This heart let cease from prayer, these lips from  
                   praise,

Save that which life shall offer pauselessly.  
 Now go I forth again refreshed, consoled,  
 Upon my time-enduring pilgrimage.  
 Ho ! Lucifer !

LUCIFER.       I wait thee.

FESTUS.                       Whither next ?

LUCIFER.   As thou wilt, apposite or opposite.  
 'Tis light translateth night ; 'tis inspiration  
 Expounds experience ; 'tis the west explains  
 The east : 'tis time unfolds Eternity.

SCENE — *A Metropolis — Public Place.*

FESTUS and LUCIFER.

FESTUS.   What can be done here ?

LUCIFER.                   Oh ! a thousand things,  
 As well as elsewhere.

FESTUS.                   True ; it is a place

Where passion, occupation, or reflection,  
May find fit food or field; but suits not me.  
My burden is the spirit, and my life  
Is henceforth solely spiritual.

LUCIFER. Well; —

At the occurrent season, too, it shall  
Be satisfied. It might be even now,  
From things about us. But look, here comes a  
man

Thou knowest well.

FESTUS. I do. Stop, friend! of late  
I have not seen thee. Whither goest thou now?

FRIEND. I am upon my business, and in haste.

FESTUS. Business! I thought thou wast a simple schemer.

FRIEND. Mayhap I am.

FESTUS. There is a visionary  
Business, as well as visionary faith.

FRIEND. I have been, all life, living in a mine,  
Lancing the world for gold. I have not yet  
Fingered the right vein. Oh! I often wish  
The time would come again, which science prates of,  
When earth's bright veins ran ruddy, virgin gold.

FESTUS. When the world's gold melts, all the  
poorer metals,  
All things less pure, less precious, all beside,  
Will vanish; nought be left but gems and gold.  
If all were rich, gold would be penniless.

LUCIFER. I have a secret I would fain impart  
To one who would make right use of it. Now, mark!  
Chemists say there are fifty elements,  
And more; — wouldst know a ready recipe  
For riches? —

FRIEND. That indeed I would, good sir.

LUCIFER. Get then these fifty earths, or elements,

Or what not. Mix them up together. Put  
All to the question. Tease them well with fire,  
Vapor, and trituration — every way;

Add the right quantity of lunar rays ;  
Boil them, and let them cool, and watch what comes.

FRIEND. Thrice greatest Hermes ! but it must  
be ; yes !

I'll go and get them ; good day, — instantly. [*Goes.*

LUCIFER. He 'll be astonished, probably.

FESTUS. He will,

In any issue of the experiment.

Perhaps the nostrum may explode and blow him

Body and soul to atoms and to —

LUCIFER. Nonsense !

FESTUS. There needs no satire on men's rage  
for gold ;

Their nature is the best one, and excuse.

And now what next ?

LUCIFER. Why let us take our ease

Beside this feathery fountain. It is cool

And pleasant, and the people passing by,

Fit subjects for two moralists like us.

Here we can speculate on policy,

On social manners, fashions, and the news.

Now the political aspect of the world,

At present, is most cheerful. To begin,

Like charity, at home. Out of all wrongs

The most atrocious, the most righteous ends

Are happiest wrought.

FESTUS. It oftentimes chances so.

LUCIFER. Take of the blood of martyrs, tears  
of slaves,

The groans of prisoned patriots, and the sweat

Wrung from the bones of Famine, like parts. Add

Vapor of orphan's sigh, and wail of all

Whom war hath spoiled, or law first fanged, then  
gorged ; —

The stifled breath of man's free natural thought, —

The tyrant's lies ; the curses of the proud ;

The usurpations of the lawful heir,

The treasonous rebellions of the wise,

The poor man's patient prayers ; and let all these

Simmer, some centuries, o'er the slow red fire  
Of human wrath ; and there results, at last,  
A glorious constitution, and a grand  
Totality of nothings ; — as we see. —

[*Soldiers pass ; Music, etc.*

Man is a military animal,  
Glories in gunpowder, and loves parade ;  
Prefers them to all things.

FESTUS. Of recipes,  
Enough ! Life's but a sword's length, at the best.

LUCIFER. War, war, still war ! from age to  
age, old Time  
Hath washed his hands in the heart's blood of  
Earth.

FESTUS. Yet fields of death ! ye are earth's  
purest pride ;  
For what is life to freedom ? War must be  
While men are what they are ; while they have bad  
Passions to be roused up ; while ruled by men ;  
While all the powers and treasures of a land  
Are at the beck of the ambitious crowd ;  
While injuries can be inflicted, or  
Insults be offered ; yea, while rights are worth  
Maintaining, freedom keeping, or life having,  
So long the sword shall shine ; so long shall war  
Continue, and the need for war remain.

LUCIFER. And yet all war shall cease.

FESTUS. It must and shall.  
Some news seems stirring ; what, I know not yet.

LUCIFER. Nor I. I heard that one of Saturn's  
moons  
Had flown upon his face and blinded him.  
'T was also said, in circles I frequent  
At times, his outer ring was falling off.  
If I should find, I'll keep it. It might fit  
A little finger such as mine, I think.  
Poor Saturn ! much I doubt he is breaking up.  
But for these news, I know not what they be.  
Some one perhaps has lit on a new vein

Of stars in Heaven : or cracked one with his teeth,  
To look inside it, or made out at last  
The circulation of the light ; or what  
Think'st thou ?

FESTUS. I know not. Ask !

LUCIFER. Sir, what's the news ?

PASSER-BY. The news are good news, being  
none at all.

LUCIFER. Your goodness, Sir, I deem of like  
extent.

We heard the great Bear was confined of twins.

STRANGER. 'T is not unlikely stars do propagate.

FESTUS. And so much for civility and news.  
This city is one of the world's social poles,  
Round which events revolve : here, dial-like,  
Time makes no movement but is registered.

LUCIFER. Yon gaudy equipage ! hast ever seen  
A drowning dragon-fly floating down a brook,  
Topping the sunny ripples as they rise,  
Till in some ambushed eddy it is sucked down  
By something underneath. Thus with the rich, —  
Their gilding makes their death conspicuous.

FESTUS. Some men are nobly rich, some nobly  
poor,  
Some the reverse. Rank makes no difference.

LUCIFER. The poor may die in swarms un-  
heeded. They  
But swell the mass of columned ciphers. Oh,  
Ye poor, ye wretched, ye bowed down by woe !  
Thank God for something, though it were but this.  
He fire, ye ashes !

FESTUS. Thou art surely mad.

LUCIFER. I meant to moralize. I cannot see  
A crowd, and not think on the fate of man —  
Clinging to error as a dormant bat  
To a dead bough. Well, 'tis his own affair.

FESTUS. All homilies on the sorts and lot of  
men  
Are vain and wearisome. I want to know

No more of human nature. As it is,  
I honor it and hate it. Let that do.

LUCIFER. Here is a statue to some mighty man  
Who beat his name on the drum of the world's ear  
Till it was stupefied, and, I suppose,  
Not knowing what it was about, reared up  
This marble mockery of mortality,  
Which shall outlive the memory of the man  
And all like him who water earth with blood,  
And sow with bones, or any good he did,  
As eagles outlive gnats. But never mind !  
Why carp at insect sins, or crumb-like crimes ?  
The world, the great imposture, still succeeds ;  
Still, in Titanic immortality,  
Writhes 'neath the burning mountain of its sins.

FESTUS. There's an old adage about sin and  
some one.

The world is not exactly what I thought it,  
But pretty nearly so ; and after all,  
'Tis not so bad as good men make it out,  
Nor such a hopeless wretch.

LUCIFER. For all the world  
Not I would slander it. Dear world, thou art  
Of all things under Heaven by me most loved,  
The most consistent, the least fallible.  
Believe me ever thine affectionate  
Lucifer. P. S. Sweet, remember me !

FESTUS. Wilt go to the cathedral ?

LUCIFER. No, indeed ;  
I have just confessed.

FESTUS. Well, to the concert, then ?

LUCIFER. Some fifteen hundred thousand mil-  
lion years

Have passed since last I heard a chorus.

FESTUS. Good !

LUCIFER. In sooth, I cannot calculate the time  
There are no eras in Eternity.  
No ages. Time is as the body, and  
Eternity the spirit of existence.

FESTUS. That would I learn and prove.

LUCIFER. The finite soul  
Can never learn the Infinite, nor be  
Informed by it, unaided.

FESTUS. Be it so.  
What shall we do?

LUCIFER. I put myself in your hands.

FESTUS. Wilt go on 'Change?

LUCIFER. I rarely speculate.  
Steady receipts are mostly to my taste.  
Besides, I spurn the system. Take my arm.

FESTUS. But something must be done to pass  
the time.

LUCIFER. True; let us pass, then, all time.

FESTUS. I shall be  
Most happy; only show me how.

LUCIFER. Why, thus.  
I have the power to make thy spirit free  
Of its poor frame of flesh, yet not by death, —  
And reunite them afterwards! Wilt thou  
Intrust thyself to me?

FESTUS. In God I trust,  
And in His word of safety. Have thy will.  
Where shall it be effected?

LUCIFER. Here and now.  
Recline thou calmly on yon marble slab,  
As though asleep. The world will miss thee not;  
Its complement is perfect. I will mind  
That no impertinent meddler troubles there  
Thy tranced frame. The brain shall cease its life-  
Engrossing business, and the living blood,  
The wine of life which maketh drunk the soul,  
Sleep in the sacred vessels of the heart.  
Three steps the sun hath taken from his throne,  
Already, downwards, and ere he hath gone,  
Who calmeth tempests with his mighty light,  
We will return; and till then the bright rain  
Of yonder fountain fails not.



FESTUS.                                Thus be it !  
Come! we are wasting moments here that now  
Belong, of right, to immortality,  
And to another world.

LUCIFER. Prepare! —

FESTUS. And thou?

LUCIFER. I vanish altogether.

**FESTUS.** Excellent!

LUCIFER. Body and spirit part!—

SCENE — *Air.*

LUCIFER *and* FESTUS.

FESTUS. Where, where am I?

LUCIFER. We are in space and time, just as we were

Some half a second since ; where wouldst thou be ?

FESTUS. I would be in Eternity and Heaven;  
The spirit and the blessed spirit, of  
Existence.

LUCIFER. And thou shalt be, and shalt pass  
All secondary nature ; all the rules  
And the results of time : upon thy spirit  
These things shall act no more ; their hands shall be  
Withered upon thee, as the ray of life  
Returns to that it came from : they shall cease  
In thee, like lightning in the deadening sea.  
But not now ; we have worlds to go through, first.  
When spirit hath deposited its earth,  
And brightly, freely flows, self-purified  
In its own action, acted on by God,  
It holds the starry transcript of the skies  
Booklike within its bosom, evermore.  
But thine even now, exhausted, not exhaled,  
Bears the design of earthly discontent,  
Not sacred satisfaction. Unto him  
Whose soul is saved, all things are clear as stars,  
And, to the chosen, safety : — to none else.

Nor cold insurgent heart, nor menial mind  
 Can compass this: it is the way of God:  
 The starry path of Heaven which none can tread  
 But spirits high as Heaven, which He hath raised;  
 Who were of Him before all worlds, and are  
 Beloved and saved for ever while they live.  
 Thou of the world art yet, with motives, means,  
 And ends as others.

FESTUS. I will no more of it.

LUCIFER. Oh, dream it not! Thou knowest  
 not the depth  
 Of nature's dark abyss, thyself, nor God.  
 Light over-strong, and darkness over-long,  
 Blind equally the eye. Thou mayst yet rise  
 And fall as often as the sea.

FESTUS. How comes it,  
 Being a spirit, that I see not all  
 As spirit should?

LUCIFER. Thou lackest life and death.  
 The life of Heaven and the death of earth.  
 Then wouldst thou see in harmony with God,  
 Creation's strife.

FESTUS. Death alters not the spirit!

LUCIFER. Death must be undergone ere under-  
 stood,  
 One world is as another. Rest we here!—

SCENE—*Another and a better World.*

FESTUS and LUCIFER.

FESTUS. What a sweet world! Which is this,  
 Lucifer?

LUCIFER. This is the star of evening and of  
 beauty.

FESTUS. Otherwise Venus. I will stay here.

LUCIFER. Nay  
 It is but a visit.

FESTUS. Let us look about us.  
 It is Heaven, it must be ; aught so beautiful  
 Must, I am sure, have feeling. Cannot worlds live ?  
 Least things have life. Why not the greatest, too ?  
 An atom is a world, a world an atom  
 Seen relatively : Death an act of Life.

LUCIFER. This is a world where every loveliest  
 thing  
 Lasts longest ; where decay lifts never head  
 Above the grossest forms, and matter here  
 Is all transparent substance ; the flower fades not,  
 The beautiful die never, here : Death lies  
 A dreaming — he has nought to do — the babe  
 Plays with his darts. Nought dies but what should  
 die.  
 Here are no earthquakes, storms, nor plagues ; no  
 Hell  
 At heart ; no floating flood on high. The soil  
 Is ever fresh and fragrant as a rose —  
 The skies, like one wide rainbow, stand on gold —  
 The clouds are light as rose leaves — and the dew,  
 'Tis of the tears which stars weep, sweet with joy—  
 The air is softer than a loved one's sigh —  
 The ground is glowing with all priceless ore,  
 And glistening with gems like a bride's bosom —  
 The trees have silver stems and emerald leaves —  
 The fountains bubble nectar — and the hills  
 Are half alive with light. Yet it is not Heaven.

FESTUS. Oh, how this world should pity man's :  
 I love  
 To walk earth's woods when the storm bends his  
 bow,  
 And volleys all his arrows off at once ;  
 And when the dead brown branch comes crashing  
 close  
 To my feet, to tread it down, because I feel  
 Decay my foe : and not to triumph's worse  
 Than not to win. It is wrong to think on earth ;  
 But terror hath a beauty even as mildness ;

And I have felt more pleasure far on earth;  
 When, like a lion or a day of battle,  
 The storm rose, roared, shook out his shaggy mane,  
 And leaped abroad on the world, and lay down red,  
 Licking himself to sleep as it got light;  
 And in the cataract-like tread of a crowd,  
 And its irresistible rush, flooding the green  
 As though it came to doom, than e'er I can  
 Feel in his færy orb of shade and shine.  
 I love earth!

LUCIFER. Thou art mad to dote on earth  
 When with this sphere of beauty.

FESTUS. It is the blush  
 Of being; surely, too, a maiden world,  
 Unmarred by thee. Touch it not, Lucifer!

LUCIFER. It is too bright to tarnish.

FESTUS. Didst thou fail?

LUCIFER. I cannot fail. With me success is  
 nature.

I am the cause, means, consequence of ill.  
 Thou canst not yet enjoy a sensuous world—  
 Refined though ne'er so little o'er thine own,  
 And yet wouldst enter Heaven. Valhalla's halls,  
 And sculls o'erbrimmed with mead, Elysian plains—  
 Eden, where life was toilless, and gave man  
 All things to live with, nothing to live for;—  
 The Moslem's bowers of love, and streams of wine,  
 And palaces of purest adamant,  
 Where dark-eyed houris, with their young white  
 arms,

The ever virgin, woo and welcome ye,—  
 The Chaldee's orbs of gold, where dwells the pri-  
 mal Light,

Were all too pure for thee; yet shalt thou be  
 Surely in Heaven, ere Death unlock the heart.  
 I said that I would show thee marvels here;  
 For here dwell many angels—many souls  
 Who have run pure through earth, or been made  
 pure

By their salvation since. It is a mart  
 Where all the holy spirits of the world  
 Perform sweet interchange, and purchase truth  
 With truth, and love with love. Hither came He,  
 The Son — the Saviour of the universe;  
 Not in the stable-state He went to earth —  
 A servant unto slaves; but as a God,  
 Carrying His kingdom with Him, and His Heaven.

FESTUS. Lo, here are spirits! and all seem to love  
 Each other.

LUCIFER. He hath only half a heart  
 Who loves not all.

FESTUS. Speak for me to some angel.  
 See, here is one, a very soul of beauty:  
 It is the muse. I know her by the lyre  
 Hung on her arm, and eye like fount of fire.

MUSE. Mortal, approach! I am the holy Muse,  
 Whom all the great and bright of spirit choose —  
 'Tis I who breathe my soul into the lips  
 Of those great lights whom death nor time eclipse:  
 'Tis I who wing the loving heart with song,  
 And set its sighs to music on the tongue:  
 It is I who watch, and, with sweet dreams, reward  
 The starry slumbers of the youthful bard;  
 For I love every thing that is sweet and bright.  
 And but this morn, with the first wink of light  
 A sunbeam left the sun, and, as it sped,  
 I followed, watched, and listened what it said:  
 Wherefore, with all this brightness am I given  
 From sun to earth? Am I not fit for Heaven?  
 From God I came on; and, though worlds have  
 passed,

Ages, and dooms, yet I am light to the last.  
 Whatever God hath once bent to His will  
 Is sacred; so the world's to be loved still.  
 What of this swift, this bright, but downward being  
 Too burning to be borne — too brief for seeing?  
 What is my aim — mine end? I would not die  
 In dust, or water, or an idiot's eye:

I would not cease in blood, nor end in fire,  
 Nor light the loveless to their low desire :  
 No ; let me perish on the poet's page,  
 Where he kisses from his beauty's brow all age ;  
 Spelling it fair for aye, and wrinkle scorning,  
 As when first that brow brake on him like a morning  
 But yet I cannot quit this line I tread,  
 Though it lead and leave me to the eyeless dead :  
 It is mine errand : 'tis for this I come,  
 And live, and die, and go down to my doom.  
 This is my fate — right and bright to speed on.  
 God is His own God : fate and fall are one.  
 Straight from the sun I go, like life from God,  
 Which hits, now on a heaven, now on a clod.  
 But, spite of all, the world's air warps our way,  
 And crops the roses off the cheek of day ;  
 As some false friend, who holds our fall in trust,  
 Oils our decline, and hands us to the dust.  
 Where are the sunbeams gone of the young green  
                   earth ?  
 Search dust and night : our death makes clear our  
                   birth —  
 It said — and saw earth ; and one moment more  
 Fell bright beside a vine-shadowed cottage door :  
 In it came — glanced upon a glowing page,  
 Where, youth forestalling and foreshortening age —  
 Weak with the work of thought, a boyish bard,  
 Sate suing night and stars for his reward.  
 The sunbeam swerved and grew, a breathing dim,  
 For the first time, as it lit and looked on him :  
 His forehead faded — pale his lip and dry —  
 Hollow his cheek — and fever fed his eye.  
 Clouds lay about his brain, as on a hill,  
 Quick with the thunder thought, and lightning will  
 His clenched hand shook from its more than mid-  
                   night clasp,  
 Till his pen fluttered like a winged asp,  
 Save that no deadly poison blacked its lips :  
 'Twas his to life-enlighten, not eclipse ;

Nor would he shade one atom of another,  
 To have a sun his slave, a god his brother.  
 The young moon laid her down as one who dies,  
 Knowing that death can be no sacrifice,  
 For that the sun, her god, through nature's night  
 Shall make her bosom to grow great with light.  
 Still he sate, though his lamp sunk ; and he strained  
 His eyes to work the nightness which remained.  
 Vain pain ! he could not make the light he wanted,  
 And soon thought's wizard ring gets disenchanted.  
 When earth was dayed — was morrowed — the first  
                   ray

Perched on his pen, and diamonded its way ; —  
 The sunray that I watched ; which, proud to mark  
 The line it loved as deathless, there died dark —  
 Died in the only path it would have trod,  
 Were there as many ways as worlds to God, —  
 There, in the eye of God again to burn,  
 As all man's glory unto God's must turn.  
 And so may sunbeams ever guide his pen,  
 And God his heart, who lights the morn of men ;  
 For this life is but Being's first faint ray ;  
 And sun on sun, and heaven on heaven, make up  
                   God's day.

And were there suns in day as stars in night,  
 They would show but like one ray from out his full-  
                   sphered light ;  
 As but one momentary gleam would fly ;  
 Or, as years, the arrows of eternity.

FESTUS. Poets are all who love — who feel  
                   great truths —

And tell them ; and the truth of truths is love.  
 There was a time — oh, I remember well !  
 When, like a sea-shell with its seaborne strain,  
 My soul aye rang with music of the lyre ;  
 And my heart shed its lore as leaves their dew —  
 A honey-dew, and throve on what it shed.  
 All things I loved ; but song I loved in chief.  
 Imagination is the air of mind ;

Judgment its earth, and memory its main;  
 Passion its fire. I was at home in Heaven:  
 Swiftlike I lived above: once touching earth,  
 The meanest thing might master me: long wings  
 But baffled. Still and still I harped on song.  
 Oh! to create within the mind is bliss;  
 And, shaping forth the lofty thought, or lovely,  
 We seek not, need not Heaven: and when the  
                   thought—

Cloudy and shapeless, first forms on the mind,  
 Slow darkening into some gigantic make,  
 How the heart shakes with pride and fear, as heaven  
 Quakes under its own thunder: or as might,  
 Of old, the mortal mother of a god,  
 When first she saw him lessening up the skies.  
 And I began the toil divine of verse,  
 Which like a burning-bush, doth guest a god.  
 But this was only wing-flapping—not flight;  
 The pawing of the courser ere he win;  
 Till, by degrees, from wrestling with my soul,  
 I gathered strength to keep the fleet thoughts fast,  
 And made them bless me. Yes, there was a time  
 When tomes of ancient song held eye and heart—  
 Were the sole lore I recked of: the great bards  
 Of Greece, of Rome, and mine own master land,  
 And they who in the holy book are deathless,—  
 Men who have vulgarized sublimity,  
 And brought up truth for the nations; parted it,  
 As soldiers lotted once the garb of God,—  
 Men who have forged gods—uttered—made them  
                   pass:

In whose words, to be read with many a heaving  
 Of the heart, is a power, like wind in rain—  
 Sons of the sons of God, who, in olden days,  
 Did leave their passionless Heaven for earth and  
                   woman,  
 Brought an immortal to a mortal breast;  
 And, like a rainbow clasping the sweet earth,  
 And melting in the covenant of love,



Let here a bright precipitate of soul,  
 Which lives for ever through the lines of men,  
 Flashing, by fits, like fire from an enemy's front —  
 Whose thoughts like bars of sunshine in shut rooms  
 Mid gloom, all glory, win the world to light —  
 Who make their very follies like their souls;  
 And, like the young moon with a ragged edge,  
 Still, in their imperfection, beautiful —  
 Whose weaknesses are lovely as their strengths,  
 Like the white nebulous matter between stars,  
 Which, if not light, at least is likeliest light, —  
 Men whom we build our love round like an arch  
 Of triumph, as they pass us on their way  
 To glory and to immortality;  
 Men whose great thoughts possess us like a passion  
 Through every limb and the whole heart; whose  
     words

Haunt us as eagles haunt the mountain air;  
 Thoughts which command all coming times and  
     minds,

As from a tower a warden, — fix themselves  
 Deep in the heart as meteor stones in earth,  
 Dropped from some higher sphere; the words of  
     gods,

And fragments of the undeemed tongues of Heaven  
 Men who walk up to fame as to a friend  
 Or their own house, which from the wrongful heir  
 They have wrested, from the world's hard hand and  
     gripe, —

Men who, like Death, all bone, but all unarmed,  
 Have ta'en the giant world by the throat, and thrown  
     him;

And made him swear to maintain their name and  
     fame

At peril of his life — who shed great thoughts  
 As easily as an oak looseneth its golden leaves  
 In a kindly largess to the soil it grew on —  
 Whose rich dark ivy thoughts, sunned o'er with love,  
 Flourish around the deathless stems of their names —

Whose names are ever on the world's broad tongue,  
 Like sound upon the falling of a force —  
 Whose words, if winged, are with angels' wings —  
 Who play upon the heart as on a harp,  
 And make our eyes bright as we speak of them —  
 Whose hearts have a look southwards, and are  
     open

To the whole noon of nature, — these I have waked  
 And wept o'er, night by night; oft pondering thus:  
 Homer is gone; and where is Jove? and where  
 The rival cities seven? His song outlives  
 Time, tower, and god — all that then was save  
     Heaven.

MUSE. Yea, but the poor perfections of thine  
     earth  
 Shall be as little as nothing to thee here.

FESTUS. God must be happy, who aye makes;  
     and since  
 Mind's first of things, who makes from mind is blest  
 O'er men. Thus saith the bard to his work: — I am  
 Thy god, and bid thee live as my God me:  
 I live or die with thee, soul of my soul!  
 Thou cam'st and went'st, sunlike, from morn to eve:  
 And smiledst fire upon my heaving heart,  
 Like the sun in the sea, till it arose  
 And dashed about its house all might and mirth,  
 Like ocean's tongue in Staffa's stormy cave.  
 Thou art a weakly reed to lean upon;  
 But, like that reed the false one filched from Heaven.  
 Full of immortal fire — immortal as  
 The breath of God's lips — every breath a soul.

MUSE. Mortal! the muse is with thee: leave her  
     not.

FESTUS. Once my ambition to another end  
 Stirred, stretched itself, but slept again. I rose  
 . And dashed on earth the harp, mine other heart,  
 Which, ringing, brake; its discord ruinous  
 Harmony still; and coldly I rejoiced  
 No other joy I had, wormlike, to feed

Upon my ripe resolve. It might not be:  
The more I strove against, the more I loved it.

LUCIFER. Come, let us walk along. So say fare-  
well.

FESTUS. I will not.

MUSE. No; my greeting is forever.

LUCIFER. Well, well, come on!

FESTUS. Oh! show me that sweet soul  
Thou brought'st to me the first night that we met.  
She must be here, where all are good and fair:  
And thou didst promise me.

LUCIFER. Is that not she  
Walking alone, up-looking to thine earth?  
For, lo! it shineth through the mid-day air.

FESTUS. It is! it is!

LUCIFER. Well, I will come again.

[Goes.

FESTUS. Knowest thou me, mine own immortal  
love?

How shall I call thee? Say, what mayest thou be

ANGELA. I am a spirit, Festus; and I love  
Thy spirit, and shall love, when once like mine,  
More than we ever did or can even now.

Pure spirits are of Heaven, all heavenly.

Yet marvel not to meet me in this guise,

All radiant like a diamond as it is.

We wander in what way we will through all

Or any of these worlds, and wheresoe'er

We are, there Heaven is, here, and there too, God.

FESTUS. Thou dost remember me?

ANGELA.

Ay, every thought

And look of love which thou hast lent to me,

Comes daily through my memory as stars

Wear through the dark.

FESTUS.

And thou art happy, love?

ANGELA. Yes: I am happy when I can do good

FESTUS. To be good is to do good. Who dwell  
here?

Are they all deathless — happy?

ANGELA.

All are not:

Some err, though rarely — slightly. Spirits sin  
 Only in thought; and they are of a race  
 Higher than thine — have fewer wants and less  
 Temptations — many more joys — greater powers.  
 They need no civil sway: each rules himself —  
 Obeys himself: all live, too, as they choose,  
 And they choose nought but good. They who have  
                   come

From earth, or other orb, use the same powers,  
 Passions, and purposes, they had e'er death;  
 Although enlarged and freed, to nobler ends,  
 With better means. Here the hard warrior whets  
 The sword of truth, and steels his soul against sin.  
 The fierce and lawless wills which trooped it over  
 His breast — the speared desires that overran  
 The fairest fields of virtue, sleep and lie  
 Like a slain host 'neath snow; he dyes his hands  
 Deep in the blood of evil passions. Mind!  
 There is no passion evil in itself;  
 In Heaven we shall enjoy all to right ends.  
 There sit the perfect women, perfect men; —  
 Minds which control themselves, hearts which in-  
                   dulse

Designs of wondrous goodness, but so far  
 Only, as soul extolled to bliss and power  
 Most high, sees fit for each, divinely. Here,  
 The statesman makes new laws for growing worlds,  
 Through their forefated ages. Here, the sage  
 Masters all mysteries, more and more, from day  
 To day, watching the thoughts of men and angels  
 Through moral microscopes; or hails afar,  
 By some vast intellectual instrument,  
 The mighty spirits, good or bad, which range  
 The space of mind; some spreading death and woe  
 On far-off worlds — some great with good and life.  
 And here the poet, like that wall of fire  
 In ancient song, surrounds the universe;  
 Lighting himself, where'er he soars or dives,

With his own bright brain — this is the poet's  
heaven.

Here he may realize each form or scene  
He e'er on earth imagined ; or bid dreams  
Stand fast, and faery palaces appear.  
Here he has Heaven to hear him ; to the which  
He sings, with manlike voice and song, the love  
Which lent him his whole strength, as is the wont  
Of all great spirits and good throughout the world.  
Oh ! happiest of the happy is the bard !  
Here, too, some pluck the branch of peace where  
with

To greet a suffering saint, and show his flood  
Of woe hath sunken : this I love to do.  
My love, we shall be happy here.

FESTUS.

Shall I

Ever come here ?

ANGELA. Thou mayest. I will pray for thee,  
And watch thee.

FESTUS. Thou wilt have, then, need to weep.  
This heart must run its orbit. Pardon thou  
Its many sad deflections. It will return  
To thee and to the primal goal of Heaven.

ANGELA. Practise thy spirit to great thoughts  
and things,  
That thou mayst start, when here, from vantage  
ground,

We can foretell the future of ourselves,  
And fateful only to himself is each.

FESTUS. I do not fear to die ; for, though I  
change

The mode of being, I shall ever be.  
World after world will fall at my right hand ;  
The glorious future be the past despised :  
All now that seemeth bright will soon seem dim,  
And darker grow, like earth, as we approach it ;  
While I shall stand upon yon heaven which now  
Hangs over me. If aught can make me seek  
Other to be than that lost soul I fear me,

It is, that thou lovest me. Heaven were not Heaven  
Without thee.

LUCIFER. I am here now. Art thou ready?  
Let us go.

ANGELA. Well — farewell. It makes me grieve  
To bid a loved one back to yon false world —  
To give up even a mortal unto death.  
Thou wilt forget me soon, or seek to do.

FESTUS. When I forget that the stars shine in  
air —

When I forget that beauty is in stars —  
When I forget that love with beauty is —  
Will I forget thee : till then, all things else.  
Thy love to me was perfect from the first,  
Even as the rainbow in its native skies :  
It did not grow : let meaner things mature.

ANGELA. The rainbow dies in Heaven, and not  
on earth ;

But love can never die ; from world to world,  
Up the high wheel of heaven, it lives for aye.  
Remember that I wait thee, hoping, here.  
Life is the brief disunion of that nature  
Which hath been one and same in Heaven ere now,  
And shall be yet again, renewed by Death.  
Come to me when thou diest !

FESTUS. I will, I will.

ANGELA. Then, in each other's arms, we will  
waft through space,  
Spirit in spirit, one ! or we will dwell  
Among these immortal groves ; or watch new worlds,  
As, like the great thoughts of a Maker-mind,  
They are rounded out of chaos : and we will  
Be oft on earth with those we love, and help them ;  
For God hath made it lawful for good souls  
To make souls good ; and saints to help the saintly  
That thou right soon mayst fold unto thy heart  
The blissful consciousness of separate  
Oneness with God, in Him in whom alone  
The saved are deathless, shall become, for thee,

My earliest, earnest, and most constant prayer.  
 Oh! what is dear to creatures of the earth?  
 Life, love; light, liberty! But dearer far  
 Than all — and oh! an universe more divine —  
 The gift, which God endows his chosen with,  
 Of His own uncreated glory, — His  
 Before all worlds, all ages, and reserved  
 Till after all for those He loves and saves.  
 As when the eye first views some Andean chain  
 Of shadowy rolling mountains, based on air,  
 Height upon height, aspiring to the last,  
 Even to Heaven, in sunny snow sheen, up  
 Stretching like angel's pinions, nor can tell  
 Which be the loftiest nor the loveliest;  
 As when an army, wakening with the sun,  
 Starts to its feet all hope, spear after spear  
 And line on line reundulating light,  
 While night's dull watchfires reek themselves away,  
 So feels the spirit when it first receives  
 The bright and mountainous mysteries of God,  
 Containing Heaven, moving themselves towards us,  
 In their free greatness, as by ships at sea  
 Come icebergs, pure and pointed as a star  
 Afar off glittering, of invisible  
 Depth, and dissolving in the light above.

FESTUS. My prayer shall be that thy prayer be fulfilled.

I must to earth again. Farewell, sweet soul!

ANGELA. Farewell! I love thee, and will oft  
 be with thee. [love

LUCIFER. I like earth more than this: I rather  
 A splendid failing than a petty good;  
 Even as the thunderbolt, whose course is down-  
 wards,

Is nobler far than any fire which soars.

FESTUS. I am determined to be good again —  
 Again? When was I otherwise than ill?  
 Does not sin pour from my soul like dew from earth  
 And, vaporeing up before the face of God,

Congregate there in clouds between Heaven and me?

What wonder that I lack delight of life?

For it is thus — when amid the world's delights,  
How warm so'er we feel a moment among them —  
We find ourselves, when the hot blast hath blown,  
Prostrate, and weak, and wretched, even as I am.  
I wish that I could leap from off this star,  
And dash my soul to atoms like a glass.

LUCIFER. I have done nothing for thee yet.  
Thou shalt

See Heaven, and Hell, and all the sights of space,  
When'er thou choosest.

FESTUS. Not then now.

LUCIFER. Up! rise!

FESTUS. No; I'll be good: and will see none  
of them.

Earth draws us like a loadstone. We are coming.

SCENE — *A Large Party and Entertainment.*

FESTUS, LADIES, and OTHERS.

FESTUS. My Helen! let us rest awhile,  
For most I love thy calmer smile;  
We'll not be missed from this gay throng,  
They dance so eagerly and long;  
And were one half to go away,  
I'll bet the rest would scarce perceive it.

HELEN. With thee I either go or stay,  
Prepared, the same, to like or leave it.  
These two, perhaps, will take our places.  
They seem to stand with longing faces.

FESTUS. Then sit we, love, and sip with me,  
And I will teach thyself to thee.  
Thy nature is so pure and fine,  
'Tis most like wine;  
Thy blood, which blushes through each vein,  
Rosy champagne;



And the fair skin which o'er it grows,  
Bright as its snows.  
Thy wit, which thou dost work so well,  
Is like cool moselle ;  
Like madeira, bright and warm,  
Is thy smile's charm ;  
Claret's glory hath thine eye,  
Or mine must lie ;  
But nought can like thy lips possess  
Deliciousness ;

And now that thou'rt divinely merry,  
I'll kiss and call thee sparkling sherry. [me

HELEN. I sometimes dream that thou wilt leave  
Without thy love, even me, lonely ;  
And oft I think, though oft it grieve me,  
That I am not thy one love only :  
But I shall always love thee till  
This heart, like earth in death, stand still.

FESTUS. I love thee, and will leave thee  
never,  
Until my soul leave life for ever.  
If earth can from her children run,  
And leave the seasons — leave the sun, —  
If yonder stars can leave the sky,  
Bright truants from their home in heaven —  
Immortals who deserve to die,  
Were death not too good to be given, —  
If Heaven can leave and live from God,  
And man tread off his cradle clod —  
If God can leave the world He sowed,  
Right in the heart of space to fade —  
Soul, earth, star, Heaven, man, world, and God  
May part — not I from thee, sweet maid.  
Ah ! see again my favorite dance,  
See the wavelike line advance ;  
And now in circles break,  
Like raindrops on a lake :  
Now it opens, now it closes,  
Like a wreath dropping into roses.

HELEN. It is a lovely scene,  
 Fair as aught on earth ;  
 And we feel, when it hath been,  
 At heart a dearth ;  
 As from the breaking up of some bright dream —  
 The failing of a fountain's spray-topt stream.

WILL. Ladies — your leave — we'll choose a  
 Queen

To rule this fair and festive scene.

CHARLES. And it were best to choose by lot,  
 So none can hold herself forgot.

[*They draw lots: it falls to Helen.*]

FESTUS. I knew, my love, how this would be ;  
 I knew that Fate must favor thee.

ALL. Lady fair ! we throne thee Queen !  
 Be thy sway as thou hast been —  
 Light, and lovely, and serene.

FESTUS. Here — wear this wreath ! No ruder  
 crown

Should deck that dazzling brow ;  
 Or ask yon halo from the moon —  
 'T would well beseem thee now.

I crown thee, love ; I crown thee, love ;  
 I crown thee Queen of me !

And oh ! but I am a happy land,  
 And a loyal land to thee.

I crown thee, love ; I crown thee, love ;  
 Thou art Queen in thine own right !

Feel ! my heart is as full as a town of joy :  
 Look ! I've crowded mine eyes with light.

I crown thee, love ; I crown thee, love ;  
 Thou art Queen by right divine !

And thy love shall set neither night nor day  
 O'er this subject heart of mine.

I crown thee, love ; I crown thee, love ;  
 Thou art Queen by the right of the strong !

And thou didst but win where thou mightst have  
 slain,

Or have bounden in thralldom long.

I crown thee, love; I crown thee, love;  
 Thou art my Queen for aye!  
 As the moon doth Queen the night, my love;  
 As the night doth crown the day;  
 I crown thee, love; I crown thee, love;  
 Queen of the brave and free!  
 For I'm brave to all beauty but thine, my love;  
 And free to all beauty by thee.

HELEN. Here in this court of pleasure, blest to  
 reign,  
 If not the loveliest, where all are fair,  
 We still, one hour, our royalty retain,  
 To out-queen all in kindness and in care.  
 Love, beauty, honor, bravery, and wit—  
 Was ever Queen served by such noble slaves?  
 The peerage of the heart—for Heaven's court fit:  
 We'll dream no more that earth hath ills or  
 graves.

With mirth, and melody, and love we reign:  
 Begin we, then, our sweet and pleasurable sway:  
 And here, though light, so strong is beauty's chain,  
 That none shall know how blindly they obey.  
 We have but to lay on one light command—  
 That all shall do the most what best they love;  
 And Pleasure hath her punishments at hand,  
 For all who will not pleasure's rule approve.  
 But no! there's none of us can disobey,  
 Since, by our one command, we free ye thus;  
 And, as our powers must on your pleasures stay—  
 Support—and you will reign along with us.

FESTUS. Ha! Lucifer! How now?

LUCIFER. I come in sooth to keep my vow.

FESTUS. Thy vow?

LUCIFER. To revel in earth's pleasures,  
 And tire down mirth in her own measures.

FESTUS. Go thy ways: I shrink and tremble  
 To think how deep thou canst dissemble;  
 For who would dream that in yon breast  
 The heart of Hell was burning?

Or deem that strange and listless guest  
Some priceless spirit earning?  
I hear, from every footstep, rise  
A trampled spirit's smothered cries.

CHARLES. Fest, engage fair Marian's hand.

FESTUS. Pass me; she is free no less  
Than I, who by my queen will stand —  
May it please her loveliness!

HELEN. Festus, we know the love, and see,  
Which was with Marian and thee.

FESTUS. I will not dance to-night again,  
Though bid by all the Queens that reign.

HELEN. What, Festus! treason and disloyalty  
Already to our gentle royalty?

FESTUS. No — I was wrong — but to forgive  
Be thy sublime prerogative!

HELEN. Most amply, then, I pardon thee;  
In proof whereof, come, dance with me. [*A dance.*]

LAURENCE. How sweetly Marian sweeps along,  
Her step is music, and her voice is song.  
Silver sandalled foot! how blest  
To bear the breathing heaven above,  
Which on thee, Atlas-like, doth rest,  
And round thee move.

Ah! that sweet little foot; I swear  
I could kneel down and kiss it there.  
I should not mind if she were Pope;  
I would change my faith.

CHARLES. Works, too, we hope.

LAURENCE. Ah! smile on me again with that  
sweet smile,  
Which could from Heaven my soul to thee beguile  
As I mine eye would turn from awful skies  
To hail the child of sun and storm arise;  
Or, from eve's holy azure, to the star  
Which beams and beck the spirit from afar;  
For fair as yon star-wreath which high doth shine,  
And worthy but to deck a brow like thine;  
Pure as the light from orbs which ne'er

Hath blessed us yet in this far sphere ;  
 As eyes of seraphs lift alone  
 Through ages on the holy throne ;  
 So bright, so fair, so free from guile,  
 And freshening to my heart thy smile ;  
 Ay, passing all things here, and all above,  
 To me, thy look of beauty, truth and love.

HARRY. Thy friend hath led his lady out.

FESTUS. He looks most wickedly devout.

FANNY. When introduced, he said he knew her,  
 And had been long devoted to her.

EMMA. Indeed — but he is too gallant,  
 And serves me far more than I want.  
 He vows that he could worship me —  
 Why — look ! he is now upon his knee !

LUCIFER. I quaff to thee this cup of wine,  
 And would, though men had nought but brine —  
 E'en the brine of their own tears,  
 To cool those lying lips of theirs ;  
 And were it all one molten pearl,  
 I would drain it to thee, girl ;  
 Ay, though each drop were worth of gold  
 Too many pieces to be sold ;  
 And though, for each I drank to thee,  
 Fate add an age of misery :  
 For thou canst conjure up my spirit  
 To aught immortals may inherit ;  
 To good or evil, woe or weal —  
 To all that fiends or angels feel ;  
 And wert thou to perdition given,  
 I'd join thee in the scorn of Heaven !

EMMA. Oh fie ! to only think of such a fate !

LUCIFER. Better than not to think on't till too  
 late.

They'd not believe me, Festus, if I told them,  
 That Hell, and all its hosts, this hour behold them.

FESTUS. Scarcely — that Devil here again !  
 But though my heart burst in the strain,  
 I will be happy, might and main !

So wreath my brow with flowers,  
 And pour me purple wine,  
 And make the merry hours  
 Dance, dance, with glee like thine.  
 While thus enraptured, I and thou,  
 Love crowns the heart, as flowers the brow.  
 The rosy garland twine  
 Around the noble bowl,  
 Like laughing loves that shine  
 Upon the generous soul ;  
 Be mine, dear maid, the loves, and thou  
 Shalt ever bosom them as now.  
 Then plunge the blushing wreath  
 Deep in the ruddy wine ;  
 As the love of thee till death  
 Is deep in heart of mine.  
 While both are blooming on my brow,  
 I cannot be more blest than now.

LUCIFER. Thou talk'st of hearts, in style to me,  
 quite fresh.

The human heart's about a pound of flesh.

FESTUS. Forgive him, love, and aught he says.

HELEN. What is that trickling down thy face ?

FESTUS. Oh, love, that is only wine  
 From the wreath which thou didst twine ;  
 And, casting in the bowl, I bound,  
 For coolness' sake, my temples round.

HELEN. I thought 't was a thorn which was  
 tearing thy brow ;  
 And if it were only a rose-thorn was tearing,  
 Why, whether of gold or of roses, as now,  
 A crown, if it hurt us, is hardly worth wearing.

LUCY. From what fair maid hadst thou that  
 flower ?

It came not from my wreath nor me.

CHARLES. Love lives in thee as in a flower,  
 And sure this must have dropped from thee —  
 From thy lip, or from thy cheek :  
 See, its sister blushes speak.

Nay, never harm the harmless rose,  
Though given by a stranger maid :  
'Tis sad enough to feel that flower  
Feels it must fade.

And trouble not the transient love,  
Though by another's side I sigh ;  
It is enough to feel the flame  
Flicker and die.

And thou to me art flame and flower  
Of rosier body, brighter breath :  
But softer, warmer than the truth —  
As sleep than death.

FESTUS. The dead of night : earth seems but  
seeming —

The soul seems but a something dreaming.  
The bird is dreaming, in its nest,  
Of song, and sky, and loved one's breast ;  
The lap-dog dreams, as round he lies,  
In moonshine of his mistress' eyes :  
The steed is dreaming, in his stall,  
Of one long breathless leap and fall :  
The hawk hath dreamt him thrice of wings  
Wide as the skies he may not cleave ;  
But waking, feels them clipt, and clings  
Mad to the perch 't were mad to leave :  
The child is dreaming of its toys —  
The murderer of calm home joys ;  
The weak are dreaming endless fears —  
The proud of how their pride appears :  
The poor enthusiast who dies,  
Of his life dreams the sacrifice —  
Sees, as enthusiast only can,  
The truth that made him more than man ;  
And hears, once more, in visioned trance,  
That voice commanding to advance,  
Where wealth is gained — love, wisdom won,  
Or deeds of danger dared and done.  
The mother dreameth of her child —  
The maid of him who hath beguiled —

The youth of her he loves too well ;  
 The good of God — the ill of Hell, —  
 Who live of death — of life who die —  
 The dead of immortality.  
 The earth is dreaming back her youth ;  
 Hell never dreams, for woe is truth ;  
 And Heaven is dreaming o'er her prime,  
 Long ere the morning stars of time ;  
 And dream of Heaven alone can I,  
 My lovely one, when thou art nigh.

HELEN. Let some one sing. Love, mirth and  
 song,  
 The graces of this life of ours,  
 Go ever hand in hand along,  
 And ask alike each other's powers.

LUCY *sings*. For every leaf the loveliest flower  
 Which Beauty sighs for from her bower —  
 For every star a drop of dew —  
 For every sun a sky of blue —  
 For every heart a heart as true.

For every tear by pity shed  
 Upon a fellow-sufferer's head,  
 Oh ! be a crown of glory given ;  
 Such crowns as saints to gain have striven —  
 Such crowns as seraphs wear in Heaven.

For all who toil at honest fame,  
 A proud, a pure, a deathless name ;  
 For all who love, who loving bless,  
 Be life one long, kind, close caress —  
 Be life all love, all happiness.

LUCIFER. Tell me what's the chiefest pleasure  
 In this world's high heaped measure ?  
 ALL. Power — beauty — love — wealth — wine !  
 LUCIFER. All different votes !



FANNY. Come, Frederic — thine ?  
What may thy joy-judgment be ?

FREDERIC. I scarce know how to answer thee ;  
Each, apart, too soon will tire ;  
All together slake desire.  
So ask not of me the one chief joy of earth,  
For that I'm unable to say ;  
But here is a wreath which will lose its chief worth,  
If ye pluck but one flower away.  
Then these are the joys that should never dispart —  
The joys which are dearest to me :  
As the song, and the dance, and the laugh of the  
heart,  
Thou, girl, and the goblet be.

LUCIFER. Oh, excellent ! the truth is clear —  
The one opinion, too, I love to hear.

HELEN. Is this a Queen's fate — to be left  
alone ?

I wish another had the throne.  
Festus ! why art thou not here,  
Beside thy liege and lady dear ?

FESTUS. My thoughts are happier oft than I,  
For they are ever, love, with thee ;  
And thine, I know, as frequent fly  
O'er all that severs us, to me ;  
Like rays of stars that meet in space,  
And mingle in a bright embrace.  
Never load thy locks with flowers,  
For thy cheek hath a richer flush ;  
And than wine, or the sunset hour,  
Or the ripe yew-berry's blush.  
Never braid thy brow with lights,  
Like the sun, on its golden way  
To the neck and the locks of night,  
From the forehead fair of day.  
Never star thy hand with stones,  
For, for every dead light there,  
Is a living glory gone,  
Than the brilliant far more fair.

Nay, nay ; wear thy buds, braids, gems !  
Let the lovely never part ;  
Thou alone canst rival them,  
Or in nature, or in art.

Be not sad ; — thou shalt not be :  
Why wilt mourn, love, when with me ?  
One tear that in thine eye doth start  
Could wash all purpose from my heart,  
But that of loving thee ;  
If I could ever think to wrong  
A love so river-like, deep, pure, and long.

HELEN. I cast mine eyes around, and feel  
There is a blessing wanting ;  
Too soon our hearts the truth reveal,  
That joy is disenchanting.

FESTUS. I am a wizard, love ; and I  
A new enchantment will supply ;  
And the charm of thine own smile.  
Shall thine own heart of grief beguile.  
Smile — I do command thee rise  
From the bright depths of those eyes !  
By the bloom wherein thou dwellest,  
As in a rose-leaved nest ;  
By the pleasure which thou tellest,  
And the bosom which thou swellest,  
I bid thee rise from rest ;  
By the rapture which thou causest,  
And the bliss while e'er thou pausest,  
Obey my high behest !

HELEN. Dread magician ! Cease thy spell ;  
It hath wrought both quick and well.

FESTUS. Ah ! thou hast dissolved the charm !  
Ah ! thou hast outstepped the ring !  
Who shall answer for the harm  
Beauty on herself will bring ?  
Come, I will conjure up again that smile —  
The scarce departed spirit. There it is !  
Settling and hovering round thy lips the while,  
Like some bright angel o'er the gates of bliss.

And I could sit and set that rose-bright smile,  
 Until it seem to grow immortal there —  
 A something abstract even of all beauty,  
 As though 'twere in the eye or in the air.  
 Ah ! never may a heavier shadow rest  
 Than thine own ringlets' on that brow so fair ;  
 Nor sob, nor sorrow, shake the perfect breast  
 Which looks for love, as doth for death despair.  
 And now the smile, the sigh, the blush, the  
           tear —

Lo ! all the elements of love are here.  
 Oh, weep not — wither not the soul  
 Made saturate with bliss ;  
 I would not have one briny tear  
 Embitter Beauty's kiss.  
 Nay, weep not, fear not ! woe nor wrath  
 Can touch a soul like thine,  
 More than the lightning's blinding path  
 May strike the stars divine.  
 Sing, then, while thy lover sips,  
 And hear the truth that wine discloses ;  
 Music lives within thy lips  
 Like a nightingale in roses.

HELEN *sings*. Oh ! love is like the rose,  
 And a month it may not see,  
 Ere it withers where it grows —  
 Rosalie !

I loved thee from afar ;  
 Oh ! my heart was lift to thee  
 Like a glass up to a star —  
 Rosalie !

Thine eye was glassed in mine  
 As the moon is in the sea,  
 And its shine was on the brine —  
 Rosalie !

The rose hath lost its red,  
 And the star is in the sea,  
 And the briny tear is shed —  
 Rosalie !

FESTUS. What the stars are to the night, my  
 love,  
 What its pearls are to the sea, —  
 What the dew is to the day, my love,  
 Thy beauty is to me.

HELEN. I am but here the under-queen of  
 beauty,  
 For yonder hangs the likeness of the goddess ;  
 And so to worship her is our first duty.  
 The heavenly minds of old first taught the heavenly  
 bodies

Were to be worshipped ; and the idolatry  
 Holds to this hour ; though, Beauty ! but of thine.  
 I am thy priestess, and will worship thee,  
 With all this brave and lovely train of mine ;  
 Lo ! we all kneel to thee before thy pictured shrine  
 Yes — there, thou goddess of the heart,  
 Immortal beauty, there !

Thou glory of Jove's free-love skies,  
 E'en like thyself too fair,  
 Too bright, too sweet for mortal eyes,  
 For earthly hearts too strong ;  
 Thy golden girdle lift'st and drawest  
 The heavens and earth along.  
 Oh ! thou art as the cloudless moon,  
 Undimmed and unarrayed ;  
 No robe hast thou, no crown save yon —  
 Goddess ! thy long locks' soft and sunbright braid.  
 And there's thy son, Love — beauty's child —  
 World-known for strangest powers —  
 Boy-god ! thy place is blest o'er all !  
 Smil'st thou at thoughts of ours ?  
 And there, by thy luxurious side,  
 The Queen of Heaven and Jove

Stands; and the deep delirious draught  
Drinks, from thy looks, of love,  
And lips, which oft have kissed away  
The thunders from his brow  
Who ruled, men say, the world of worlds,  
As God our God rules now.  
And thou art yet as great o'er this  
As erst o'er olden sky;  
Of all Heaven's darkened deities  
The last live light on high.  
God after God hath left thee lone,  
Which lived on human breath;  
When prayers were breathed to them no more,  
The false ones pined to death.  
But in the service of young hearts  
To loveliness and love;  
Live thou shalt while yon wandering world  
Named unto thee shall move.  
No fabled dream art thou: all god,  
Our souls acknowledge thee;  
For what would life from love be worth,  
Or love from beauty be?  
Come, universal beauty, then,  
Thou apple of God's eye,  
To and through which all things were made —  
Things deathless — things that die.  
Oh! lighten — live before us there —  
Leap in yon lovely form,  
And give a soul. She comes! it breathes —  
So bright — so sweet — so warm.  
Our sacrifice is over: let us rise!  
For we have worshipped acceptably here;  
And let our glowing hearts and glimmering eyes,  
O'erstrained with gazing on thy light too near,  
Prove that our worship, Goddess, was sincere!

FESTUS. I read that we are answered. The  
soft air  
Doubles its sweetness; and the fainting flowers,  
Down hanging on the walls in wreaths so fair,

Bud forth afresh, as in their birn-day bowers,  
Dew-laden, as oppressed with love and shame,  
The rose-bud drops upon the lily's breast ;  
Brighter the wine, the lamps have softer flame,  
Thy kiss flows freer than the grape first pressed.

WILL. A dance, a dance !

HELEN. Let us remain !

FESTUS. We will not tempt your sport again

HELEN. Behold where Marian sits alone,  
The dance all sweeping round,  
Like to some goddess hewn in stone,  
With blooming garlands bound.

FESTUS. Tell me, Marian, what those eyes  
Can discover in the skies ? —  
Those eyes, that look, so bright, so sweet their  
hue,

As they had gained from gazing on that view,  
The high and starry beauty of their blue.

MARIAN. For earth my soul hath lost all love,  
But Heaven still loves and watches o'er me ;  
Why should I not, then, look above,  
And pass, and pity all before me ?

FESTUS. Oh ! if yon worlds that shine o'er this,  
Have more of joy — of passion less —  
I would not change earth's chequered bliss  
For thrice the joys those orbs possess ;  
Which seem so strange their nature is,  
Faint with excess of happiness.

MARIAN. Thy heart with others hath its rest,  
And it shall wake with me ;  
And if within another breast  
Thy heart hath made itself a nest,  
Mine is no more for thee.  
Heart-breaker, go ! I cannot choose  
But love thee, and thy love refuse ;  
And if my brow grow lined while young,  
And youth fly cheated from my cheek,  
'T is, that there lies below my tongue  
A word I will not speak ;

For I would rather die than deem  
 Thou art not the glory thou didst seem.  
 But if engirt by flood or fire,  
 Who would live that could expire ?  
 Who would not dream, and dreaming die,  
 If to wake were misery ?

FESTUS. Whose woes are like to my woes ?

What is madness ?

The mind, exalted to a sense of ill,  
 Soon sinks beyond it into utter sadness,  
 And sees its grief before it like a hill.  
 Oh ! I have suffered till my brain became  
 Distinct with woe, as is the skeleton leaf  
 Whose green hath fretted off its fibrous frame,  
 And bare to our immortality of grief.

MARIAN. Like the light line that laughter  
 leaves

One moment on a bright young brow ;  
 So truth is lost ere love believes  
 There can be aught save truth below.

FESTUS. But as the eye aye brightlier beams  
 For every fall the lid lets on it,  
 So oft the fond heart happier dreams  
 For the soft cheats love puts upon it.

MARIAN. I never dreamed of wretchedness ;  
 I thought to love meant but to bless.

FESTUS. It once was bliss to me to watch  
 Thy passing smile, and sit and catch  
 The sweet contagion of thy breath —  
 For love is catching — from such teeth ;  
 Delicate little pearl-white wedges,  
 All transparent at the edges.

MARIAN. False flatterer, cease !

FESTUS.

It is my fate

To love, and make who love me hate.

MARIAN. No ! 'tis to sue — to gain — deceive —  
 To tire of — to neglect — and leave :  
 The desolation of the soul  
 Is what I feel —

A sense of lostness that leaves death  
But little to reveal ;  
For death is nothing but the thought  
Of something being again nought.

HELEN. Cease, lady, cease those aching sighs,  
Which shake the tear-drops from thine eyes,  
As morning wind, with wing fresh wet,  
Shakes dew out of the violet.  
Forgive me, if the love once thine  
Hath changed itself unsought to me ;  
I did not tempt it from thy heart,  
I nothing knew of thee ;  
And soon, perchance, 't will be my part  
As thou now art, to be.

MARIAN. I blame no heart, no love, no fate,  
And I have nothing to forgive ;  
I wish for nought, repent of nought,  
Dislike nought but to live.

HELEN. Nay, sing ; it will relieve thy heart.

MARIAN. I cannot sing a mirthful strain ;  
And feel too much to act my part  
E'en of an ebbing vein.

FESTUS. Our hearts are not in our own hands  
Why wilt thou make me say  
I cannot love as once I loved ?

MARIAN. Hear ! — 't is for this I stay —  
To say we part — for ever part :  
But oh ! how wide the line  
Between thy Marian's bursting heart  
And that proud heart of thine.  
And thou wilt wander here and there,  
Ever the gay and free ;  
To other maids wilt fondly swear,  
As thou hast sworn to me ;  
And I — oh ! I shall but retire  
Into my grief alone ;  
And kindle there the hidden fire,  
That burns, that wastes unknown.



And love and life shall find their tomb  
In that sepulchral flame : —  
Be happy — none shall know for whom —  
I will not dream thy name.

FESTUS. As sings the swan with parting breath,  
So I to thee ;

While love is leaving — worse than life —  
Forewarningly.

Speak not, nor think thou, any ill of me,  
If thou wouldst not die soon and wretchedly.

I cannot waver on my path

To shun fair lady's love or wrath.

Nor condescend the world to undeceive

Which doth delight in error and believe.

Thus then farewell, dear lady, ere I go :

And dearly have I earned my lightest woe.

Oh ! if we e'er have loved, lady,

We must forego it now ;

Though sore the heart be moved, lady,

When bound to break its vow.

I'll always think on thee,

And thou sometimes — on whom, lady ?

And yet those thoughts must be

Like flowers flung on the tomb, lady,

Then think that I am blest, lady,

Though aye for thee I sigh ;

In peace and beauty rest, lady,

Nor mourn and mourn as I.

From one we love to part, lady,

Is harder than to die ;

I see it by thy heart, lady,

I feel it by thine eye.

Thy lightest look can tell

Thy heaviest thought to me, lady ;

Oh ! I have loved thee well,

But well seems ill with thee, lady

Though sore the heart be moved, lady,  
When bound to break its vow —  
Yet if we ever loved, lady,  
We must forego it now. —

LUCIFER. Come, I must separate you two,  
Such wretchedness will never do.  
The little cloud of grief which just appears,  
If left to spread, will drown us all in tears.

EMMA. Oblige us, pray, then, with a song.

CHARLES. I am sure he has a singing face.

WILL. At church I heard him loud and long.

LUCIFER. Pardon — but you are doubly wrong.

HELEN. Obey, I beg. Here — give him place.

LUCIFER. I have not sung for ages, mind;  
So you must take me as you find.

This is a song supposed of one —  
A fallen spirit — name unknown —  
Fettered upon his fiery throne —  
Calling on his once angel-love,  
Who still remaineth true above.

[*Sings*

Thou hast more music in thy voice  
Than to the spheres is given,  
And more temptations on thy lips  
Than lost the angels Heaven.  
Thou hast more brightness in thine eyes  
Than all the stars which burn,  
More dazzling art thou than the throne  
We fallen dared to spurn.

Go search through Heaven — the sweetest smile  
That lightens there is thine;  
And through Hell's burning darkness breaks  
No frown so fell as mine.  
One smile — 't will light, one tear — 't will cool;  
These will be more to me  
Than all the wealth of all the worlds,  
Or boundless power could be.

HELEN. Entreat him, pray, to sing again.

LUCIFER. Any thing any one desires.

FESTUS. Your loveliness hath but to deign  
To will, and he'll do all that will requires.

LUCIFER *sings*. Oh! many a cloud

Hath lift its wing,  
And many a leaf  
Hath clad the spring;  
But there shall be thrice  
The leaf and cloud,  
And thrice shall the world  
Have worn her shroud,  
Ere there's any like thee,  
But where thou wilt be.

Oh! many a storm  
Hath drenched the sun,  
And many a stream  
To sea hath run;  
But there shall be thrice  
The storm and stream,  
Ere there's any like thee,  
But in angel's dream;  
Or in look, or in love,  
But in Heaven above.

LUCY. What is love? Oh! I wonder so,  
Do tell me — who pretends to know?

FRANK. Ask not of me, love, what is love?  
Ask what is good of God above —  
Ask of the great sun what is light —  
Ask what is darkness of the night —  
Ask sin of what may be forgiven —  
Ask what is happiness of Heaven —  
Ask what is folly of the crowd —  
Ask what is fashion of the shroud —  
Ask what is sweetness of thy kiss —  
Ask of thyself what beauty is;

And, if they each should answer, I!  
Let me, too, join them with a sigh.  
Oh! let me pray my life may prove,  
When thus, with thee, that I am love.

// FESTUS. I cannot love as I have loved,

And yet I know not why;  
It is the one great woe of life  
To feel all feeling die;  
And one by one the heartstrings snap,  
As age comes on so chill;  
And hope seems left that hope may cease,  
And all will soon be still.  
And the strong passions, like to storms,  
Soon rage themselves to rest,  
Or leave a desolated calm —  
A worn and wasted breast;  
A heart that like the Geyser spring,  
Amidst its bosomed snows,  
May shrink, not rest — but with its blood  
Boils even in repose.

6 And yet the things one might have loved  
Remain as they have been, —

Truth ever lovely, and one heart  
Still sacred and serene;  
But lower, less, and grosser things  
Eclipse the world-like mind,  
And leave their cold dark shadow where  
Most to the light inclined.

And then it ends as it began,  
The orbit of our race,  
In pains and tears, and fears of life,  
And the new dwelling-place.

From life to death — from death to life,

We hurry round to God,  
And leave behind us nothing but  
The path that we have trod.

// HELEN. In vain I try to lure thy heart  
From grief to mirth.

It were as easy to ward off  
Night from the earth.

FESTUS. Fill! I'll drink it till I die —

Helen's lip and Helen's eye!

An eye which outsparkles

The beads of the wine,

With a hue which outdarkles

The deeps where they shine.

Come! with that lightly flushing brow,

And darkly splendid eye,

And white and wavy arms which now,

Like snow-wreaths on the dark brown bough,

So softly on me lie.

Come! let us love, while love we may,

Ere youth's bright sands be run;

The hour is nigh when every soul

Which 'scapeth evil's dread control,

Nor drains the furies' fiery bowl,

Shall into Heaven for aye,

And love its God alone.

[the hours

HELEN. Now let me leave my throne; and if

Have measured every moment by a kiss,

As I do think, since first ye gave these flowers,

It was to teach us how to dial bliss.

Farewell, dear crown, thy mistress will not wear,

Save when she sitteth royally alone.

Farewell, too, throne! not quickly wilt thou bear

A happier form, if fairer than mine own.

WILL. The ladies leave us!

LUCIFER.

Oh! by all means let them

But say, for Heaven itself, we'll not forget them;

Say we will pledge them to the top of breath,

As loud as thunder, and as deep as death.

FESTUS *apart*. Where is thy grave, my love?

I want to weep.

High as thou art this earth above,

My woe is deep;

And my heart is cold as is thy grave,

Where I can neither soothe nor save.

Whate'er I say, or do, or see,  
I think and feel alone to thee.  
Oh! can it — can it be forgiven,  
That I forget thou art in Heaven?  
Thou wilt forgive me this, and more:  
Love spends his all, and still hath store.  
Thou wilt forgive, if beauty's wile  
Should win, perforce, one glance from me;  
When they, whose art it is to smile,  
Can never smile my heart from thee;  
And if with them I chance to be,  
And give mine ear up to their singing,  
It, wind-like, only wakes the sea,  
In all its mad monotony,  
Of memory forth thy music ringing.  
Thou wilt forgive, if now and then  
I link with hands less loved than thine,  
Whose gold-like touch makes kings of men,  
But wakes no will in blood of mine;  
And if with them I toss the wine,  
And set my soul in love's ripe riot,  
It echoes not — this desert shrine,  
Where still thy love from Heaven doth shine,  
Moon-like, across some ruin's quiet.  
Thou wilt forgive me, if my feet  
Should move to music with the fair,  
When, at each turn, I burn to meet  
Thy stream-like step and airy air;  
And if, before some beauty there,  
Mine eye may forge one glance of gladness,  
It is but the ripple of despair,  
That shows the bed is all but bare,  
And nought scarce left but stony sadness.  
Thou wilt forgive, if e'er my heart  
Err from the orbit of its love;  
When even the bliss-bright stars will start  
Earthwards, some lower sphere to prove  
Thou wilt forgive, if soft white arms  
Embrace, by fits, this breast of mine;

When, while amid their pillowy charms,  
 My heart can kiss no heart but thine ;  
 And if these lips but rarely pine  
 In the pale abstinence of sorrow,  
 It is, that nightly I divine,  
 As I this world-sick soul recline,  
 I shall be with thee ere the morrow.  
 Thou wilt forgive, if once with thee  
 I limned the outline of a Heaven ;  
 But go and tell our God, from me,  
 He must forgive what He hath given ;  
 And, if we be by passion driven  
 To love, and all its natural madness,  
 Tell Him, that man by love hath thriven,  
 And that by love he shall be shriven ;  
 For God is love where love is gladness.  
 Thou wilt forgive, if clay-bound mind  
 Can scarce discover that thou art ;  
 But wait ! I feel the outward wind  
 Rush fresh into my fluttering heart.  
 Perchance thy spirit stays in yon mild star  
 In peace, and flame-like purity, and prayer ;  
 And, oh ! when mine shall fly from earth afar,  
 I will pray God that it may join thine there :  
 'T were doubling Heaven, that Heaven with thee  
                   to share.

And, while thou ledest music and her lyre,  
 Like a sunbeam holden by its golden hair,  
 May I, too, mingling with the immortal choir,  
 Love thee, and worship God ! what more may soul  
                   desire ?

Enough for me ! but, if there be  
 More, it shall be left for thee.

WALTER. If any thing I love in chief,  
 It is that flowery rich relief  
 That wine doth chase on mortal metal  
 Before good wine begins to settle ;  
 But all seem smilingly, serenely dull,  
 And melancholy as the moon at full.

Quenched by their company they seem,  
Like sparks of fire in clouds of steam.

CHARLES. They who mourn the lack of wit,  
Show, at least, no more of it.

FESTUS. I cannot bear to be alone,  
I hate to mix with men;  
To me there's torture in the tone  
Which bids me talk again.  
Like silly nestlings, warned in vain,  
My heart's young joys have flown;  
While singing to them, even then,  
They left me one by one.  
I envy every soul that dies  
Out of this world of care:  
I envy e'en the lifeless skies,  
That they enshrine thee there.  
And would I were the bright blue air  
Which doth insphere thine eyes,  
That thou mightst meet me everywhere,  
And feel these faithful sighs.  
E'en as the bubble that is mixed  
Of air and wine right red,  
So my heart's love is shared betwixt  
The living and the dead.  
If on her breast I lay my head,  
My heart on thine is fixed:—  
Wilt thou I loose, as I have said,  
Or keep the soul thou seek'st?  
From me thou canst not pass away  
While I have soul or sight;—  
I see thee on my waking way,  
And in my dreams thee bright;  
I see thee in the dead of night,  
And the full life of day;  
I know thee by a sudden light;  
It is thy soul, I say.  
If yonder stars be filled with forms  
Of breathing clay like ours,



Perchance the space that spreads between  
Is for a spirit's powers;  
And loving as we two have loved  
In spirit and in heart,  
Whether to space or star removed,  
God will not bid us part.

FRANK. As to this seat—its late and fair possessor

Should, ere she went, have chosen her successor.

FESTUS. In right of her who sat thereon  
I think I might demand the throne;  
I rather choose to let it be.

ALL. George shall be King of the company!

GEORGE. My loving subjects! I shall first promulge

A few good rules by which to indulge;  
They are good, according to my thinking,  
And shall be held the laws of drinking.  
First—each man shall do what he chooses,  
Provided that he ne'er refuses,  
But shall be sworn, by stand and stopper,  
To drink as much as I think proper.

WILL. Stay!—all of you who think, with me,  
This law should pass,  
Will please to signify the same  
By emptying their glass.

WALTER. Filling again and emptying, and so on,  
At each law — *pari passu*, as we go on.

GEORGE. Secondly — no man shall be held as mellow

Who can distinguish blue from yellow.  
Thirdly — no man shall miss his turn nor toast,  
Nor yet give more than two at once, at most.  
Fourthly — if one at table should fall under,  
There let him lie — so much extinguished thunder.

Fifthly — let all, in such case, who still stay,  
Like living lightnings, but the brighter play.

Sixthly, and last but one — mind this, there **shan't**  
Be aught said that is not irrelevant.  
Seventhly — if any of these edicts should not  
Be kept, it shall be good to plead, I would not.

CHARLES. Oh, let the royal law  
Be writ in rosy wine !  
And read and kept  
At every feast  
Where wit and mirth combine.

FESTUS. How sweetly shine the steadfast stars,  
Each eyeing, sister-like, the earth ;  
And softly chiding scenes like this,  
Of senseless and profaning mirth.

LUCIFER. Thou art ever prating of the stars  
Like an old soldier of his scars ;  
Thou shouldst have been a starling, friend,  
And not an earthling : end !

FESTUS. And could I speak as many times  
Of each as there are stars in Heaven,  
I could not utter half the thoughts —  
The sweet thoughts one to me hath given.  
The holy quiet of the skies  
May waken well the blush of shame,  
Whene'er we think that thither lies  
The Heaven we heed not — ought not name.  
Oh, Heaven ! let down thy cloudy lids,  
And close thy thousand eyes ;  
For each, in burning glances, bids  
The wicked fool be wise.

LUCIFER. I can interpret well the stars.

CHARLES. Indeed ! they need interpreters.

LUCIFER. Then thus, in their eternal tongue  
And musical thunders, all have sung.  
To every ear which ear hath given,  
From birth to death, this note of Heaven.  
Deathlings ! on earth drink, laugh, and love !  
Ye may n't hereafter — under or above.  
Yes, this the tale they all have told,  
Since first they made old Chaos shrink —

Since first they flocked creation's fold,  
 And filled all air like flakes of gold  
 Which drop yon royal drink :  
 For as the moon doth madmen rule,  
 It is, that near and few they are ;  
 And so in Heaven each single star  
 Doth sway some reasonable fool,  
 Whether on earth or other sphere ;  
 For what's above is what is here.  
 Moons and madmen only change ;  
 What can truth or stars derange ?

EDWARD. Brave stars, bright monitors of joy !  
 Right well ye time your hours of warning ;  
 For, sooth to say, the eve's employ  
 Doth wax less lovely towards the morning.  
 So push the goblet gaily round —  
 Drink deep of its wealth — drink on !  
 Our earthly joy too soon doth cloy,  
 Our life is all but gone ;  
 And, not enjoy yon glorious cup,  
 And all the sweets which lie,  
 Like pearls, within its purple well —  
 Who would not hate to die ?

WILL. And who, without the cheering glance  
 Of woman's witching eye,  
 Could stand against the storms of fate,  
 Or cankering care defy ?  
 It adds fresh brightness to the bowl ;  
 Then why will men repine ?  
 Content we'll live with Heaven's best gifts —  
 With woman, and with wine.

HARRY. Cups while they sparkle —  
 Maids while they sigh ;  
 Bright eyes will darkle —  
 Lips grow dry.  
 Cheek while the dew-drops  
 Water its rose ;  
 Life's fount hath few drops  
 Dear as those.

Arms while they tighten —  
Hearts as they heave:  
Love cannot brighten  
Life's dark eve.

GEORGE. Oh ; the wine is like life ;  
And the sparkles that play  
By the lips of the bowl  
Are the loves of the day.  
Then kiss the bright bubble  
That breaks in its rise ;  
Oh ! love is a trouble,  
As light when it dies.

CHARLES. Let the young be glad ! though cares  
in crowds  
Leave scarce a break of blue,  
Yet hope gives wings to morning clouds ;  
And while their shade the sky enshrouds —  
By love and wine, which through them shine —  
They are turned to a golden hue.  
Then give us wine, for we ought to shine  
In the hour of dark and dew.

FESTUS. Well might the thoughtful race of old  
With ivy twine the head  
Of him they hailed their god of wine, —  
Thank God ! the lie is dead :  
For ivy climbs the crumbling hall  
To decorate decay ;  
And spreads its dark deceitful pall  
To hide what wastes away.

And wine will circle round the brain  
As ivy o'er the brow,  
Till what could once see far as stars  
Is dark as Death's eye now.  
Then dash the cup down ! 'tis not worth  
A soul's great sacrifice :  
The wine will sink into the earth,  
The soul, the soul — must rise.

CHARLES. A toast!

FREDERIC. Here's beauty's fairest flower —  
The maiden of our own birth-land!

HARRY. Pale face! — Oh for one happy hour  
To hold my splendid Spaniard's hand!

FESTUS. Why differ on which is the fairest form,  
When all are the same the heart to warm?  
Although by different charms they strike,  
Their power is equal and alike.

Ye bigots of beauty! behold I stand forth,  
And drink to the lovely all over the earth.  
Come, fill to the girl by the Tagus' waves!  
Wherever she lives there's a land of slaves.  
And here's to the Scot! with her deep blue eye,  
Like the far off lochs 'neath her hill-propt sky.  
To her of the green Isle! whose tyrants deform  
The land, where she beams like the bow in the storm.  
To the Norman! so noble, and stately and tall;  
Whose charms, ever changing, can please as they  
pall:

Two bowls in a breath! here's to each and to all!  
Come fill to the English! whose eloquent brow  
Says, pleasure is passing, but coming, and now;  
Oh! her eyes o'er the wine are like stars o'er the sea,  
And her face is the face of all Heaven to me.  
And here's to the Spaniard! that warm, blooming  
maid,

With her step superb, and her black locks' braid.  
To her of dear Paris! with soul-spending glance,  
Whose feet, as she's sleeping, look dreaming a  
dance.

To the maiden whose lip like a rose-leaf is curled,  
And her eye like the star-flag above it unfurled!  
Here's to beauty, young beauty, all over the world!

WILL. Hurrah! a glorious toast;  
'T would warm a ghost.

FESTUS. It moves not me. I cannot drink  
The toast I have given.  
There! — Earth may pledge it, and she will —

Herself and her beauty to Heaven.  
 Drink to the dead — youth's feelings vain!  
 Drink to the heart — the battered wreck,  
 Hurl'd from all passion's stormy main!  
 Though aye the billows o'er it break,  
 The ruin rots, nor rides again.

CHARLES. Friend of my heart! away with care,  
 And sing, and dance, and laugh:  
 To love, and to the favorite fair,  
 The wine-cup ever quaff.  
 Oh, drink to the lovely! whatever they are,  
 Though fair as snow — as light;  
 For whether or falling, or fixed the star,  
 They both are heavenly bright.  
 Out upon Care! he shall not stay  
 Within a heart like thine;  
 There's nought in Heaven or earth can weigh  
 Down youth, and love, and wine.  
 Then drink with the merry! though we must die,  
 Like beauty's tear we'll fall;  
 We have lived in the light of a loved one's eye,  
 And to live, love, and die is all.

FESTUS. Vain is the world and all it boasts:  
 How brief Love's pleasure's date!  
 We turn the bowl and all forget  
 The bias of our fate.

GEORGE. How goes the enemy?

LUCIFER. What can he mean?

FESTUS. He asks the hour.

LUCIFER. Aha! then I

Advise, if Time thy foe hath been,  
 Be quick! shake hands, man, with Eternity.

SCENE — *A Church-yard.*

FESTUS and LUCIFER *beside a Grave.*

FESTUS. Let years crowd on, and age bow down  
 My body to the earth which gave,

As yon gray, worn out, crumbling stone  
 Dips o'er the grave !  
 What, though for me no music thrill,  
 Nor mirth delight, nor beauty move ;  
 Though the heart stiffen and wax still,  
 And make no love ;  
 Still, deep, and bright, like river gold,  
 Imbedded here thy love shall lie —  
 Sun-grains, that with the sands are rolled,  
 Of memory.  
 Shall that soul never burst the tomb,  
 Draped in long robes of living light ?  
 Or, worm-like, alway eat the gloom  
 And dust of night ?

LUCIFER. Oh ! life in sporting on earth lies,  
 Till death share up the rich green sod ;  
 But if the spirit lives or dies,  
 Why try ye God ?  
 What should it never smile nor sigh  
 From cheeks or lips but those beneath ?  
 Doth love not weigh the world's vast lie ?  
 Doth life not death ?

FESTUS. I ask why man should suffer death ?

LUCIFER. Answer — what right to life hath  
 he ?

God gives and takes away your breath :  
 What more have ye ?  
 Breath is your life, and life your soul ;  
 Ye have it warm from His kind hands :  
 Then yield it back to the great Whole  
 When He demands.  
 Why, deathling, wilt thou long for Heaven ?  
 Why seek a bright but blinding way ?  
 Go, thank thy God that He hath given  
 Night upon day :  
 Go, thank thy God that thou hast lived,  
 And ask no more : 't is all He gave :  
 'T is all there needs to be believed —  
 God and the grave.

FESTUS. For Thee, God, will I save my heart  
 For Thee my nature's honor keep;  
 Then, soul and body, all or part —  
 Rest, wake, or sleep!

SCENE — *Space.*

FESTUS and LUCIFER.

FESTUS. Listen! I hear the harmonies of  
 Heaven,  
 From sphere to sphere and from the boundless  
 round  
 Reëchoing bliss to those serenest heights  
 Where angels sit and strike their emulous harps  
 Wreathed round with flowers and diamonded with  
 dew;  
 Such dew as gemmed the everduring blooms  
 Of Eden winterless, or as all night  
 The tree of Life wept from its every leaf  
 Unwithering. And now methinks I hear  
 The music of the murmur of the stream  
 Which through the Bridal City of the Lord  
 Floweth all life for ever; and the breath  
 Through the star-shading branches of that Tree  
 Transplanted now to Heaven, but once on earth,  
 Whose fruit is for all Beings — breathed of God.  
 Oh! breathe on me, inspiring spirit-breath!  
 Oh! flow to me, ye heart-reviving waves;  
 Freshen the faded soul that droops and dies.

LUCIFER. The universe is but the gate of  
 Heaven.  
 Lo! from this highest orb, the crown of space  
 And footstool unto Heaven, we can look up  
 And gain a glimpse of glory unconceived.

FESTUS. See how yon angels stretch their shin-  
 ing arms,



Wave their star-haunting wings which gleam like  
 glass,  
 And locks that look like Morning's when she comes  
 Triumphant in the East. Is this their joy  
 O'er some world penitent?

LUCIFER. Lo ! there it rides ;  
 Blest to discharge on Heaven's all peaceful shores  
 Its long accumulated load of life,  
 Its deathless freight, — pilgrims of time and space.  
 Yon guilty orb of hesitating light  
 Slow looming, there, on its dark path, goes up  
 At the forewritten hour, as do all worlds  
 To God, to judgment ; and the earthquake groans  
 Which rend its adamant breast forebode  
 Its agonizing doom.

FESTUS. And doth not Heaven  
 Grieve with the lost as gladden with the saved ?

LUCIFER. How many immortals mourn at the  
 decree  
 Of righteous wisdom, which alone to them  
 Is bliss sufficient, being infinite ?

FESTUS. If God hath made all, He alone it is  
 Who hath to answer for all.

LUCIFER. He hath made.  
 To secondary natures it seems just  
 That justice should be realized, and there  
 Is one example extant in the skies.

FESTUS. But wherefore did it not repent in  
 Time ?

LUCIFER. What unto us is Time, stands before  
 God  
 Eternity. Repentance is the grief  
 For and effectual abstinence from sin,  
 Which secondary natures without God  
 Cannot attain to.

FESTUS. Cloudy and clear by turns  
 Thy words as Heaven. I know not what to think  
 Nor how to act.

LUCIFER. It is natural ; and none

Can aim or hit but as appointed them.  
 There is but one great sinner, Human nature,  
 Predict of every world and predicate:  
 The wicked one, the Enemy of God,  
 To be destroyed in the eternal fire  
 Of His wrath, even thus in Deity —  
 In whom as they begin must all things end.  
 God loveth only His own spirit, so  
 All that is base shall perish. From the first  
 These things were fixed, and are and aye shall be  
 Consummating, and are revealed as writ  
 In words always fulfilled and burning truth  
 Under the buried basements of the skies,  
 Which after overthrown shall reappear.  
 The unenlightened mind sees Deity  
 In all things, but the spiritual soul  
 All things in God. Now, ere we higher rise,  
 Look downwards from this coping of the world;  
 And know that down to the profoundest depth  
 Of utter space, where not an atom mars  
 The void invisible, it were easier far  
 To cast a line and calculate its rate,  
 Or pierce all space, nor cross the path of light,  
 Than fathom man's dark heart or sound his soul.

SCENE — *Heaven.*

LUCIFER and FESTUS, *entering.*

THE ARCHANGELS. Infinite God! Thy will is  
 done.

The world's last sand is all but run:  
 The night is feeding on the sun.

LUCIFER. All-being God! I come to Thee  
 again,

Nor come alone. Mortality is here.  
 Thou bad'st me do my will, and I have dared  
 To do it. I have brought him up to Heaven.

GOD.

Thou canst not do what is not willed to be.  
Suns are made up of atoms, Heaven of souls;  
And souls and suns are but the atoms of  
The body I, God, dwell in. What wilt thou  
With him who is here with thee?

LUCIFER.

Show him God.

GOD.

No being, upon part of whom the curse  
Of death rests — were it only on his shadow,  
Can look on God and live.

LUCIFER.

Look, Festus, look.

FESTUS. Eternal fountain of the Infinite,  
On whose life-tide the stars seem strown like  
bubbles,

Forgive me that an atomie of being  
Hath sought to see its Maker face to face.  
I have seen all Thy works and wonders, passed  
From star to star, from space to space, and feel  
That to see all which can be seen is nothing,  
And not to look on Thee the Invisible.  
The spirits that I met all seemed to say,  
As on they sped upon their starward course,  
And slackened their lightning wings one moment  
o'er me,

I could not look on God whate'er I was.  
And Thou didst give this spirit at my side  
Power to make me more than them immortal.  
So when we had winged through Thy wide world  
of things,  
And seen stars made and saved, destroyed and  
judged,  
I said — and trembled lest Thou shouldst not hear  
me,

And make Thyself right ready to forgive,  
I will see God, before I die, in Heaven.  
Forgive me, Lord!

GOD.

Rise, mortal! look on me

FESTUS. Oh! I see nothing but like dazzling darkness.

LUCIFER. I knew how it would be. I am away.

FESTUS. I am Thy creature, God! oh, slay me not,

But let some angel take me, or I die.

GENIUS. Come hither, Festus.

FESTUS. Who art thou?

GENIUS. I am

One who hath aye been by thee from thy birth,  
Thy guardian angel, thy good genius.

FESTUS. I knew thee not till now.

GENIUS. I am never seen  
In the earth's low thick light, but here in Heaven,  
And in the air which God breathes, I am clear.  
I tell to God each night thy thoughts and deeds;  
And watching o'er thee both on earth and here,  
Pray unto Him for thee and intercede.

FESTUS. And this is Heaven. Lead on. Will  
God forgive  
That I did long to see Him?

GENIUS. It is the strain  
Of all high spirits towards Him. Thou couldst not  
Even if thou wouldst, behold God; masked in  
dust,

Thine eye did light on darkness; but when dead,  
And the dust shaken off the shining essence,  
God shall glow through thee as through living  
glass,

And every thought and atom of thy being  
Shall guest His glory, be overbright with God.  
Hadst thou not been by faith immortalized  
For the instant, then thine eye had been thy death.  
Come, I will show thee Heaven and all angels.  
Lo! the recording angel.

FESTUS. Him I see  
High-seated, and the pen within his hand  
Plumed like a storm-portending cloud which curves

Half over Heaven, and swift, in use divine,  
As is a warrior's spear !

GENIUS.                     The book wherein  
Are writ the records of the universe,  
Lies like a world laid open at his feet.  
And there, the Book of Life which holds the  
                names,  
Formed out in starry brilliants, of God's sons,—  
The spirit-names which angels learn by heart,  
Of worlds beforehand. Wilt thou see thine own?

FESTUS. My name is written in the Book of Life.

It is enough. That constellated word  
Is more to me and clearer than all stars,  
Henceforward and for aye.

GENIUS.                    Raise still thine eyes!  
Thy gleaming throne! hewn from that mount of  
light

Which was before created light or night  
Never created, Heaven's eternal base,  
Whereon God's throne is 'stablished. Sit on it!

FESTUS. Nay, I will forestall nothing more than sight.

GENIUS. Turn, then, and view yon streams  
where spirits sport,  
Quaffing immortal life, preparing aye  
For higher and intenser Being still.  
These are the upper fountains of the Heavens,  
The emanations of Eternity ;  
By washing them in which they purify  
Their eyes to penetrate the essential light  
In all things hidden, seen alone by eyes  
Fire-spirited, etherially clear,  
Which like the fabled stone, conceived of fire,  
Son of the sun, transmutes all seen to soul.  
And such the bliss and power reserved for man ;  
Yet but the surface-shadow canst thou see.  
The substance is to be. Behold yon group  
Of spirits blest ! in their divinest eyes

The spirit speaks, and shows that in their own  
All doubt and want hath ceased, as death hath  
ceased.

Hither they come, rejoicing, marvelling.

FESTUS. How all with kindly wonder look on  
me !

Mayhap I tell of earth to their pure sense.

Some seem as if they knew me. I know none.

But how claim kinship with the glorified

Unless with them like-glorified ! Yet, yes —

It is — it must be ; — that angelic spirit ! —

My heart outruns me — mother ! see thy son.

ANGEL. Child, how art thou here ?

FESTUS. God hath let me come.

ANGEL. Hast thou not come unbidden and un-  
prepared ?

FESTUS. Forgive me, if it be so. I am come.

And I have ever said there are two who will

Forgive me aught I do — my God and thou !

ANGEL. I do ! may He !

FESTUS. Dear mother, thou art blessed ;

And I am blessed, too, in knowing thee.

ANGEL. Son of my hopes on earth and prayers  
in Heaven !

The love of God ! oh, it is infinite

Even as our imperfection. Promise, child,

That thou wilt love Him more and more for this,

And for His boundless kindness thus towards me.

Now, my son, hear me ! for the hours of Heaven

Are not as those of earth ; and all is all

But lost that is not given unto God.

Oft have I seen with joy thy thoughts of Heaven,

And holy hopes, which track the soul with light,

Rise from dead doubts within thy troubled breast,

As souls of drowned bodies from the sea,

Upwards to God, and marked them so received,

That oh ! my soul hath overflowed with rapture

As now thine eye with tears. But oh ! my son

Beloved ! fear thou ever for thy soul ;

It yet hath to be saved. Nought perfect stands  
 But that which is in Heaven. God is all-kind ;  
 And long time hath he made thee think of Him ;  
 Think on Him yet in time. Ere I left earth,  
 With the last breath which air would spare for me,  
 With the last look which light would bless me  
 with,

I prayed thou mightst be happy and be wise —  
 And half the prayer I brought myself to God —  
 And lo ! thou art unhappy and unwise.

FESTUS. Blessed one ! I rejoice that thou art  
 clear,

And all who have cared for me, of my misdeeds.  
 Thy spirit was on those who nurtured me.  
 All word and practice that could be of good,  
 Was given me ; so that my sin is splendid.  
 Yes ! if I have sinned, I have sinned sublimely ;  
 And I am glad I suffer for my faults.  
 I would not if I might, be bad and happy.

ANGEL. God laughs at ill by man made, and  
 allows it.

The vaunt of mountainous evil and the power  
 To challenge Heaven from a molehill, child !

FESTUS. God hath made but few better hearts  
 than mine,

However much it fail in the wise ways  
 Of the world, as living in the dull, dark streets  
 Of forms and follies wherein men build themselves.

ANGEL. The goodness of the heart is shown in  
 deeds

Of peacefulness and kindness. Hand and heart  
 Are one thing with the good as thou shouldst be.  
 The splendor of corruption hath no power  
 Nor vital essence ; and content in sin  
 Shows apathy, not satisfied control.

Do my words trouble thee ? Then treasure them.  
 Pain overgot gives peace as death does Heaven.

All things that speak of Heaven speak of peace.  
 Peace hath more might than war. High brows are  
 calm.

Great thoughts are still as stars ; and truths, like  
suns,

Stir not ; though many systems tend round them.

Mind's step is still as death's ; and all great things

Which cannot be controlled, whose end is good.

Behold yon throne ! there, Love, Faith, Hope, are  
one !

There, judgment, righteousness, and mercy make

One and the same thing. God's salvation is

His vengeance, and his wrath glory, as on earth

Destruction restoration to the pure.

Humanity is perfected in Heaven.

FESTUS. I did not make myself, nor plan my  
soul.

I am no angel nursed in the lap of light,

Nor fed on milk immortal of the stars,

Nor golden fruit grown in the summery suns.

How am I answerable for my heart ?

It is my master, and is free with me,

As fixed with fate, even as a star which moves,

Yet moveth only on a certain course

In certain mode ; — its liberties are laws,

Its laws tyrannic ; I cannot hinder it,

It cannot hinder God. All that we do

Or bear is settled from eternity ;

Whereof is no beginning, midst, nor end.

To act, is ours ; quite sure, whate'er we do,

Whether it be for our own good or ill,

Or others' ill or good, it is for God's

Glory — the same and always : it is ordered.

The soul is but an organ, and it hath

No power of good and evil in itself,

More than the eye hath power of light or dark.

God fitted it for good ; and evil is

Good in another way we are not skilled in.

The good we do is of His own good will, —

The ill, of His own letting. Doth not nature —

All light in life, shine, marsh-like, too, in death ?

Yea, wandering fires wait even on rottenness



Like a stray gleam of thought in an idiot's brain.  
 And thus I look on souls that seem decaying  
 In sin, and flying off by elements.  
 All may not live again ; but all which do  
 Must change perpetually e'en in Heaven ;  
 And not by death to death, but life to life.

ANGEL. No ! step by step, and throne by throne,  
                   we rise

Continually towards the infinite,  
 And ever nearer — never near — to God.

FESTUS. Yet merit or demerit none I see  
 In nature, human or material,  
 In passions or affections good or bad.  
 We only know that God's best purposes  
 Are oftenest brought about by dreadest sins.  
 Is thunder evil or is dew divine ?  
 Does virtue lie in sunshine, sin in storm ?  
 Is not each natural, each needful, best ?  
 How know we what is evil from what good ?  
 Wrath and revenge God claimeth as His own.  
 And yet men speculate on right and wrong  
 As upon day and night, forgetting both  
 Have but one cause, and that the same — God's  
                   will,

Originally, ultimately Him.

All right is right divine. A worm hath rights  
 A king cannot despoil him of, nor sin ;  
 Yet wrongs are things necessitate, like wants,  
 And oft are well permitted to best ends.  
 A double error sometimes sets us right.  
 In man there is no rule of right and wrong  
 Inherent as mere man. Why, conscience is  
 The basest thing of all. Its life is passed  
 In justifying and condemning sin ;  
 Accomplice, traitor, judge, and headsman, too,  
 But conscience knows its business and performs.  
 Nothing is lost in nature ; and no soul,  
 Though buried in the centre of all sin,  
 Is lost to God ; but there it works His will

And burns comformably. The weakest things  
 Are to be made the examples of His might;  
 The most defective, of His perfect grace,  
 Whene'er He thinketh well. Oh! every thing  
 To me seems good and lovely and immortal;  
 The whole is beautiful; and I can see  
 Nought wrong in man nor nature, nought not meant  
 As from His hands it comes who fashions all,  
 All holy as His word. The world is but  
 A revelation. He breathes Himself upon us  
 Before our birth, as o'er the formless void  
 He moveth at first, and we are all inspired  
 With His spirit. All things are God or of God.  
 For the whole world is in the mind of God  
 What a thought is in ours. Why boast we then  
 Of aught? All that is good belongs to God;  
 And good and God are all things, or shall be.

ANGEL. There lacks in souls like thine unsaved,  
 unraised,  
 The light within — the light of perfectness —  
 Such as there is in Heaven. The soul hath sunk  
 And perished like a light-house in the sea;  
 It is for God to raise it and rebuild.

GENIUS. And his, thy son's, He will raise. Since  
 with me,  
 I have shown him infinite wonders: we have oped  
 And scanned the golden scroll of Fate, wherein  
 Are writ, in God's own hand, all things which  
 happen.

There we have seen the record of his being —  
 His long temptation, sin, and suffering.

FESTUS. And hear it, oh beloved and blessed  
 one!

Mine own salvation!

ANGEL. God is great in love;  
 Infinite in His nature, power, and grace;  
 Creating, and redeeming, and destroying —  
 Infinite infinitely. But in love —  
 Oh! it is the truth transcendent over all —

When thus to one poor spirit He gives His hand,  
 He seems to impart His own unboundedness  
 Of bliss. We seem to be hardly worth destroying,  
 And much less saving; yet He loveth each  
 As though all were His equal.

FESTUS.

I know all

I have to go through henceforth, — all the doubts,  
 Passions of life, and woes; but knowing them  
 Hinders them not; I bear obeyingly;  
 And pine no more, as once when I looked back  
 And saw how life had balked, and foiled, and fooled  
 me.

Fresh as a spouting spring upon the hills  
 My heart leaped out to life; it little thought  
 Of all the vile cares that would rill into it,  
 And the low places it would have to go through, —  
 The drains, the crossings, and the mill-work after.  
 God hath endowed me with a soul that scorns life —  
 An element over and above the world's:  
 But the price one pays for pride is mountain-high,  
 There is a curse beyond the rack of death —  
 A woe, wherein God hath put out His strength —  
 A pain, past all the mad wretchedness we feel,  
 When the sacred secret hath flown out of us,  
 And the heart broken open by deep care, —  
 The curse of a high spirit famishing,  
 Because all earth but sickens it.

ANGEL.

Go, child!

Fulfil thy fate! Be — do — bear — and thank  
 God!

To me it seems as I had lived all ages  
 Since I left earth; and thou art yet scarce man.

FESTUS. It was not, mother, that I knew thy  
 face;

The luminous eclipse that is on it now,  
 Though it was fair on earth, would have made it  
 strange

Even to one who knew as well as he loved thee;  
 And if these time-tired eyes ever imaged thine,

It was but for a moment, and the sight  
 Passed; and my life was broken like a line  
 At the first word — but my heart cried out in me.

ANGEL. I knew thee well. And now to earth  
 again!

Go, son! and say to all who once were mine —  
 I love them, and expect them.

FESTUS. Blessed one!  
 I will.

ANGEL. I charge thee, Genius, bear him safely.

GENIUS. Through light, and night, and all the  
 powers of air,

I have a passport.

ANGEL. God be with thee, child!

GENIUS. Come!

FESTUS. I feel happier, better, nobler now.  
 See where she sits, and smiles, and points me out  
 To those who sit along with her. Who are  
 The two?

GENIUS. One is the mother of mankind,  
 And one the mother of the Man who saved  
 Mankind; and she, thine own, the mother of  
 The last man of mankind — for thou art he.

FESTUS. Am I? It is enough: I have seen  
 God.

GENIUS. God and His great idea, the universe,  
 Are over and above us. Be the one  
 Worshipped, the other reverently proved.  
 Wilt sojourn for a time among the worlds,  
 And test their natures?

FESTUS. Gladly.

GENIUS. Seek we, then,  
 All rareness and variety these worlds  
 Can offer, ere we reach thine orb. Descend!  
 Now is the age of worlds.

SCENE — *A Visit.*

FESTUS and HELEN.

HELEN. Come to the light, love! Le me look  
on thee!

Let me make sure I have thee. Is it thou?  
Is this thy hand? Are these thy velvet lips,—  
Thy lips so lovable? Nay, speak not yet!  
For oft as I have dreamed of thee, it was  
Thy speaking woke me. I will dream no more.  
Am I alive? And do I really look  
Upon these soft and sea-blue eyes of thine,  
Wherein I half believe I can espy  
The riches of the sea? — These dark rolled locks!  
Oh God! art Thou not glad, too, he is here! —  
Where hast thou been so long? Never to hear,  
Never to see, nor see one who had seen thee —  
Come, now, confess it was not kind to treat  
Me in this manner.

FESTUS. I confess, my love,  
But I have been where neither tongue, nor pen,  
Nor hand could give thee token where I was;  
And seen, but 't is enough! I see thee now.  
I would rather look upon thy shadow there,  
Than Heaven's bright thrones for ever.

HELEN. Where hast been?

FESTUS. Say, am I altered?

HELEN. Nowise.

FESTUS. It is well.

Then in the resurrection we may know  
Each other. I have been among the worlds,  
Angels and spirits bodiless.

HELEN. Great God!  
Can it be so?

FESTUS. It is: — and that both here  
And elsewhere. When the stars come, thou shalt see

The track I travelled through the light of night ;  
Where I have been, and whence my visitors.

HELEN. And thou hast been with angels all the  
while,  
And still dost love me ?

FESTUS. Constantly as now.  
But for the time I did devote my soul  
To their divine society, I knew  
Thou wouldst forgive, yet dared not trust myself  
To see thee, or to pen one word, for fear  
Thy love should overpower the plan conceived,  
And acting, in my mind, of visiting  
The spirits in their space-embosomed homes.

HELEN. Forgive thee ! 't is a deed which merits  
love.  
And should I not be proud, too, who can say,  
For me he left all angels ?

FESTUS. I forethought  
So thou wouldst say ; but with an offering  
Came I provided, even with a trophy  
Of love angelic, given me for thee ;  
For angel bosoms know no jealousy.

HELEN. Show me.

FESTUS. It is of jewels I received  
From one who snatched them from the richest  
wreck  
Of matter ever made, the holiest  
And most resplendent.

HELEN. Why, what could it be ?  
Jewels are baubles only ; whether pearls  
From the sea's lightless depths, or diamonds  
Culled from the mountain's crown, or chrysolith,  
Cat's eye, or moonstone, toys are they at best.  
Jewels are not of all things in my sight  
Most precious.

FESTUS. Nor in mine. It is in the use  
Of which they may be made their value lies ;  
In the pure thoughts of beauty they call up,  
And qualities they emblem. So in that

Thou wearest there, thy cross; — to me it is  
 Suggestive of bright thoughts and hopes in Him  
 Whose one great sacrifice availeth all,  
 Living and dead, through all Eternity.  
 Not to the wanderer over southern seas  
 Rises the constellation of the Cross  
 More lovelily o'er sky and calm blue wave,  
 Than does to me that bright one on thy breast.  
 As diamonds are purest of all things,  
 And but embodied light which fire consumes  
 And renders back to air, that nought remains, —  
 And as the cross is symbol of our creed,  
 So let that ornament signify to thee  
 The faith of Christ, all purity, all light,  
 Through fervency resolving into Heaven.  
 Each hath his cross, fair lady, on his heart.  
 Never may thine be heavier or darker  
 Than that now on thy breast, so light and bright,  
 Rising and falling with its bosom-swell.

HELEN. I thank thee for that wish, and for the  
 love

Which prompts it — the immeasurable love  
 I know is mine, and I with none would share.  
 Forgive me; I have not yet felt my wings.  
 Now have I not been patient? Let me see  
 My promised present.

FESTUS. Look, then — they are here;  
 Bracelets of chrysoprase.

HELEN. Most beautiful!

FESTUS. Come, let me clasp them, dearest, on  
 thine arms;

For these of those are worthy, and are named  
 In the foundation stones of the bright city,  
 Which is to be for the immortal saved,  
 Their last and blest abode; and such their hue,  
 The golden green of paradisa! plains  
 Which lie about it boundlessly, and more  
 Intensely tinted with the burning beauty  
 Of God's eye, which alone doth light that land,

Than our earth's cold grass-garment with the sun;  
Though even in the bright, hot, blue-skied East,  
Where he doth live the life of light and Heaven;  
Where, o'er the mountains, at midday is seen  
The morning star, and the moon tans at night  
The cheek of careless sleeper. Take them, love.  
There are no nobler earthly ornaments  
Than jewels of the city of the saved.

HELEN. But how are these of that bright city? I  
Am eager for their history.

FESTUS. They are  
Thereof prophetically, and have been —  
What I will show thee presently, when I  
Relate the story of the angel who  
Gave them to me.

HELEN. Well; I will wait till then,  
Or any time thou chooseth: 'tis enough  
That I believe thee always; — but would know,  
If not in me too curious to ask,  
How came about these miracles? Hast thou raised  
The fiend of fiends, and made a compact dark,  
Sealed with thy blood, symbolic of the soul,  
Whereby all power is given thee for a time,  
All means, all knowledge, to make more secure  
Thy spirit's dread perdition at the end?  
I of such awful stories oft have heard,  
And the unlawful lore which ruins souls.  
Myself have charms, foresee events in dreams;  
Can prophesy, prognosticate, know well  
The secret ties between many magic herbs  
And mortal feelings, nor condemn myself  
For knowing what is innocent; but thou!  
Thy helps are mightier far and more obscure.  
Was it with wand and circle, book and scull,  
With rites forbid and backward-jabbered prayers,  
In cross-roads or in churchyard, at full moon,  
And by instruction of the ghostly dead,  
That thou hast wrought these wonders, and attained  
Such high transcendent powers and secrets? Speak!



Or is man's mastery over spirits not  
Of such a vile and vulgar consequence ?

FESTUS. Were not my heart as guiltless of all  
mirth

As is the oracle of an extinct god  
Of its priest-prompted answer, I might smile  
To list such askings. Mind's command o'er mind,  
Spirit's o'er spirit, is the clear effect  
And natural action of an inward gift,  
Given of God, whereby the incarnate soul  
Hath power to pass free out of earth and death  
To immortality and Heaven, and mate  
With beings of a kind, condition, lot,  
All diverse from his own. This mastery  
Means but communion, the power to quit  
Life's little globule here, and coalesce  
With the great mass about us. For the rest,  
To raise the Devil were an infant's task  
To that of raising man. Why, every one  
Conjures the Fiend from Hell into himself  
When passion chokes or blinds him. Sin is Hell.

HELEN. How dost thou bring a spirit to thee,  
Festus ?

FESTUS. It is my will which makes it visible.

HELEN. What are those like whom thou hast  
seen ?

FESTUS. They come,  
The denizens of other worlds, arrayed  
In diverse form and feature, mostly lovely ;  
In limb and wing ethereal finer far  
Than an ephemeris' pinion ; others, armed  
With gleaming plumes, that might o'ercome an air  
Of adamantine denseness, pranked with fire.  
All are of different offices and strengths,  
Powers, orders, tendencies, in like degrees  
As men, with even more variety ;  
Of different glories, duties, and delights.  
Even as the light of meteor, satellite,  
Planet and comet, sun, star, nebula,

Differ, and nature also, so do theirs.  
 With them is neither need, nor sex, nor age,  
 Nor generation, growth, decay, nor death;  
 Or none whom I have known; there may be **such**.  
 Mature they are created and complete,  
 Or seem to be. Perfect from God they come.  
 Yet have they different degrees of beauty,  
 Even as strength and holy excellence.  
 Some seem of milder and more feminine  
 Nature than others, Beauty's proper sex,  
 Shown but by softer qualities of soul,  
 More lovable than awful, more devote  
 To deeds of individual piety,  
 And grace, than mighty missions fit to task  
 Sublimest spirits, or the toil intense  
 Of cultivating nations of their kind;  
 Or working out from the problem of the world  
 The great results of God, — result, sum, cause.  
 These oft-times charged with delegated powers,  
 Formative or destructive; those, in chief,  
 Ordained to better and to beautify  
 Existence as it is; with careful love  
 To tend upon particular worlds or souls;  
 Warning and training whom they love, to tread  
 The soft and blossom-bordered, silvery paths,  
 Which lead and lure the soul to Paradise,  
 Making the feet shine which do walk on them;  
 While each doth God's great will alike, and both  
 With their whole nature's fulness love His works.  
 To love them lifts the soul to Heaven.

HELEN.

Let me, then!

Whence come they?

FESTUS.

Many of them come from orbs  
 Wherein the rudest matter is more worth  
 And fair than queenly gem; the dullest dust  
 Beneath their feet is rosy diamond: —  
 Others, direct from Heaven; but all in high  
 And serious love towards those to whom they come.  
 None but the blest are free to visit where

They choose. The lost are slaves for ever ; here  
Never but on their Master's merciless  
Business, nor elsewhere. Still, sometimes with  
these

Dark spirits have I held communion,  
And in their soul's deep shadow, as within  
A mountain cavern of the moon, conversed  
With them, and wormed from them the gnawing  
truth

Of their extreme perdition ; marking oft  
Nature revealed by torture, as a leaf  
Unfolds itself in fire and writhes the while,  
Burning, yet unconsumed. Others there are  
Come garlanded with flowers unwithering,  
Or crowned with sunny jewels, clad in light,  
And girded with the lightning, in their hands  
Wands of pure rays or arrowy starbeams ; some  
Bright as the sun self-lit, in stature tall,  
Strong, straight and splendid as the golden reed  
Whereby the height, and length, and breath, and  
depth,

Of the descendant city of the skies,  
In which God sometime shall make glad with man,  
Were measured by the angel ; (the same reed  
Wherewith our Lord was mocked, that angel found  
Close by the Cross and took ; God made it gold,  
And now it makes the sceptre of His Son  
Over all worlds ; the sole bright rule of Heaven,  
The measure of immortal life, the scale  
Of power, love, bliss, and glory infinite) :—  
Some gorgeous and gigantic, who with wings  
Wide as the wings of armies in the field  
Drawn out for death, sweep over Heaven, and  
eyes

Deep, dark as sea-worn caverns, with a torch  
At the end, far back, glaring. Some with wings  
Like an unfainting rainbow, studded round  
With stones of every hue and excellence,  
Writ o'er with mystic words which none may read,

But those to whom their spiritual state  
 Gives correlative meaning, fit thereto.  
 Some of these visit me in my dreams; with some  
 Have I made one in visions, in their own  
 Abodes of brightness, blessedness, and power:  
 And know moreover I shall joy with them,  
 Ere long their sacred guest, through ages yet  
 To come, in worlds not now perhaps create,  
 As they have been mine here: and some of them  
 In unimaginable splendors I  
 Have walked with through their winged worlds of  
     light,  
 Double and triple particolored suns,  
 And systems circling each the other, clad  
 In tints of light and air, whereto this earth  
 Hath nothing like, and man no knowledge of: —  
 Orbs heaped with mountains, to the which ours  
     are  
 Mere grave-mounds, and their skies flowered with  
     stars,  
 Violet, rose or pearl-hued, or soft blue,  
 Golden or green, the light now blended, now  
 Alternate; many moons and planets, full,  
 Crescent, or gibbous-faced, illumining  
 In periodic and intricate beauty,  
 At once those strange and most felicitous skies.

HELEN. How I should love to visit other worlds,  
 Or see an angel!

FESTUS.           Wilt thou now?

HELEN.                                   I dare not.

Not now at least. I am not in the mood.  
 Ere I behold a spirit I would pray.

FESTUS. Light as a leaf thy step, or arrowy  
 Footing of breeze upon a waveless pool;  
 Sudden and soft, too, like a waft of light,  
 The beautiful immortals come to me;  
 Oh, ever lovely, ever welcome they!

HELEN. But why art thou, of all men, favored  
     thus?

To say there is a mystery in this,  
Or aught, is only to confess God. Speak!

FESTUS. It is God's will that I possess this  
power,

Thus to attract great spirits to mine own,  
As steel magnetically charged draws steel;  
Himself the magnet of the universe,  
Round whom all spirits tremble, and towards whom  
All tend.

HELEN. If as thou sayest, it is good :—  
May it be an immortal good to thee.

FESTUS. There is no keeping back the power  
we have.

He hath no power who hath not power to use.  
Some of these bodies whom I speak of are  
Pure spirits, other bodies soulical :  
For spirit is to soul as wind to air.  
They give me all I seek, and at a wish  
Would furnish treasures, thrones, or palaces;  
But all these things have I eschewed, and chosen  
Command of mind alone, and of the world  
Unbodied and all-lovely.

HELEN. Is not this  
Pleasure too much for mortal to be good?

FESTUS. All pleasure is with Thee, God! else-  
where, none.

Not silver-ceiled hall nor golden throne,  
Set thick with priceless gems, as Heaven with stars,  
Or the high heart of youth with its bright hopes;—  
Nor marble gleaming like the white moonlight,  
As 't were an apparition of a palace  
Inlaid with light as is a waterfall;—  
Not rainbow-pinions colored like yon cloud,  
The sun's broad banner o'er his western tent,  
Can match the bright imaginings of a child  
Upon the glories of his coming years;  
How equal, then, the full-assured faith  
Of him to whom the Saviour hath vouchsafed  
The Heaven of His bosom? What can tempt

In its performance equal to that promise?  
 My soul stands fast to Heaven as doth a star;  
 And only God can move it who moves all.  
 There are who might have soared to what I  
       spurned;

And like to heavenly orders human souls;  
 Some fitted most for contemplation, some  
 For action, these for thrones, and those for wheels.

HELEN. Tell me what they discourse upon,  
       these angels?

FESTUS. They speak of what is past or coming,  
       less

Of present things or actions. Some say most  
 About the future, others of the gone,  
 The dim traditions of Eternity,  
 Or Time's first golden moments. One there was —  
 From whose sweet lips elapsed as from a well,  
 Continuously, truths which made my soul  
 As they sank in it, fertile with rich thoughts —  
 Spake to me oft of Heaven, and our talk  
 Was of divine things always — angels, Heaven,  
 Salvation, immortality, and God;  
 The different states of spirits and the kinds  
 Of Being in all orbs, or physical,  
 Or intellectual. I never tired  
 Preferring questions, but at each response  
 My soul drew back, sealike, into its depths  
 To urge another charge on him. This spirit  
 Came to me daily for a long, long time,  
 Whene'er I prayed his presence. Many a world  
 He knew right well which man's eye never yet  
 Hath marked, nor ever may mark while on earth;  
 Yet grew his knowledge every time he came.  
 His thoughts all great and solemn and serene,  
 Like the immensest features of an orb,  
 Whose eyes are blue seas, and whose clear broad  
       brow,  
 Some cultured continent, came ever round  
 From truth to truth — day bringing as they came.

He was to me an all-explaining spirit,  
Teaching divine things by analogy  
With mortal and material. Thus of God,  
He showed, as the three primal rays make one  
Sole beam of Light, so the three Persons make  
One God; neither without the other is.  
However bright or beautiful itself  
The theme he touched, he made it more so by  
His own light, like a fire-fly on a flower.  
And one of all I knew the most of, yet  
The least can say of him; for full oft  
Our thoughts drown speech, like to a foaming force,  
Which thunders down the echo it creates.  
Yet must I somewhat tell of him. He was  
The spirit evil of the universe,  
Impersonate. Oh, strange and wild to know!  
Perdition and destruction dwelt in him,  
Like to a pair of eagles in one nest.  
Hollow and wasteful as a whirlwind was  
His soul; his heart as earthquake, and engulfed  
World upon world. In him they disappeared  
As might a morsel in a lion's maw,  
The world which met him rolled aside to let him  
Pass on his piercing path. His eyeballs burned  
Revolving lightnings like a world on fire;  
Their very night was fatal as the shade  
Of Death's dark valley. And his space-spread  
wings—

Wide as the wings of Darkness when she rose  
Scowling, and backing upwards, as the sun,  
Giant of Light, first donned his burning crown,  
Gladdening all Heaven with his inaugural smile,—  
Were stained with the blood of many a starry world:  
Yea, I have seen him seize upon an orb,  
And cast it careless into worldless space,  
As I might cast a pebble in the sea.  
His might upon this earth was wondrous most.  
He stood a match for mountains. Ocean's depths  
He clove unto their rock-bed, as a sword,

Through blood and muscle to the central bone,  
 With one swoop of his arm. His brow was pale —  
 Pale as the life-blood of the undying worm  
 Which writhes around its frame of vital fire.  
 His voice blew like the desolating gust  
 Which strips the trees, and strews the earth with  
 death.

His words were ever like a wheel of fire,  
 Rolling and burning this way now, now that :  
 Now whirling forth a blinding beam, now soft  
 And deep as Heaven's own luminous blue — and  
 now

Like to a conqueror's chariot wheel they came,  
 Sodden with blood and slow, revolving death :  
 And every tone fell on the ear and heart,  
 Heavy and harsh and startling, like the first  
 Handful of mould cast on the confined dead,  
 As though he claimed them his.

LUCIFER *entering*. Dost recognize  
 The portrait, lady ?

HELEN. Festus ! who is this ?  
 What portrait ? —

FESTUS. Wherefore comest thou ? Did I not  
 Claim privacy one evening ?

LUCIFER. Why, indeed —  
 I simply called, as I was on my way  
 To Jupiter — and he's a mouthful, mind ; —  
 To keep the proverbs, too, in countenance.  
 Any commands for our planetary friends ?  
 I go. Make my excuses ! [Goes.

FESTUS. A mistake,  
 Dearest ; but rectified. [*Apart.*] And he is gone !  
 Hell hath its own again. Some sorrow chills  
 Ever the spirit, like a cloudlet nursed  
 In the star-giant's bosom.

HELEN. Tell me, love,  
 More of these angels !

FESTUS. There was one I loved  
 Of those immortals, of a lofty air,



Dimly divine and sad, and side by side  
Him whom I spake of first she oft would stand  
With her fair form — shadow illuminate —  
Like to the dark moon in the young one's arms.  
She never murmured at the doom which made  
The sorrow that contained her, as the air  
Infolds the orb whereon we dwell, but spake  
Of God's will alway as most good and wise.  
She had but little pleasure; but her all,  
Such as it was, was in devising plans  
Of bliss to come, or in the tales of Time  
And the sweet early earth. She was, in truth,  
Our earth's own angel. Ofttimes would she dwell  
With long and luminous sweetness on her theme,  
Unwearying, unpausing, as a world.  
The sun would rise and set; the soul-like moon,  
In passive beauty and receptive light, —  
Absorbing inspiration from the sun,  
As doth from God His prophet ceaselessly —  
She too would rise and set; and the far stars,  
The third estate of Light, complete the round  
Of the divine day; — still our angel spake,  
And still I listened to the eloquent tongue  
Which e'en on earth retained the tone of Heaven.  
The shadow of a cloud upon a lake,  
O'er which the wind hath all day held his breath,  
Is not more calm and fair than her dear face —  
So sweetly sad and so consolingly,  
When she spake even on the end of earth.  
Save that her eye grew darker, and her brow  
Brighter with thought, as with galactic light  
Mid Heaven when clearest, — at such times, not I  
Had known that earth were dearer unto her  
Than other of the visitants divine,  
Which hallow oft mine hours; — save, too, that  
then,  
As though to touch but on that topic had,  
Torpedo-like, numbed thought, she would straight  
cease

All converse suddenly, and kneel and seem  
 Inwardly praying with much power, — rise,  
 And vanish into Heaven. My mind is full  
 Of stories she hath told me of our world.  
 No word an angel utters lose I ever.  
 One I will tell thee now.

HELEN. Do ! let me hear !  
 Thy talk is the sweet extract of all speech,  
 And holds mine ear in blissful slavery.

FESTUS. 'T was on a lovely summer afternoon,  
 Close by the grassy marge of a deep tarn,  
 Nigh halfway up a mountain, that we stood,  
 I and the angel, when she told me this.  
 Above us rose the gray rocks, by our side  
 Forests of pines, and the bright breaking wavelets  
 Came crowding, dancing to the brink, like thoughts  
 Unto our lips. Before us shone the sun.  
 The angel waved her hand ere she began,  
 As bidding earth be still. The birds ceased sing-  
                   ing  
 And the trees breathing, and the lake smoothed  
                   down  
 Each shining wrinkle, and the wind drew off.  
 Time leaned him o'er his scythe and, listening,  
                   wept.

The circling world reined in her lightning pace  
 A moment ; Ocean hushed his snow-maned steeds,  
 And a cloud hid the sun, as does the face  
 A meditative hand : then spake she thus : —  
 Scarce had the sweet song of the morning stars,  
 Which rang through space at the first sign of life  
 Our earth gave, springing from the lap of God  
 On to her orbit, when from Heaven  
 Came down a white-winged host ; and in the east,  
 Where Eden's Pleasance was, first furled their  
                   wings,  
 Alighting like to snowflakes. There they built,  
 Out of the riches of the soil around,  
 A house to God. There were the ruby rocks,

And there, in blocks, the quarried diamonds lay ;  
Opal and emerald mountain, amethyst,  
Sapphire and chrysoprase, and jacinth stood  
With the still action of a star, all light,  
Like sea-based icebergs, blinding. These, with  
tools

Tempered in Heaven, the band angelic wrought,  
And raised, and fitted, having first laid down  
The deep foundations of the holy dome  
On bright and beaten gold; and all the while  
A song of glory hovered round the work  
Like rainbow round a fountain. Day and night  
Went on the hallowed labor till 't was done.  
And yet but thrice the sun set, and but thrice  
The moon arose ; so quick is work divine.  
Tower, and roof, and pinnacle, without,  
Were solid diamond. Within, the dome  
Was eyeblue sapphire, sown with gold-bright stars  
And clustering constellations ; the wide floor  
All emerald, earthlike, veined with gold and silver,  
Marble and mineral of every hue  
And marvellous quality, the meanest thing,  
Where all things were magnificent, was gold, —  
The plainest. The high altar there was shaped  
Out of one ruby heartlike. Columned round  
With alabaster pure was all. And now  
So high and bright it shone in the midday light,  
It could be seen from Heaven. Upon their thrones  
The sun-eyed angels hailed it, and there rose  
A hurricane of blissfulness in Heaven,  
Which echoed for a thousand years. One dark,  
One solitary and foreseeing thought,  
Passed, like a planet's transit o'er the sun,  
Across the brow of God ; but soon he smiled  
Towards earth, and that smile did consecrate  
The temple to Himself. And they who built  
Bowed themselves down and worshipped in its  
walls.

High on the front were writ these words — to God

The heavenly built this for the earthly ones,  
That in his worship both might mix on earth,  
As afterward they hoped to do in Heaven.  
Had man stood good in Eden this had been :  
He fell and Eden vanished. The bright place  
Reared by the angels of all precious things,  
For the joint worship of the sons of earth  
And Heaven, fell with him, on the very day  
He should have met God and His angels there —  
The very day he disobeyed and joined  
The host of death black-bannered. Eden fell ;  
The groves and grounds, which God the Lord's  
own feet

Had hallowed ; the all-hued and odorous bowers  
Where angels wandered, wishing them in Heaven ;  
The trees of life and knowledge — trees of death  
And madness, as they proved to man — all fell ;  
And that bright fane fell first. No death-doomed  
eye

Gazed on its glory. Earthquakes gulped it down.  
The Temple of the Angels, vast enough  
To hold all nations worshipping at once,  
Lay in its grave ; the cherubs' flaming swords  
The sole sad torches of its funeral.  
Till at the flood, when the world's giant heart  
Burst like a shell, it scattered east and west,  
And far and wide, among less noble ruins,  
The fragments of that angel-built fane,  
Which was in Eden, and of which all stones  
That now are precious, were ; and still shall be,  
Gathered again unto a happier end,  
In the pure City of the Son of God,  
And temple yet to be rebuilt in Zion ;  
Which, though once overthrown, and once again  
Torn down to its foundations, in the quick  
Of earth, shall soul-like yet re-rise from ruin —  
High, holy, happy, stainless as a star,  
Imperishable as eternity.  
— The angel ended ; and the winds, waves, clouds,

The sun, the woods, the merry birds went on  
As theretofore, in brightness, strength and music.  
One scarce could think that earth at all had fallen,  
To look upon her beauty. If the brand  
Of sin were on her brow, it was surely hid  
In natural art from every eye but God's.  
All things seemed innocence and happiness.  
I was all thanks. And look ! the angel said,  
Take these, and give to one thou lovest best :  
Mine own hands saved from them the shining ruin  
Whereof I have late told thee ; and she gave  
What now are greenly glowing on thine arms.  
Ere I could answer, she was up, star-high !  
Winging her way through Heaven !

HELEN. How shall I thank thee  
Enough, or that kind angel who hath made  
The gift to me dear doubly? I shall be  
Afraid almost to wear them, but would not  
Part with them for the treasures of all worlds.  
How show my thanks?

FESTUS. Love me as now, dear beauty!  
Present or absent always, and 't will be  
More than enough of recompense for me.

HELEN. Hast met that angel late-while?

FESTUS. I have not.  
Yet oft methinks I see her, catch a glimpse  
Of her sun-circling pinions or bright feet,  
Which fitter seem for rainbows than for earth,  
Or Heaven's triumphal arch, more firm and pure  
Than the world's whitest marble; — see her seated  
oft

On some high snowy cloud-cliff, harp in hand,  
Singing the sun to sleep as down he lays  
His head of glory on the rocking deep :  
And so sing thou to me.

HELEN.                    There, rest thyself. [*Sings.*]

Oh ! not the diamond starry bright  
Can so delight my view,

As doth the moonstone's changing light  
 And gleamy glowing hue ;  
 Now blue as Heaven, and then anon  
 As golden as the sun,  
 It hath a charm in every change —  
 In brightening, darkening, one.

And so with beauty, so with love,  
 And everlasting mind ;  
 It takes a tint from Heaven above,  
 And shines as it's inclined ;  
 Or from the sun, or towards the sun,  
 With blind or brilliant eye,  
 And only lights as it reflects  
 The life-light of the sky.

He sleeps! The fate of many a gracious moral  
 This, to be stranded on a drowsy ear.

SCENE — *Home. FESTUS, and HELEN at her  
 Piano. — Dusk.*

HELEN. I cannot live away from thee. How  
 can  
 A flower live without its root?

FESTUS. I, too,  
 Must love or die.

HELEN. But I must have. Attend!  
 I am to say and do just as I please ;  
 I may command thee, may I? that I will.

FESTUS. I love to be enslaved. Oh! I would  
 rather  
 Obey thee, beauty! than rule men by millions.

HELEN. Near, as afar, I will have love the  
 same —  
 With a bright sameness, like this diamond,  
 Which, wherever the light be, shines like bright.  
 And thou shalt say all sorts of pretty things  
 To me; mind, to me only: write love-songs

About me, and I will sing them to myself;  
Perhaps to thee, sometime, as it were now,  
If I should happen to be very kind.

FESTUS. Sing now!

HELEN. No!

FESTUS. Tyrant! I will banish thee.

HELEN. Nay, if to sing and play would please  
thee, I

Would die to music. It was very wrong  
To say I would deny thee any thing;  
But be not angry with me: for though God  
Forgave me, I could ne'er forgive myself,  
If I brought sorrow to thee, could I love?

FESTUS. As thou art empress of my bosom, No!

HELEN. Nought fear I but an unkind word  
from thee.

Dark death may frighten children, Hell the wretch  
Who feels that he deserves it; but for me,  
I know I cannot do nor say aught worthy  
Of the pure pain a frown of thine can cause,  
Or a cold, careless look. No! never frown.  
If I do wrong, forgive me, or I die;  
And thou wilt then be wretcheder than I;—  
The unforgiving than the unforgiven.

FESTUS. I do absolve thee, beauty, of all faults,  
Past, present, or to come.

HELEN. Well, that will do.

What was I saying? I love this instrument,  
It speaks, it thinks—nay, I could kiss it: look!  
There are three things I love half killingly;—  
Thee lastly, and this next, and myself first.

FESTUS. Thou art a silly, tiresome thing, and yet  
I never weary of thee; but could gaze,  
Sick with excess and not satiety,  
Upon thy countenance, with the serious joy  
With which we eye and eye the unbounded space  
Which is the visible attribute of God,  
Who makes all things within Himself; and thus  
It is the Heaven we hope for, and can find

No point from which to take its altitude ;  
 For the Infinite is upwards, and above  
 The highest thing created — upwards aye :  
 So I could, thinking on thy face, believe  
 An infinite expression, heightening still  
 The longer that I thought, and leaving thee,  
 Coming to thee, or being with thee, — love !

HELEN. I am so happy when with thee.

FESTUS.

And I.

They tell us virtue lies in self-denial.  
 My virtue is indulgence. I was born  
 To gratify myself unboundedly,  
 So that I wronged none else. These arms were  
 given me

To clasp the beautiful, and cleave the wave ;  
 These limbs to leap and wander where I will ;  
 These eyes to look on every thing without  
 Effort ; these ears to list my loved one's voice ;  
 These lips to be divinized by her kiss :  
 And every sense, pulse, passion, power, to be  
 Sworn into sunny ripeness.

HELEN. Virtue is one  
 With nature, or 't is nothing : it is love.

FESTUS. I come fresh from thee every time we  
 meet,

Steeped in the still sweet dew of thy soft beauty,  
 Like earth at day-dawn, lifting up her head  
 Out of her sleep, starwatched, to face the sun —  
 So I, to front the world, on leaving thee.  
 Oh ! there is inspiration in thy look ;  
 Poesie, prophecy. Come hither, love ;  
 The evening air is sweet.

HELEN. It comes on us  
 Fresher and clearer through these dewy vine-  
 leaves,

Fit for the forehead of the young wine-god.

FESTUS. A large, red egg of light the moon lies  
 like

On the dark moor-hill, and now, rising slow,



Beams on the clear flood, smilingly intent,  
Like a fair face, which loves to look on itself,  
Saying — 'there is no wonder that men love me,  
For I am beautiful!' — as I heard thee.

HELEN. It was not right to overhear me that.

FESTUS. 'T was very wrong to do what I could  
not help ;

But vanity speaks out.

HELEN. Well, I don't mind ;  
I never knew that I was as I am  
Till others told me.

FESTUS. Now were soon enough.

HELEN. Ah, nothing comes to us too soon but +  
sorrow.

FESTUS. For all were happiness, if all might live  
Long, or die soon, enough : for even us.

HELEN. Dost not remember, when, the other eve,  
Thy friend the student called, there was a tale  
Upon thy tongue he interrupted ?

FESTUS. Was there ? —

HELEN. A tale out of the poets, about love,  
And happiness, and sorrow, and such things.

FESTUS. But I forget such things when thou art  
by.

Besides, I asked him here again, to-night,  
Here, at this hour ; and he is punctual.

HELEN. In truth, then, I despair of hearing it.  
He keeps his word relentlessly. With not  
More pride an Indian shows his foeman's scalp  
Than he his watch for punctuality.

FESTUS. But tales of love are far more readily  
Made than remembered.

HELEN. Tell-tale, make one, then.

FESTUS. Love is the art of hearts and heart of  
arts.

Conjunctive looks and interjectional sighs  
Are its vocabulary's greater half.

Well, then, my story says, there was a pair  
Of lovers, once —

HELEN. Once! nay, how singular!

FESTUS. But where they lived, indeed, I quite forget;—

Say anywhere—say here: their names were—I forget those, too; say any one's, say ours.

HELEN. Most probable, most pertinent, so far!

FESTUS. The lady was, of course, most beautiful  
And made her lover do just as she pleased;  
And consequently he did very wrong.  
They met, sang, walked, talked folly, just as all  
Such couples do, adored each other; thought,  
Spoke, wrote, dreamed of and for nought on earth  
Except themselves; and so on.

HELEN. Pray proceed!—

FESTUS. That's all;

HELEN. Oh, no!

FESTUS. Well, thus the tale ends; stay!  
No, I cannot remember nor invent.

HELEN. Do think!

FESTUS. I can't.

HELEN. Oh then, I don't like that  
'Tis not in earnest.

FESTUS. Well, in earnest, then.  
She did but look upon him, and his blood  
Blushed deeper even from his inmost heart;  
For at each glance of those sweet eyes a soul  
Looked forth as from the azure gates of Heaven;  
She laid her finger on him, and he felt  
As might a formless mass of marble feel  
While feature after feature of a god  
Were being wrought from out of it. She spake,  
And his love-wildered and idolatrous soul  
Clung to the airy music of her words,  
Like a bird on a bough, high swaying in the wind.  
He looked upon her beauty and forgot,  
As in a sense of drowning, all things else;  
And right and wrong seemed one, seemed nothing;  
she  
Was beauty, and that beauty every thing.

He looked upon her as the sun on earth :  
 Until, like him, he gazed himself away  
 From Heaven so doing ; till he even wept, —  
 Wept on her bosom as a storm-charged cloud  
 Weeps itself out upon a hill, and cried —  
 I, too, could look on thee until I wept, —  
 Blind me with kisses ! let me look no longer ;  
 Or change the action of thy loveliness,  
 Lest long same-seemingness should send me mad ! —  
 Blind me with kisses ; I would ruin sight  
 To give its virtue to thy lips, whereon  
 I would die now, or ever live ; and she,  
 Soft as a feather-footed cloud on Heaven,  
 While her sad face grew bright like night with stars,  
 Would turn her brow to his, and both be happy ; —  
 Numbered among the constellations they ! —  
 Then as tired wanderer, snow-blinded, sinks  
 And swoons upon the swelling drift, and dies,  
 So on her dazzling bosom would he lay  
 His famished lips, and end their travels there,  
 Oh, happy they ! not he would go to Heaven,  
 Not, though he might that moment.

HELEN.

Nor I now.

FESTUS. Helen, my love !

HELEN.

Yes, I am here.

FESTUS.

It has

Been such a day as that, thou knowest, when first  
 I said I loved thee ; that long, sunny day  
 We passed upon the waters — heeding nought,  
 Seeing nought but each other.

HELEN.

I remember.

The only wise thing that I ever did —  
 The only good, was to love thee, and therefore  
 I would have no one else as wise as I.  
 Didst thou not say that student would be here ?

FESTUS. I think I hear him every minute come.

HELEN. It is not kind. We should be more alone.  
 There was a time thou wouldst have no one else.

FESTUS. Am I not with thee all day ?

HELEN. Yes, I know ;  
But often and often thou art thinking not  
Of me.

FESTUS. My good child ! —

HELEN. Well, I know thou lovest me ;  
And so I cannot bear thee to think, speak,  
Or be with any but me.

FESTUS. Then I will not.

HELEN. Oh, thou wouldst promise me the clock  
round. Now,  
Promise me this — that I shall never die,  
And I'll believe thee when I am dead — not till.  
But let it pass. I am at peace with thee ;  
And pardon thee, and give thee leave to live.

FESTUS. Magnanimous !

HELEN. When earth, and Heaven, and all  
Things seem so bright and lovely for our sakes,  
It is a sin not to be happy. See,  
The moon is up, it is the dawn of night.  
Stands by her side one bold, bright, steady star —  
Star of her heart, and heir to all her light,  
Whereon she looks so proudly mild and calm,  
As though she were the mother of that star,  
And knew he was a chief sun in his sphere,  
But by her side, in the great strife of lights  
To shine to God, he had filially failed,  
And hid his arrows and his bow of beams.  
Mother of stars ! the Heavens look up to thee.  
They shine the brighter but to hide thy waning .  
They wait and wane for thee to enlarge thy beauty  
They give thee all their glory night by night ;  
Their number makes not less thy loneliness  
Nor loveliness.

FESTUS. Heaven's beauty grows on us ;  
And when the elder worlds have ta'en their seats,  
Come the divine ones, gathering one by one,  
And family by family, with still  
And holy air, into the house of God —  
The house of light He hath builded for Himself —

And worship Him in silence and in sadness,  
 Immortal and immovable. And there,  
 Night after night, they meet to worship God.  
 For us this witness of the worlds is given,  
 That we may add ourselves to their great glory,  
 And worship with them. They are there for lights  
 To light us on our way through Heaven to God;  
 And we, too, have the power of light in us.  
 Ye stars, how bright ye shine to night; mayhap  
 Ye are the resurrection of the worlds, —  
 Glorified globes of light! Shall ours be like ye?  
 Nay, but it is! this wild, dark earth of ours,  
 Whose face is furrowed like a losing gamester's,  
 Is shining round, and bright, and smooth in air,  
 Millions of miles off. Not a single path  
 Of thought I tread, but that it leads to God.  
 And when her time is out, and earth again  
 Hath travailed with the divine dust of man,  
 Then the world's womb shall open, and her sons  
 Be born again, all glorified immortals.  
 And she, their mother, purified by fire,  
 Shall sit her down in Heaven, a bride of God,  
 And handmaid of the ever-being One.  
 Our earth is learning all accomplishments  
 To fit her for her bridehood.

HELEN.

He is here.

FESTUS. Welcome.

STUDENT. I thought the night was beautiful,  
 But find the in-door scene still lovelier.

HELEN. Ah! all is beautiful where beauty is.

STUDENT. Night hath made many bards; she  
 is so lovely.

For it is beauty maketh poesie,  
 As from the dancing eye comes tears of light.  
 Night hath made many bards; she is so lovely.  
 And they have praised her to her starry face  
 So long, that she hath blushed and left them, often.  
 When first and last we met, we talked on studies:  
 Poetry only I confess is mine,

And is the only thing I think or read of: —  
 Feeding my soul upon the soft, and sweet,  
 And delicate imaginings of song;  
 For as nightingales do upon glowworms feed,  
 So poets live upon the living light  
 Of nature and of beauty; they love light.

FESTUS. But poetry is not confined to books.  
 For the creative spirit which thou seekest  
 Is in thee, and about thee; yea, it hath  
 God's everywhere-ness.

STUDENT. Truly. It was for this  
 I sought to know thy thoughts, and hear the course  
 Thou wouldst lay out for one who longs to win  
 A name among the nations.

FESTUS. First of all,  
 Care not about the name, but bind thyself,  
 Body and soul, to nature, hiddenly.  
 Lo, the great march of stars from earth to earth,  
 Through Heaven. The earth speaks inwardly  
 alone.

Let no man know thy business, save some friend, —  
 A man of mind, above the run of men;  
 For it is with all men and with all things.  
 The bard must have a kind, courageous heart,  
 And natural chivalry to aid the weak.  
 He must believe the best of every thing;  
 Love all below, and worship all above.  
 All animals are living hieroglyphs.  
 The dashing dog, and stealthy-stepping cat, [more  
 Hawk, bull, and all that breathe, mean something  
 To the true eye than their shapes show; for all  
 Were made in love, and made to be beloved.  
 Thus must he think as to earth's lower life,  
 Who seeks to win the world to thought and love,  
 As doth the bard, whose habit is all kindness  
 To every thing.

HELEN. I love to hear of such.  
 Could we but think with the intensity  
 We love with, we might do great things, I think.

FESTUS. Kindness is wisdom. There is none  
in life  
But needs it and may learn ; eye-reasoning man,  
And spirit unassisted, unobscured.

STUDENT. Go on, I pray. I came to be informed.  
Thou knowest my ambition, and I joy  
To feel thou feedest it with purest food.

FESTUS. I cannot tell thee all I feel ; and know  
But little save myself, and am not ashamed  
To say, that I have studied my own life,  
And know it is like to a tear-blistered letter,  
Which holdeth fruit and proof of deeper feeling  
Than the poor pen can utter, or the eye  
Discover ; and that often my heart's thoughts  
Will rise and shake my breast, as madmen shake  
The stanchions of their dungeons, and howl out.

HELEN. But thou wast telling us of poesie,  
And the kind nature-hearted bards.

FESTUS. I was.  
I knew one once — he was a friend of mine ;  
I knew him well ; his mind, habits, and works,  
Taste, temper, temperament, and every thing ;  
Yet with as kind a heart as ever beat,  
He was no sooner made than marred. Though  
young,  
He wrote amid the ruins of his heart ;  
They were his throne and theme ; — like some lone  
king,  
Who tells the story of the land he lost,  
And how he lost it.

STUDENT. Tell us more of him.

HELEN. Nay, but it saddens thee.

FESTUS. 'Tis like enough ;  
We slip away like shadows into shade ;  
We end, and make no mark we had begun ;  
We come to nothing, like a pure intent.  
When we have hoped, sought, striven, and lost our  
aim,  
Then the truth fronts us, beaming out of darkness,

Like a white brow, through its overshadowing,  
hair—

As though the day were overcast, my Helen !  
But I was speaking of my friend. He was  
Quick, generous, simple, obstinate in end,  
High-hearted from his youth ; his spirit rose  
In many a glittering fold and gleamy crest,  
Hydra-like to its hinderance ; mastering all,  
Save one thing — love, and that out-hearted him.  
Nor did he think enough, till it was over,  
How bright a thing he was breaking, or he would  
Surely have shunned it, nor have let his life  
Be pulled to pieces like a rose by a child ;  
And his heart's passions made him oft do that  
Which made him writhe to think on what he had  
done,  
And thin his blood by weeping at a night.  
If madness wrought the sin, the sin wrought mad-  
ness,

And made a round of ruin. It is sad  
To see the light of beauty wane away,  
Know eyes are dimming, bosom shrivelling, feet  
Losing their spring, and limbs their lily roundness ;  
But it is worse to feel our heart-spring gone,  
To lose hope, care not for the coming thing,  
And feel all things go to decay with us,  
As 'twere our life's eleventh month : and yet  
All this he went through young.

HELEN. Poor soul ! I should  
Have loved him for his sorrows.

FESTUS. It is not love  
Brings sorrow, but love's objects.

STUDENT. Then he loved.

FESTUS. I said so. I have seen him when he  
hath had

A letter from his lady dear, he blessed  
The paper that her hand had travelled over,  
And her eye looked on, and would think he saw  
Gleams of that light she lavished from her eyes



Wandering amid the words of love there traced,  
 Like glowworms among beds of flowers. He seemed  
 To bear with being but because she loved him,  
 She was the sheath wherein his soul had rest,  
 As hath a sword from war: and he at night  
 Would solemnly and singularly curse  
 Each minute that he had not thought of her.

HELEN. Now that was like a lover! and she  
       loved  
 Him, and him only.

FESTUS. Well, perhaps it was so.  
 But he could not restrain his heart, but loved  
 In that voluptuous purity of taste  
 Which dwells on beauty coldly, and yet kindly,  
 As night-dew, whensoever he met with beauty.

HELEN. It was a pity, that inconstancy—  
 If she he loved were but as good and fair  
 As he was worthy of.

STUDENT. It was his way.

FESTUS. There is a dark and bright to every  
       thing;

To every thing but beauty such as thine,  
 And that is all bright. If a fault in him,  
 'T was one which made him do the sweetest wrongs  
 Man ever did. And yet a whisper went  
 That he did wrong: and if that whisper had  
 Echo in him or not, it mattered little;  
 Or right or wrong, he were alike unhappy.  
 Ah me! ah me! that there should be so much  
 To call up love, so little to delight!

(The best enjoyment is half disappointment  
 To that we mean or would have in this world.  
 And there were many strange and sudden lights  
 Beckoned him towards them; they were wreckers.  
       lights:

But he shunned these, and righted when she rose,  
 Moon of his life, that ebbd and flowed with her.  
 A sea of sorrow struck him, but he held  
 On; dashed all sorrow from him as a bark

Spray from her bow bounding; he lifted up  
His head, and the deep ate his shadow merely.

HELEN. A poet not in love is out at sea;  
He must have a lay-figure.

FESTUS. I meant not  
To screen, but to describe this friend of mine.

HELEN. Describe the lady, too; of course she was  
Above all praise and all comparison.

FESTUS. Why, true. Her heart was all hu-  
manity,  
Her soul all God's; in spirit and in form,  
Like fair. Her cheek had the pale pearly pink  
Of seashells, the world's sweetest tint, as though  
She lived, one half might deem, on roses sopped  
In silver dew; she spake as with the voice  
Of spherul harmony which greets the soul  
When at the hour of death the saved one knows  
His sister angels near; her eye was as  
The golden pane the setting sun doth just  
Imblaze; which shows, till Heaven comes down  
again,  
All other lights but grades of gloom; her dark,  
Long, rolling locks were as a stream the slave  
Might search for gold, and searching find.

HELEN. Enough!—  
I have her picture perfect;—quite enough.

STUDENT. What were his griefs?

FESTUS. He who hath most of heart  
Knows most of sorrow; not a thing he saw  
Nor did, but was to him, at times, a woe;  
At times indifferent, at times a joy.  
Folly and sin and memory make a curse  
Wherewith the future fires may vie in vain  
The sorrows of the soul are graver still.

STUDENT. Where and when did he study? Did  
he mix  
Much with the world, or was he a recluse?

FESTUS. He had no times of study, and no  
place;

All places and all times to him were one.  
His soul was like the wind-harp, which he loved,  
And sounded only when the spirit blew.  
Sometimes in feasts and follies, for he went  
Life-like through all things; and his thoughts then  
rose

Like sparkles in the bright wine, brighter still.  
Sometimes in dreams, and then the shining words  
Would wake him in the dark before his face.  
All things talked thoughts to him: The sea went  
mad.

And the wind whined as 't were in pain, to show  
Each one his meaning ; and the awful sun  
Thundered his thoughts into him ; and at night  
The stars would whisper theirs, the moon sigh hers.  
The spirit speaks all tongues and understands ;  
Both God's and angel's, man's and all dumb things,  
Down to an insect's inarticulate hum  
And an inaudible organ. And it was  
The spirit spake to him of every thing ;  
And with the moony eyes like those we see,  
Thousands on thousands, crowding air in dreams,  
Looked into him its mighty meanings, till  
He felt the power fulfil him, as a cloud  
In every fibre feels the forming wind.  
He spake the world's one tongue ; in earth and  
Heaven

There is but one, it is the word of truth.  
To him the eye let out its hidden meaning ;  
And young and old made their hearts over to him  
And thoughts were told to him as unto none  
Save one who heareth said and unsaid, all.  
And his heart held these as a grate its gleeds,  
Where others warm them.

STUDENT. I would I had known him.

FESTUS. All things were inspiration unto him;  
Wood, wold, hill, field, sea, city, solitude,  
And crowds, and streets, and man where'er he was;  
And the blue eye of God which is above us;



And he who goes the lowest, builds the safest.  
My God keeps all his pity for the proud.

STUDENT. Was he world-wise?

FESTUS. The only wonder is  
He knew so much, leading the life he did.

STUDENT. Yet it may seem less strange when  
we think back,

That we, in the dark chamber of the heart,  
Sitting alone, see the world tabled to us ;  
And the world wonders how recluses know  
So much, and most of all, how we know them.

It is they who paint themselves upon our hearts  
In their own lights and darknesses, not we.

One stream of light is to us from above,  
And that is that we see by, light of God.

FESTUS. We do not make our thoughts ; they  
grow in us

Like grain in wood : the growth is of the skies,  
Which are of nature, nature is of God.

The world is full of glorious likenesses.

The poet's power is to sort these out,

And to make music from the common strings

With which the world is strung : to make the dumb

Earth utter heavenly harmony, and draw

Life clear, and sweet, and harmless as spring water,

Welling its way through flowers. Without faith,

Illimitable faith, strong as a state's

In its own might, in God, no bard can be.

All things are signs of other and of nature.

It is at night we see heaven moveth, and

A darkness thick with suns. The thoughts we think

Subsist the same in God as stars in Heaven.

And as these specks of light will prove great worlds

When we approach them sometime free from flesh,

So, too, our thoughts will become magnified

To mindlike things immortal. And as space

Is but a property of God, wherein

Is laid all matter, other attributes

May be the infinite homes of mind and soul.

And thoughts rise from our souls, as from the sea  
 The clouds sublimed in Heaven. The cloud is cold,  
 Although ablaze with lightning — though it shine  
 At all points like a constellation ; so  
 We live not to ourselves, our work is life ;  
 In bright and ceaseless labor as a star  
 Which shineth unto all worlds but itself.

HELEN. And were this friend and bard of whom  
 thou speakest,  
 And she whom he did love, happy together ?

FESTUS. True love is ever tragic, grievous, grave.  
 Bards and their beauties are like double stars,  
 One in their bright effect.

HELEN. Whose light is love.

STUDENT. Or is it poesie thou meanest ?

FESTUS. Both :

For love is poesie — it doth create :  
 From fading features, dim soul, doubtful heart,  
 And this world's wretched happiness, a life  
 Which is as near to Heaven as are the stars.  
 They parted ; and she named Heaven's judgment-  
 seat

As their next place of meeting : and 't was kept  
 By her, at least, so far that nowhere else  
 Could it be made until the day of doom. [sinks

HELEN. So soon men's passion passes ! yea, it  
 Like foam into the troubled wave which bore it.  
 Merciful God ! let me entreat Thy mercy !  
 I have seen all the woes of men — pain, death,  
 Remorse, and worldly ruin ; they are little  
 Weighed with the woe of woman when forsaken  
 By him she loved and trusted. Hear, too, thou !  
 Lady of Heaven, Mother of God and man,  
 Who made the world His brother, one with God —  
 Maid-mother ! mould of God, who wrought in thee  
 By model as He doth in the world's womb,  
 So that the universe is great with God —  
 Thou in whom God did deify Himself.  
 Betaking him into mortality,

As in Thy Son He took it into Him,  
 And from the temporal and eternal made  
 Of the soul-world one same and ever God !  
 Oh ! for the sake of thine own womanhood,  
 Pray away aught of evil from her soul,  
 And take her out of anguish unto thee,  
 Always, as thou didst this one !

FESTUS. Who doth not  
 Believe that that he loveth cannot die ?  
 There is no mote of death in thine eye's beams  
 To hint of dust, or darkness, or decay ;  
 Eclipse upon eclipse, and death on death ;  
 No ! immortality sits mirrored there  
 Like a fair face long looking on itself ;  
 Yet thou shalt lie in death's angelic garb  
 As in a dream of dress, my beautiful !  
 The worm shall trail across thine unsunned sweets,  
 And fatten him on that men pined to death for ;  
 Yea, have a further knowledge of thy beauties  
 Than ever did thy best-loved lover dream of.

HELEN. It is unkind to think of me in this wise.  
 Surely the stars must feel that they are bright,  
 In beauty, number, nature infinite ;  
 And the strong sense we have of God in us  
 Makes me believe my soul can never cease.  
 The temples perish, but the God still lives.

FESTUS. It is therefore that I love thee ; for that  
 when  
 The fiery perfection of the world,  
 The sun, shall be a shadow and burnt out,  
 There is an impulse to eternity  
 Raised by this moment's love.

STUDENT. I pray it may !  
 Time is the crescent shape to bounded eye  
 Of what is ever perfect unto God.  
 The bosom heaves to Heaven and to the stars ;  
 Our very hearts throb upwards, our eyes look ;  
 Our aspirations always are divine :  
 Yet is it in the gloom of soul we see

Most of the God about us, as at night.  
 For then the soul, like the mother-maid of Christ,  
 Is overshadowed by the Holy Spirit;  
 And in creative darkness doth conceive  
 Its humanized Divinity of life.

FESTUS. Think then God shows his face to us  
 no less  
 In spiritual darkness than in light.

HELEN. But of thy friend? I would hear more  
 of him.

Perhaps much happiness in friendship made  
 Amends for his love's sorrows.

FESTUS. Ask me not.

HELEN. But loved he never after? Came  
 there none

To roll the stone from his sepulchral heart,  
 And sit in it an angel?

FESTUS. Ah, my life!  
 My more than life, my immortality!  
 Both man and womankind belie their nature  
 When they are not kind: and thy words are kind,  
 And beautiful, and loving like thyself;  
 Thine eye and thy tongue's tone, and all that speak  
 Thy soul, are like it. There's a something in  
 The shape of harps as though they had been made  
 By music: beauty's the effect of soul,  
 And he of whom thou askest loved again.  
 Couldst thou have loved one who was unlike men?  
 Whose heart was wrinkled long before his brow?  
 Who would have cursed himself if he had dared  
 Tempt God to ratify his curse in fire:  
 And yet with whom to look on beauty was  
 A need, a thirst, a passion?

HELEN. Yes, I think  
 I could have loved him: but, no — not unless  
 He was like thee; unless he had been thee.  
 Tell me, what was it rendered him so wretched  
 At heart?

FESTUS. I will not tell thee.



STUDENT. But tell me  
How and on what he wrote, this friend of thine ?  
FESTUS. Love, mirth, woe, pleasure, was in turn  
his theme,  
And the great good which beauty does the soul ;  
And the God-made necessity of things.  
And like that noble knight in olden tale,  
Who changed his armor's hue at each fresh charge  
By virtue of his lady-love's strange ring,  
So that none knew him save his private page  
And she who cried, God save him, every time  
He brake spears with the brave till he quelled all—  
So he applied him to all themes that came ;  
Loving the most to breast the rapid deeps  
Where others had been drowned, and heeding  
nought  
Where danger might not fill the place of fame.  
And 'mid the magic circle of those sounds,  
His lyre rayed out, spell-bound himself he stood,  
Like a stilled storm. It is no task for suns  
To shine. He knew himself a bard ordained,  
More than inspired, of God, inspirited :—  
Making himself like an electric rod  
A lure for lightning feelings ; and his words  
Felt like the things that fall in thunder, which  
The mind, when in a dark, hot, cloudful state,  
Doth make metallic, meteoric, ball-like.  
He spake to spirits with a spirit tongue,  
Who came compelled by wizard word of truth,  
And rayed them round him from the ends of  
Heaven.  
For as be all bards, he was born of beauty,  
And with a natural fitness to draw down  
All tones and shades of beauty to his soul,  
Even as the rainbow-tinted shell, which lies  
Miles deep at bottom of the sea, hath all  
Colors of skies and flowers, and gems, and plumes,  
And all by Nature which doth reproduce  
Like loveliness in seeming opposites.



Irreverence in that name, must have been used  
To take that name in vain, and the same man  
Would see obscenity in pure white statues.  
Call all things by their names. Hell, call thou  
hell;

Archangel, call archangel; and God, God.

STUDENT. And what said he of such?

**FESTUS.** He held his peace

A season, as a tree its sap till spring,  
Preparing to unfold itself, and let  
All rigor do its worst, which only served  
To harden him, though nothing nesh at first.  
And then he said at last, what, at the first,  
He deemed would have been seen by other men,  
By men, at least, above low-water mark,  
Who take it, they lead others; that it is they  
Who set their shoulders to the stalled world's wheel.  
And give it a hitch forwards.

HELEN.                                 There were some  
Encouraged him with good will, surely?

FESTUS. Manv.

The kind, the noble, and the able cheered him;  
The lovely, likewise: others knew he nought of.  
And yet he loved not praise, nor sighed for fame.  
Men's praise begets an awe of one's own self  
Within us, till we fear our heart, lest it,  
Magician-like, show more than we can bear.  
Nor was he fameless; but obscurity  
Hath many a sacred use. The clouds which hide  
The mental mountains rising nighest Heaven,  
Are full of finest lightning, and a breath  
Can give those gathered shadows fearful life,  
And launch their light in thunder o'er the world.

STUDENT. And thought he well of that he wrote?

FESTUS. Perchance.

Perchance we suffer, and perchance succeed.  
Perchance he would his tongue had perished ere  
It uttered half he said. from childhood up

To manhood, and so on ; for much I heard  
 From him required expiation, much  
 Soul sacrifice and penance for heart-deeds  
 Which passion had accomplished ; yea, perchance,  
 He wished, how vain ! that fruitful heart and breast  
 Had withered like a witch's ere he had trained  
 The parasites of feeling that he did  
 About it ; and perchance, for all I know,  
 He would his brain had died ere it conceived  
 One half the thought-seeds that took life in it,  
 And in his soul's dark sanctuary dwelt.  
 Yet his blue eye's dark ball grew greater with  
 Delight, and darker, as he viewed the things  
 He made ; not monsters outside of the fane,  
 Grinning and howling, but seraphic forms —  
 Embodied thoughts of worship, wisdom, love,  
 Joining their fire-tipped wings across the shrine  
 Where his heart's relics lay, and where were wrought  
 Immortal miracles upon men's minds.

STUDENT. Take up the book, and, if thou understandest,  
 Unfold it to me.

FESTUS. What I can, I will.  
 Well I remember me of thee, poor book !  
 But there is consolation e'en for thee.  
 Fair hands have turned thee over, and bright eyes  
 Sprinkled their sparkles o'er thee with their prayers.  
 The poet's pen is the true divining rod  
 Which trembles towards the inner founts of feeling ;  
 Bringing to light and use, else hid from all,  
 The many sweet, clear sources which we have  
 Of good and beauty in our own deep bosoms ;  
 And marks the variations of all mind  
 As does the needle an air-investing storm's.

STUDENT. How does the book begin, go on, and end ?

FESTUS. It has a plan, but no plot. Life hath none.

HELEN. Tell us, love; we will listen and not speak.

I wish I understood it, for I know  
You would rather hear me than yourselves talk.

STUDENT.

Surely.

I'd give up half the organs in my head,  
Besides all undiscovered faculties,  
To list to such a lecturer; and then  
Have quite enough, perhaps, to comprehend.

HELEN. 'T were needless that, to one half-witted now.

FESTUS. There is a porch, wherefrom is something seen

Of the main dome beyond. Though shadows cross  
Each other's path, yet let us go through it.

And lo! an opening scene in Heaven, wherein

The foredoom of all things, spirit and matter,

Is shown, and the permission of temptation;

The angelic worship of the Trinity,

By God's name uttered thrice; the joys and powers

Of souls o'erblest, and the sweet offices

Of warden-angel told; and the complete

Well-fixed necessity and end of all things.

From Heaven we come to earth, and so do souls.

For next succeeds a soft and sunset scene,

Wherein is shown the collapsed, empty state

In which all worldly pleasures leave us; youth's

Though natural, fitful, unavailing, struggle

Against a great temptation come unlooked for:

And that to sin is to curse God in deed.

The soul long used to truth still keeps its strength,

Though plunged upon a sudden mid the false;

As hands, thrust into a dark room, retain

Their sunlent light a season. So with this.

The lines have under meanings, and the scene

Of self-forgetfulness and indecision

Breaks off, not ends. A starry, stirless night

Follows, which shadows out youth's barren long-  
ings

For goodness, greatness, marvels, mysteries.  
 Whence comes this dream of immortality,  
 And the resurgent essence? Let us think!  
 What mean we by the dead? The dead have  
     life,  
 The changed; and, if they come, it is to show  
 Their change is for the better. The bait takes.  
 Man and his foe shake hands upon their bargain.  
 The youth sets out for joy, and 'neath the care  
 Of his good enemy, begins his course.  
 The next scene seems to promise fair; for sure  
 If that there be one scene in life, wherefrom  
 Evil is absent, it is pure early love.

HELEN. Alas! when beauty pleads the cause  
     of virtue

The chief temptation to embrace it's wanting.

FESTUS. A man in love sees wonders. But not  
     love  
 Makes the soul happy: so the youth gets hope-  
     less.

To this comes on a stern and stormy quarrel  
 'Tween the two foe friends — Youth demanding  
     what

Cannot be; and the other withholding safe  
 And easy grants. They part and meet, as though  
 Nothing had happened, in the next scene: none  
 Know how we reconcile ourselves to evil.  
 But there they are, together, aiding each  
 The other, and abusing others.

HELEN.

I

Was waiting for an eloquential pause  
 In this mysterious, allegorical,  
 Mythical, theological, odd story.  
 So now, then, I shall ask myself to sing;  
 And granting I agree to my request,  
 I think you ought to thank me.

STUDENT.

That we will.

But not just now.

HELEN. Oh! yes, now; yes, this moment.  
I'm in the humor.

STUDENT. We are not.

FESTUS. Yes, let her!

HELEN. What shall I sing?

FESTUS. Sing something merry, love

HELEN. I won't: I'll sing the dullest thing I  
know,

One of thine own songs.

STUDENT. What a compliment!

FESTUS. Sing what thou lik'st, then.

HELEN. No; what thou lik'st.

STUDENT. Well,

Something about love, and it can't be wrong.

For love the sunny world supplies

With laughing lips and happy eyes.

FESTUS. And 't will be sooner over.

STUDENT. And so better

HELEN. Like an island in a river,

Art thou, my love, to me;

And I journey by thee ever

With a gentle ecstasy.

I arise to fall before thee;

I come to kiss thy feet;

To adorn thee and adore thee,

Mine only one! my sweet!

And thy love hath power upon me,

Like a dream upon a brain;

For the loveliness which won me,

With the love, too, doth remain.

And my life it beautifieth,

Though love be but a shade,

Known of only ere it dieth,

By the darkness it hath made.

Was that addressed to me?

STUDENT.

Well, now resume.

FESTUS. Trial alone of ill and folly gives  
Clear proofs of the world's vanities ; but little  
Good comes of sermons, prophecies, or warnings.  
Though from the steps of an old gray market  
cross,

The devil is holding forth to the faithless. There  
A social prayer is offered up, too. This  
Is followed by a bird's-eye view of earth,  
A stirring-up of the dust of all the nations.  
Then comes a village feast ; a kind of home  
Unto the traveller — where, with the world,  
We mix in private, talking divers things ;  
A country merry-making, where all speak  
According to their sorts, and the occasion.  
Deeper than ever leadline went, behold  
We search the rayless central sun within.  
We penetrate all mysteries, but are  
Unfitted long to dwell in the recess  
Of our own nature, and we long for light.  
True aspiration riseth from research.  
Next, by the o'erthrown altar of a fane,  
Foundation-shattered, like the ripened heart,  
We find ourselves in worship. Let us hope  
The spirit, form, and offering, grateful all.  
In one of Earth's head cities, after this,  
We tower-like rise, and with an eminent eye  
Glance round society, insatiate ;—  
The high unknown as yet unrealized.  
In less time than the twinkling of a star,  
Insphered in air, the arch-fiend and the youth,  
Like twilight and midnight, discourse and rise.  
Thence to another planet, for the book,  
Stream-like, doth steal the images of stars,  
And trembles at its boldness, where we meet  
The spirit of the first night of temptation ;  
And mix with many of those lofty musings  
Which sow in us the seeds of higher kind  
And brighter being. Heavenly poesie,  
Which shines among the powers of our mind,



As that bright star she dwells in, mid the worlds  
Which make the system of the sun, is there too.  
But these high things are lost, and drowned, and  
dimmed,

Like a blue eye in tears, that trickle from it  
Like angels leaving Heaven on their errands  
Of love, behind them, in the scene succeeding ; —  
A scene of song, and dance, and mirth, and wine,  
And damsels, in whose lily skin the blue  
Veins branch themselves in hidden luxury,  
Hues of the heaven they seem to have vanished  
from.

HELEN. Moonlight and music, and kisses, and  
wine,

And beauty, which must be, for rhyme-sake, divine.

FESTUS. Mere joys ; but saddened and sublimed  
at close

By sweet remembrance of immortal ones  
Once loved, aye hallowed. Still, in scenes like this,  
Youth lingers longest, drawing out his time  
As a gold-beater does his wire, until  
'T would reach round the earth.

STUDENT. And be of no use then.

FESTUS. Blame not the bard for showing this,  
but mind

He wrote of youth as passionate genius,  
Its flights and follies — both its sensual ends  
And common places. To behold an eagle  
Batting the sunny ceiling of the world  
With his dark wings, one well might deem his heart  
On heaven ; but, no ! it is fixed on flesh and blood,  
And soon his talons tell it. Pass we on !  
A brief and solemn parley o'er a grave  
Follows, in which youth vows to trust in God,  
Be the end what it may. A prescient view  
Of what is true repentance to the soul,  
Spirit-informed, expands ; and over all  
The spiritual harmonies of Heaven  
By the raised soul are heard, and God's great rule

To creatures justified. And next we find  
Ourselves in Heaven. Even man's deadly life  
Can be there, by God's leave. Once brought to  
God,

The soul's foredoom is set before it brightly,  
And Heaven's designs are seen to be brought to  
bear,

A lightning revelation of the Heavens,  
And what is in them. Let it not be said  
He sought his God in the self-slayer's way,  
Whose highest aim was but to worship in  
All humbleness ; for he was called thereto,  
To show the holy God, in three scenes, first  
And last in Threelihood, and midst in One :  
Although less hard to shape the wide-winged wind  
O'er the bright heights of air. He will forgive :  
For we, this moment, and all living souls —  
All matter, are as much within his presence,  
And known through, like a glass film in the sun,  
As we can ever be. Through sundry worlds  
The mortal wends, returning, and relates  
To her he loves — and joyously, they greet,  
As boat by breeze and billow backed by tide —  
His bright experience of celestial homes ;  
Where spiritual natures, kind and high,  
Light-born, which can divine immortal things,  
Abide embosomed in Eternity.  
Something he tells, too, of the friendly fiend,  
Something of ancient ages, infant Earth.  
To this succeeds a scene explaining much,  
Of retrospective and prospective cast,  
Between the bard, his beauty and his friend.  
Our story ties us here to earth again,  
And sea all aged. Evil is in love ;  
And ever those who are unhappiest have  
Their hearts' desire the oftenest, but in dreams.  
Dreams are mind-clouds, high and unshapen beauties,  
Or but God-shaped, like mountains, which contain  
Much and rich matter ; often not for us,

But for another. Dreams are rudiments  
Of the great state to come. We dream what is  
About to happen to us.

HELEN. What may be  
The dream in this case?

FESTUS. It is one of death.

HELEN. Of death! is that all? Well, I too have  
had,

What every one hath once, at least, in life —  
A vision of the region of the dead;  
It was the land of shadows: yea, the land  
Itself was but a shadow, and the race  
Which seemed therein were voices, forms of forms,  
And echoes of themselves. And there was nought,  
Of substance seemed, save one thing in the midst,  
A great red sepulchre — a granite grave;  
And at the bottom lay a skeleton,  
From whose decaying jaws the shades were born;  
Making its only sign of life, its dying  
Continually. Some were bright, some dark.  
Those that were bright, went upwards heavenly.  
They which were dark, grew darker and remained.  
A land of change, yet did the half things nothing  
That I could see; but passed stilly on,  
Taking no note of other, mate or child;  
For all had lost their love when they put off  
The beauty of the body. And as I  
Looked on, the grave before me backed away.  
And I began to dream it was a dream;  
And I rushed after it: when the earth quaked,  
Opened and shut, like the eye of one in fits;  
It shut to with a shout. The grave was gone.  
And in the stead there stood a gleedlike throne,  
Which all the shadows shook to see, and swooned  
For fiends were standing, loaded with long chains,  
The links whereof were fire, waiting the word  
To bind and cast the shadows into hell;  
For Death the second sat upon that throne,  
Which set on fire the air, not to be breathed.

And as he lifted up his arm to speak,  
 Fear preyed upon all souls, like fire on paper,  
 And mine among the rest, and I awoke.

STUDENT. By Hades! 't was most awful.

FESTUS. And when love  
 Merges in creature-worship, let us mind :  
 We know not what it is we love : perhaps  
 It is incarnate evil. In the time  
 It takes to turn a leaf, we are in Heaven ;  
 Making our way among the wheeling worlds,  
 Millions of suns, half infinite each, and space  
 For ever shone into, for ever dark,  
 As God is, to and by created mind,  
 Upheld by the companion spirit. There  
 The nature of the all in one, and whence  
 Evil ; the fixed impossibility  
 Of creatures' perfectness, until made one  
 With God ; and the necessity of ill  
 As yet, are things all touched upon and proven.  
 The next scene shows us hell, in the mad mock  
 Of mortal revelry — the quelling truth  
 That all life's sinful follies run to hell ;  
 That lies, debauches, murders never die,  
 But live in hell forever ; make, are hell.  
 And truth is there too. Hell is its own moral.  
 Perdition certain to the unrepentant ;  
 Redemption on a like scale with creation ;  
 And all creation needing it, and having.  
 What follows is of earth, and setteth forth  
 God's mercy, and the mystery of sin ;  
 And a great gathering of the worlds round God,  
 Told by the youth to his truthful, trustful, love ;  
 Who, light and lowly as a little glowworm,  
 Sheddeth her beauty round her like a rose,  
 Sweet-smelling dew upon the ground it grows on.  
 And then a rest in light, as though 'tween earth  
 And Heaven there were a mediate spirit point,  
 A bright effect original of God,  
 Enlightening all ways, inwardly and round.

Then comes a scene of passion, brought about  
By the bad spirit's means for his own ends,  
Whom we know not when come, so dark we grow;  
Making it but a blind for the next scene,  
Laid by the lonely seashore, as before,  
Where the great waves come in frothed, like a horse  
Put to his heart-burst speed, sobbing up hill,  
Wherein he works his victim's death, to clear  
His way, and keep his name of murderer;  
As he in other parts makes good his titles,  
Deceiver, liar, tempter, and accuser;  
Hater of man, and, most of all, of God.  
In the next scene we picture back our life,  
Contrasting the pure joys of earlier years,  
With the unsatedness of current sin;  
And the sad feel that love's own heart turns sick  
Like a bad pearl; but that the feeling still  
Is adamant, though the splendid thing  
Whereon it writes its record, is of all  
Frailest; and though earth shows to good and bad,  
The same blind kindness, beautiful to see,  
Wherewith our lovely mother loveth us,  
The world in vain unbosometh her beauty,  
We have no lust to live; for things may be  
Corrupted into beauty; and that love,  
Where all the passions blend, as hues in white,  
Tires at the last, as day would, if all day  
And no night. So despair of heart increases.  
The last lure — power — is proffered, taken. All  
Hangs on the last desire, whatever it be.  
A scene of prescient solitude and soul  
Commune with heaven, repentance, prayer, faith,  
Which are all things inspired alone of God,  
Who signifies salvation, follows this.  
In the next scene, we feel the end draw nigh.  
A change is wrought on earth as great as that  
In its first ages, when the elements  
Less gross and palpable than air, were changed  
To mountainous and adamant mass,

Now 'neath the feet of nations ; — figuring forth  
 The fateful mind which is to govern all,  
 Controlling the great evil ; for it is mind  
 Which shall rule and be ruled, and not the body,  
 In the last age of human sway on earth ; —  
 Ambition ruined by its own success ;  
 Aims lost, power useless : love, pure love, the last  
 Of mortal things that nestles in the heart.  
 There is a love which acts to death, and through  
 death,  
 And may come white, and bright, and pure, like  
 paper,  
 From refuse, or from clearest things at first ;  
 It is beyond the accidents of life.  
 For things we make no count of have in them  
 The seeds of life, use, beauty, like the cores  
 Of apples that we fling away ; — nought now  
 Is left but trust in God, who tries the heart  
 And saves it, at the last, from its own ruin —  
 The parting spirit fluttering like a flag,  
 Half from its earthly staff. The death-change  
 comes.

Death is another life. We bow our heads  
 At going out, we think, and enter straight  
 Another golden chamber of the king's,  
 Larger than this we leave, and lovelier.  
 And then in shadowy glimpses, disconnect,  
 The story, flower-like, closes thus its leaves.  
 The will of God is all in all. He makes,  
 Destroys, remakes, for His own pleasure, all.  
 After inferior nature is subdued,  
 The evil is confined. All elements  
 Conglobe themselves from chaos, purified.  
 The rebegotten world is born again.  
 The body and the soul cease ; spirit lives :  
 And gloriously falsified are all  
 Earth's caverned prophecies of bodyhood.  
 Spirits rise up, and rule, and link with Heaven ; —  
 The soul state is searched into ; dormant Death,

Evil, and all the dark gods of the heart,  
And the idolatrous passions, ruined, chained,  
And worshipless, are seen ; and there, the Word,  
Heard and obeyed ; — next comes the truth divine,  
Redintegrative ; — Evil's last and worst  
Endeavor, vanquished — by Almighty good.  
The last scene shows the final doom of earth,  
Soul's judgment, and salvation of the youth,  
As was fore-fixed on from and in the first :  
The universe expurgated of evil,  
And hell for aye abolished ; all create,  
Redeemed, their God all love, themselves all bliss.  
We may say that the sun is dead and gone  
For ever ; and may swear he will rise no more ;  
The skies may put on mourning for their God,  
And earth heap ashes on her head : but who  
Shall keep the sun back. when he thinks to rise ?  
Where is the chain shall bind him ? Where the cell  
Shall hold him ? Hell, he would burn down to  
embers ;  
And would lift up the world with a lever of light  
Out of his way : yet, know ye, 'twere thrice less  
To do thrice this, than keep the soul from God.  
O'er earth, and cloud, and sky, and star, and Heaven,  
It dwells with God uprisen as a prayer.  
The spirit speaks of God in Heaven's own tongue,  
No mystery to those who love, but learned,  
As is our mother tongue, from him, the parent ;  
By whom created, fashioned, flesh and spirit,  
All forms and feelings of all kinds of beauty  
Are burned into our heart-clay, pattern-like.  
Much, too, is writ, elsewhere and here, not yet  
Made clear, nor can be till earth come of age ;  
Like the unfinished rudiments of light  
Which gather time by time into a star.  
Thus have I shown the meaning of the book,  
And the most truthful likeness of a mind,  
Which hath as yet been limned ; the mind of youth  
In strengths and failings, in its overcomings,

And in its short comings; the kingly ends,  
 The universalizing heart of youth;  
 Its love of power, heed not how had, although  
 With surety of self-ruin at the end.

Every thing urged against it proves its truth  
 And faithfulness to nature. Some cried out  
 'T was inconsistent; so 't was meant to be.  
 Such is the very stamp of youth and nature;  
 And the continual losing sight of its aims,  
 And the desertion of its most expressed  
 And dearest rules and object, this is youth.

STUDENT. I look on life as keeping me from  
 God,  
 Stars, Heaven, and angels' bosoms. I lay ill;  
 And the dark, hot blood throbbing through and  
 through me;  
 They bled me, and I swooned; and as I died,  
 Or seemed to die, a soft, sweet sadness fell  
 With a voluptuous weakness on my soul,  
 That made me feel all happy. But my heart  
 Would live, and rose, and wrestled with the soul,  
 Which stretched its wings and strained its strength  
 in vain,  
 Twining around it as a snake an eagle.  
 My eyes unclosed again, and I looked up,  
 And saw the sweet, blue twilight, and one star,  
 One only star, in Heaven; and then I wished  
 That I had died and gone to it; and straight  
 Was glad I lived again, to love once more.  
 And so our souls turned round upon themselves  
 Like orbs upon their axles; what was night  
 Is day; what day, night. God will guide us on,  
 Body and soul, through life and death, to judg-  
 ment.

FESTUS. Earth hath her deserts mixed with  
 fruitful plains;  
 The word of God is barren in some parts;  
 A rose is not all flower, but hath much  
 Which is of lower beauty, yet like needful



And he who in great makings doth like these,  
 Doth only that which is most natural.  
 Like life, too, it is boundlessly unequal,  
 Now soaring, and now grovelling: at one time  
 All harmony, and then again all harshness,  
 With an ever-changing style of thought and speech.  
 The work is still consistent with itself:  
 As one part often bears upon another,  
 Lifting it to the light, where most it needs.  
 The thoughts we have of men are bold as men;  
 Our thoughts of God are thin and fleet as ghosts;  
 But it was not his meaning to draw men,  
 Such as he heard they were in the old world  
 And sometimes mixed with; he blessed God he  
 knew

But little of the world, that little good;  
 While some sighed out that little was its all.  
 So for the persons and the scenes he drew,  
 Oft in a dim and dreamy imagery  
 Shapen, half-shapen, mis-shapen, unshapen,  
 They are the shadowy creatures which youth  
 dreams

Live in the world embodied, but are not,  
 Save in the mind's, which is the mightier one.  
 They are the names of things which we believe in,  
 Ideas not embodied, alas, not!  
 And the sad fate which many of those meet  
 Whom the youth loves and quits, means nought so  
 ill

As the betrayer's sin, salvationless  
 Almost: it is but desertion, not betrayal;  
 And forced on him according to a promise,  
 Made at the first unto him, and to be  
 Wrought out in brief time; and the same fair souls  
 Saved, stand for our desires made pure in Heaven.  
 Let us work out our natures; we can do  
 No wrong in them, they are divine, eterne:  
 I follow my attraction, and obey  
 Nature, as earth does, circling round her source

Of life and light, and keeping true in Heaven,  
 Though not perfect in round, which nothing is.  
 'Twas the heart-book of love, well nigh all grief.  
 For the heart leaves its likeness best in that  
 O'erwhelming sorrow which burns up and buries,  
 Like to the eloquent impression left  
 In lava, of Pompeian maiden's bosom.  
 All passions, and all pleasures, and all powers  
 Of man's heart, are brought in, and mind and  
 frame

He made this work the business of his life;  
 It was his mission; and was laid on him.  
 He was a laborer on the ways of God,  
 And had his hire in peace and power to work.  
 He wrote it not in the contempt of rule,  
 And not in hate; but in the self-made rule  
 That there was none to him, but to himself  
 He was his sole rule, and had right to be.  
 The faults are faults of nature, and prove art  
 Man's nature, that a thing of art, like it,  
 Should be so pure in kind.

HELEN. I do believe  
 The world is a forged thing, and hath not got  
 The die of God upon it. It will not pass  
 In Heaven, I tell ye.

STUDENT. How shouldst thou know anght  
 Of Heaven, unless by contrast?

FESTUS. Pray now, cease;  
 Ye two are jarring ever, though as with  
 The bickering beauty of two swords, whose strife,  
 Though deadly, maketh music, I could listen,  
 Did not each stab, whichever way, pain me.

HELEN. Oh, I could stand and rend myself with  
 rage  
 To think I am so weak, that all are so;  
 Mere minims in the music made from us —  
 While I would be a hand to sweep from end  
 To end, from infinite to infinite,  
 The world's great chord. The beautiful of old

Had but to say some god had been with them,  
And their worst fault was hallowed to their best  
deed.

That was to live. Could we uproot the past,  
Which grows and throws its chilling shade o'er us,  
Lengthening every hour and darkening it ;  
Or could we plant the future where we would,  
And make it flourish, that, too, were to live.  
But it is not more true that what is, is,  
Than that what is not, is not. It is enough  
To bear the ever present, as we do.  
The city of the past is laid in ruins ;  
Its echo-echoing walls at a whisper fall :  
The coming is not yet built ; nor as yet  
Its deep foundations laid ; but seems, at once,  
Like the air city, goodly and well watered,  
Which the dry wind doth dream of on the sands  
Where he dies away with his wanderings :  
While we enjoy the hope thereof, and perish ;  
Not seeing that the desert present is  
Our end.

FESTUS. The brightest natures oft have darkest  
End, as fire smoke.

STUDENT. I will read the book in the hope  
Of learning somewhat from it.

FESTUS. Thou may'st learn  
A hearty thanksgiving for blessings here,  
And proud prediction of a state to come,  
Of love, and life, and power unlimited ;  
And uttered in a sound and homely tongue,  
Fit to be used by all who think while speaking.  
With here and there some old, hard, uncouth words,  
Which have withal a quaint and meaning richness,  
As stones make more the power of the soil.  
The world hath said its say for and against ;  
And after praise and blame cometh the truth.  
Living men look on all who live askance.  
Were he a cold, gray ghost, he would have honor ;  
And though as man he must have mixed with men,

Yet the true bard doth make himself ghost-like ;  
 He lives apart from men ; he wakes and walks  
 By nights ; he puts himself into the world  
 Above him ; and he is what but few see.  
 He knows, too, to the old hid treasure, truth :  
 And the world wonders, shortly, how some one  
 Hath come so rich of soul ; it little dreams  
 Of the poor ghost that made him. Yet he comes  
 To none save of his own blood, and lets pass  
 Many a generation till his like  
 Turns up ; moreover, this same genius  
 Comes, ghost-like, to those only who are lonely  
 In life and in desire ; never to crowds :  
 And it can make its way through every thing,  
 And is never happy till it tells its secret ;  
 But pale and pressed down with the inward weight  
 Of unborn works, it sickens nigh to death,  
 Often ; but who like happy at a birth ?

STUDENT. Say what a poet ought to do and be.

FESTUS. Though it may scarce become me,  
 knowing little,

Yet what I have thought out upon that theme,  
 And deem true, I will tell thee.

HELEN.

Now I know

You two will talk of nothing else all night ;  
 So I will to my music. Sweet ! I come.  
 Art thou not glad to see me ? What a time  
 Since I have touched thine eloquent white fingers.  
 Hast thou forgot me ? Mind, now ? Know'st thou  
 not

My greeting ? Ah ! I love thee. Talk away !  
 Never mind me ; I shall not you.

STUDENT.

Agreed !

HELEN. By the sweet muse of music, I could  
 swear

I do believe it smiles upon me ; see it  
 Full of unuttered music, like a bird ;  
 Rich in invisible treasures, like a bud  
 Of unborn sweets, and thick about the heart

With ripe and rosy beauty — full to trembling.  
 I love it like a sister. Hark! — its tones;  
 They melt the soul within one like a sword,  
 Albeit sheathed, by lightning. Talk to me,  
 Lovely one! Answer me, thou beauty!

STUDENT.

Hear her.

FESTUS. Experience and imagination are  
 Mother and sire of song — the harp and hand.  
 The bard's aim is to give us thoughts: his art  
 Lieth in giving them as bright as may be.  
 And even when their looks are earthy, still  
 If opened, like geoids, they may be found  
 Full of all sparkling, sparry loveliness.  
 They should be wrought, not cast; like tempered  
 steel,

Burned and cooled, burned again, and cooled again.  
 A thought is like a ray of light — complex  
 In nature, simple only in effect.

Words are the motes of thought, and nothing  
 more.

Words are like sea-shells on the shore; they show  
 Where the mind ends, and not how far it has  
 been.

Let every thought, too, soldier-like, be stripped,  
 And roughly looked over. The dress of words,  
 Like to the Roman girl's enticing garb,  
 Should let the play of limb be seen through it,  
 And the round, rising form. A mist of words,  
 Like halos round the moon, though they enlarge  
 The seeming size of thoughts, make the light less  
 Doubly. It is the thought writ down we want,  
 Not its effect — not likenesses of likenesses.  
 And such descriptions are not, more than gloves  
 Instead of hands to shake, enough for us.

STUDENT. But is the power — is poesy inborn,  
 Or is it to be gained by art or toil?

FESTUS. It is underived, except from God; but  
 where  
 Strongest, asks most of human care and aid.

Great bards toil much and most ; but most at first,  
 Ere they can learn to concentrate the soul  
 For hours upon a thought to carry it.

STUDENT. Why, I have sat for hours and never  
 moved,  
 Saving my hands, clock-like, in writing round  
 Day after day of thought, and lapse of life.

FESTUS. Many make books, few poems, which  
 may do  
 Well for their gains, but they do nought for truth,  
 Nor man, true bard's main aim. Perish the books,  
 But the creations live. Some steal a thought,  
 And clip it round the edge, and challenge him  
 Whose 't was to swear to it. To serve things thus  
 Is as foul witches to cut up old moons  
 Into new stars. Some never rise above  
 A pretty fault, like faulty dahlias ;  
 And of whose best things it is kindly said,  
 The thought is fair ; but, to be perfect, wants  
 A little heightening, like a pretty face  
 With a low forehead. Do thou more than such,  
 Or else do nothing. And in poetry,  
 There is a poet-worship, one of other  
 Which is idolatry, and not the true  
 Love-service of the soul to God, which hath  
 Alone of His inbreathing, and is rendered  
 Unto Him, from the first, without man's mean,  
 By those whom He makes worthy of His worship ;  
 Who kneel at once to Him, and at no shrine,  
 Save in the world's wide ear, do they confess  
 them  
 Of faults which are all truths ; and through which  
 ear  
 As the world says them over to itself,  
 He heareth and absolveth ; for the bard  
 Speaks but what all feel more or less within  
 The heart's heart, and the sin confessed is done  
 Away with, and forever.

STUDENT.

What of style ?

FESTUS. There is no style is good but nature's style.

And the great ancients' writings, beside ours,  
Look like illuminated manuscripts  
Before plain press print; all had different minds,  
And followed only their own bents: for this  
Nor copied that, nor that the other; each  
Is finished in his writing, each is best  
For his own mind, and that it was upon;  
And all have lived, are living, and shall live;  
But these have died, are dying, and shall die;  
Yea, copyists shall die, spark out and out.  
Minds which combine and make alone can tell  
The bearings and workings of all things  
In and upon each other. All the parts  
Of nature meet and fit: wit, wisdom, worth,  
Goodness and greatness; to sublimity  
Beauty arises, like a planet world,  
Laboring slowly, seemingly, up Heaven;  
But with an infinite pace to some immortal eyes.  
And he who means to be a great bard, must  
Measure himself against pure mind, and fling  
His soul into a stream of thought, as will  
A swimmer hurl himself into the water.  
But never swimmer on the stream, nor bird  
On wind, feels half so strong, or swift, or glad,  
As bard borne high on his mind above himself;  
As though he should begin a lay like this,  
Where spiritual element is all;  
Thought chafing thought, as bough bough, till all  
burn,  
Like the star-written prophecies of Heaven.  
The shattered shadow of eternity  
Upon the troubled world, even as the sun  
Shows brokenly on wavy waters, time;  
All time is but a second to the dead.  
The smoke of the great burning of the world  
Had trailed across the skies for many an age,  
And was fast wearing into air away,

When a saint stood before the throne, and cried —  
 Blessed be Thou, Lord God of all the worlds  
 That have been, and that are, and are to be !  
 For Thy destruction is like infinite  
 With Thy creation, just and wise in both :  
 Give me a world ; and God said, Be it so :  
 And the world was : and then go on to show  
 How this new orb was made, and where it shone ;  
 Who ruled, abode, worshipped and loved therein ;  
 Their natures, duties, hopes : let it be pure,  
 Wise, holy, beautiful ; if not to be  
 Without it, made so by constraint of God —  
 Kindly forced good : we have had enough of sin  
 And folly here to wish for and love change.  
 Let him show God as going thither mildly,  
 Father-like, blessing all and cursing none ;  
 And that there never will be need for them  
 That He shall come in glory new to Himself,  
 With light to which the lightning shall be shadow,  
 And the sun sadness ; borne upon a car  
 With wheels of burning worlds, within whose rims  
 Whole hells burn, and beneath whose course the  
                   stars  
 Dry up like dew-drops. But of this enough ;  
 I mean that he must weigh himself as he  
 Will be weighed after by posterity ;  
 After us all are critics, to a man.  
 Write to the mind and heart, and let the ear  
 Glean after what it can. The voice of great  
 Or graceful thoughts is sweeter far than all  
 Word-music ; and great thoughts, like great deeds,  
                   need  
 No trumpet. Never be in haste in writing.  
 Let that thou utterest be of nature's flow,  
 Not art's ; a fountain's, not a pump's. But once  
 Begun, work thou all things into thy work ;  
 And set thyself about it, as the sea  
 About earth, lashing at it day and night.  
 And leave the stamp of thine own soul in it



As thorough as the fossil flower in clay.  
 The theme shall start and struggle in thy breast,  
 Like to a spirit in its tomb at rising,  
 Rending the stones, and crying, Resurrection !

STUDENT. What theme remains ?

FESTUS. Thyself, thy race, thy love,  
 The faithless and the full of faith in God ;  
 Thy race's destiny, thy sacred love.  
 Every believer is God's miracle.  
 Nothing will stand whose staple is not love ;  
 The love of God, or man, or lovely woman ;  
 The first is scarcely touched, the next scarce felt,  
 The third is desecrated ; lift it up ;  
 Redeem it, hallow it, blend the three in one  
 Great holy work. It shall be read in Heaven  
 By all the saved of sinners of all time ;  
 Preachers shall point to it, and tell their wards  
 It is a handful of eternal truth ;  
 Make ye a heartful of it : men shall will  
 That it be buried with them in their hands :  
 The young, the gay, the innocent, the brave,  
 The fair, with soul and body both all love,  
 Shall run to it with joy ; and the old man,  
 Still hearty in decline, whose happy life  
 Hath blossomed downwards, like the purple bell-  
 flower,

Closing the book, shall utter lowlily —  
 Death, thou art infinite, it is life is little.  
 Believe thou art inspired, and thou art.  
 Look at the bard and others ; never heed  
 The petty hints of envy. If a fault  
 It be in bard to deem himself inspired,  
 'Tis one which hath had many followers  
 Before him. He is wont to make, unite,  
 Believe ; the world to part, and doubt, and narrow.  
 That he believes, he utters. What the world  
 Utters, it trusts not. But the time may come  
 When all, along with those who seek to raise  
 Men's minds, and have enough of pain, without

Suffering from envy, may be God-inspired  
 To utter truth, and feel like love for men.  
 Poets are henceforth the world's teachers. Still  
 The world is all in sects, which makes one loathe it.

STUDENT. The men of mind are mountains,  
 and their heads  
 Are sunned long ere the rest of earth. I would  
 Be one such.

FESTUS. It is well. Burn to be great.  
 Pay not thy praise to lofty things alone.  
 The plains are everlasting as the hills.  
 The bard cannot have two pursuits: aught else  
 Comes on the mind with the like shock as though  
 Two worlds had gone to war and met in air.  
 And now that thou hast heard thus much from one  
 Not wont to seek, nor give, nor take advice,  
 Remember, whatsoe'er thou art as man,  
 Suffer the world, entreat it and forgive.  
 They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.  
 Dear Helen, I will tell thee what I love  
 Next to thee — poesy.

HELEN. Can any thing  
 Be even second to me in thy love?  
 Doth it not distance all things?

FESTUS. To say sooth,  
 I once loved many things ere I met with thee,  
 My one blue break of beauty in the clouds;  
 Bending thyself to me as Heaven to earth.

HELEN. My love is like the moon, seems now  
 to grow,  
 And now to lessen; but it is only so  
 Because thou canst not see it all at once.  
 It knows nor day, nor morrow, like the sun;  
 Unchangeable as space it shall still be  
 When yon bright suns, which are themselves but  
 sands  
 In the great glass of Time, shall be run out.

FESTUS. Man is but half man without woman;  
 and

As do idolaters their heavenless gods,  
We deify the things which we adore.

HELEN. Our life is comely as a whole; nay,  
more,

Like rich brown ringlets, with odd hairs all gold.  
We women have four seasons, like the year,  
Our spring is in our lightsome girlish days,  
When the heart laughs within us for sheer joy;  
Ere yet we know what love is or the ill  
Of being loved by those whom we love not.  
Summer is when we love and are beloved,  
And seems short; from its very splendor seems  
To pass the quickest; crowned with flowers it flies.  
Autumn, when some young thing with tiny hands,  
And rosy cheeks, and flossy tendrilled locks,  
Is wantoning about us day and night.  
And winter is when these we love have perished;  
For the heart ices then. And the next spring  
Is in another world, if one there be.  
Some miss one season, some another; this  
Shall have them early, and that late; and yet  
The year wear round with all as best it may.  
There is no rule for it; but in the main  
It is as I have said.

FESTUS. My life with thee  
Is like a song, and the sweet music thou,  
Which doth accompany it.

STUDENT. Say, did thy friend  
Write aught beside the work thou tellest of?

FESTUS. Nothing.  
After that, like the burning peak, he fell  
Into himself, and was missing ever after.

STUDENT. If not a secret, pray who was he?

FESTUS.

L

SCENE — *Garden and Bower by the Sea.*

LUCIFER and ELISSA.

LUCIFER. Night comes, world-jewelled, as my  
bride should be.

The stars rush forth in myriads as to wage  
War with the lines of Darkness ; and the moon,  
Pale ghost of Night, comes haunting the cold earth  
After the sun's red sea-death — quietless.  
Immortal Night ! I love thee. Thou and I  
Are of one seed — the eldest blood of God.  
He makes ; we mar together all things — all  
But our own selves. Love makes thee cold and  
tremble,

And me all fire. Do off that starry robe ;  
Catch me up to thee. Let us love, and die,  
And weld our souls together, Night ! But here  
Cometh mine earthly. My Elissa ! welcome.

ELISSA. Is't not a lovely, nay, a heavenly eve ?

LUCIFER. Thy presence only makes it so to me.  
The moments thou art with me are like stars  
Peering through my dark life.

ELISSA. Nay, speak not so,  
Or I shall weep, and thou wilt turn away  
From woman's tears : yet are they woman's wealth.

LUCIFER. Then keep thy treasures, lady ! I  
would not have

The world, if prized at one sad tear of thine.  
One tear of beauty can outweigh a world  
Even of sin and sorrow, heavy as this ;  
But beauty cannot sin and should not weep,  
For she is mortal. Oh ! let deathless things  
Alone weep. Why should aught that dies be sad ?

ELISSA. The noble mind is oft too generous,  
And, by protecting, weakens lesser ones ;  
And tears must come of feeling though they  
quench

As oft the light which love lit in the eye.

LUCIFER. And thy love ever hangs about my heart

Like the pure pearl-wreath which enrings thy brow.  
I meant not to be mournful. Tell me, now,  
How thou hast passed the hours since last we met?

ELISSA. I have stayed the livelong day within this bower;

It was here that thou didst promise me to come —  
Watching from wanton morn to repentant eve,  
The self-same roses ope and close; untired,  
Listening the same bird's first and latest songs —  
And still thou camest not. To the mind which waits  
Upon one hour, the others are but slaves.  
The week hath but one day — the day one hour —  
That hour of the heart — that lord of time.

LUCIFER. Sweet one! I raced with light and passed the laggard

To meet thee — or, I mean I could have done —  
Yea, have outsped the very dart of Death —  
So much I sought; and were I living light  
From God, with leave to range the world, and choose  
Another brow than His whereon to beam —  
To mark what even an angel could but covet —  
A something lovelier than Heaven's loveliness —  
To thee I straight would dart, unheeding all  
The lives of other worlds, even those who name  
Themselves thy kind; for oft my mind o'ersoars  
The stars; and pondering upon what may be  
Of their chief lording natures, man's seems worst —  
The darkest, meanest, which, through all these  
worlds,

Drags what is deathless, may be, down to dust.

ELISSA. Speak not so bitterly of human kind;  
I know that thou dost love it. Hast not heard  
Of those great spirits, who, the greater grow,  
The better we are able them to prize?  
Great minds can never cease; yet have they not  
A separate estate of deathlessness:  
The future is a remnant of their life:

Our time is part of theirs, not theirs of ours :  
 They know the thoughts of ages long before.  
 It is not the weak mind feels the great mind's might  
 None but the great can test it. Does the oak  
 Or reed feel the strong storm most? Oh ! unsay  
 What thou hast said of man ; nor deem me wrong.  
 Mind cannot mind despise — it is itself.  
 Mind must love mind : the great and good are friends ;  
 And he is but half great who is not good.  
 And, oh ! humanity is the fairest flower  
 Blooming in earthly breasts : so sweet and pure,  
 That it might freshen even the fadeless wreaths  
 Twined round the golden harps of those in Heaven.

LUCIFER. For thy sake I will love even man,  
 or aught.

Spirit were I, and a mere mortal thou,  
 For thy sake I would even seek to die ;  
 That, dead, or living, I might still be with thee.  
 But no ! I'll deem thee deathless — mind and make,  
 And worthier of some spirit's love than mine ;  
 Yea, of the first-born of God's sons, could he  
 In that sweet shade thy beauty casts o'er all,  
 One moment lay and cool his burning soul ;  
 Or might the ark of his wide flood-like woe  
 But rest upon that mount of peace and bliss —  
 Thy heart imbosomed in all beauteousness.  
 Nay, lady ! shrink not. Thinkest thou I am he ?

ELISSA. Thou art too noble, far. I oft have  
 wished,

Ere I knew thee, I had some spirit's love ;  
 But thou art more like what I sought than man,  
 And a forbidden quest, it seems ; for thou  
 Hast more of awe than love about thee, like  
 The mystery of dreams which we can feel,  
 But cannot touch.

LUCIFER. Nay, think not so ! It is wrong.  
 Come, let us sit in this thy favorite bower,  
 And I will hear thee sing. I love that voice,  
 Dipping more softly on the subject ear

Than that calm kiss the willow gives the wave —  
 A soft rich tone, a rainbow of sweet sounds,  
 Just spanning the soothed sense. Come, nay me  
 not.

ELISSA. Do thou lead out some lay ; I'll follow  
 thine.

LUCIFER. Well, I agree. It will spare me  
 much of shame  
 In coming after thee. My song is said  
 Of Lucifer, the star. See there he shines. [*Sings.*

I am Lucifer, the star :  
 Oh ! think on me,  
 As I lighten from afar  
 The Heavens and thee !  
 In town, or tower,  
 Or this fair bower,  
 Oh ! think on me ;  
 Though a wandering star,  
 As the loveliest are,  
 I love but thee.

Lady ! When I brightest beam,  
 Love ! look on me !  
 I am not what I may seem  
 To the world or thee ;  
 But fain would love  
 With thee above,  
 Where thou wilt be.  
 But if love be a dream,  
 As the world doth deem,  
 What is't to me ?

ELISSA. Could we but deem the stars had  
 hearts, and loved,  
 They would seem happier, holier, even than now ;  
 And ah ! why not ? they are so beautiful ;  
 And love is part and union in itself  
 Of all that is in nature brilliant, pure —

Of all in feeling sacred and sublime.  
Surely the stars are images of love :  
The sunbeam and the starbeam doth bring love.  
The sky, the sea, the rainbow, and the stream  
And dark blue hill, where all the loveliness  
Of earth and Heaven, in sweet ecstatic strife,  
Seem mingling hues which might immortal be,  
If length of life by height of beauty went :  
All seem but made for love — love made for all :  
We do become all heart with those we love :  
It is nature's self — it is everywhere — it is here.

LUCIFER. To me there is but one place in the  
world,  
And that where thou art ; for where'er I be,  
Thy love doth seek its way into my heart,  
As will a bird into her secret nest ;  
Then sit and sing ; sweet wing of beauty, sing.

ELISSA. Bright one ! who dwellest in the hap-  
py skies,  
Rejoicing in thy light as does the brave,  
In his keen, flashing sword, and his strong arm's  
Swift swoop, canst thou from among the sons of  
men,  
Single out those who love thee as do I  
Thee from thy fellow glories ? If so, star,  
Turn hither thy bright front ; I love thee, friend.  
Thou hast no deeds of darkness. All thou dost  
Is to us light and beauty : yea, thou art  
A globe all glory ; thou who at the first  
Didst answer to the angels which in Heaven  
Sang the bright birth of earth, and even now,  
As star by star is born, dost sing the same  
With countless hosts in infinite delight,  
Be unto me a moment ! Write thy bright  
Light on my heart before the sun shall rise  
And vanquish sight. Thou art the prophecy  
Of light which He fulfils. Speak, shining star,  
Drop from thy golden lips the truths of Heaven ;  
First of all stars and favorite of the skies,



Apostle of the sun — thou upon whom  
 His mantle resteth — speak, prophetic beauty!  
 Speak, shining star out of the heights of Heaven,  
 Beautiful being, speak to God for man!  
 Is it because of beauty thou wast chosen  
 To be the sign of sin? For surely sin  
 Must be surpassing lovely when for her  
 Men forfeit God's reward of deathless bliss  
 And life divine; or, is it that such beauty,  
 Sometimes, before the truth, and sometimes after,  
 As is a moral or a prophecy,  
 Is ever warning? Why wast thou accorded  
 To the great Evil? Is it because thou art  
 Of all the sun's bright servants nearest earth?  
 And shall we then forget that Christ hath said  
 He is thyself, the light-bringer of Heaven?  
 Star of the morning! unto us thou art  
 The presage of a day of power. Like thee  
 Let us rejoice in life, then, and proclaim  
 A glory coming greater than our own.  
 All ages are but stars to that which comes,  
 Sunlike. Oh! speak, star! Lift thou up thy voice  
 Out of yon radiant ranks, and I on earth,  
 As thou in Heaven, will bless the Lord God ever.  
 Hear, Lucifer, thou star! I answer thee. [*Sings.*

Oh! ask me not to look and love,  
 But bid me worship thee;  
 For thou art earthly things above,  
 As far as angels be:  
 Then whether in the eve or morn  
 Thou dost the maiden skies adorn,  
 Oh! let me worship thee!

I am but as this drop of dew;  
 Oh! let me worship thee!  
 Thy light, thy strength, is ever new,  
 Even as the angels' be,

And as this dew-drop, till it dies,  
 Bosoms the golden stars and skies,  
 Oh! let me worship thee!

But, dearest, why that dark look?

LUCIFER. Let it not  
 Cloud thine even with its shadow: but the ground  
 Of all great thoughts is sadness; and I mused  
 Upon past happiness. Well — be it past!  
 Did Lucifer, as I do, gaze on thee,  
 The flame of woe would flicker in his breast,  
 And straight die out — the brightness of thy beauty  
 Quenching it as the sun doth earthly fire.

ELISSA. Nay, look not on me so intensely sad.

LUCIFER. Forgive me: it was an agony of bliss.  
 I love thee, and am full of happiness.  
 My bosom bounds beneath thy smile as doth  
 The sea's unto the moon, his mighty mistress;  
 Lying and looking up to her, and saying —  
 Lovely! lovely! lovely! lady of the Heavens!  
 Oh! when the thoughts of other joyous days —  
 Perchance, if such may be, of happier times —  
 Are falling gently on the memory  
 Like autumn leaves distained with dusky gold,  
 Yet softly as a snowflake; and the smile  
 Of kindness, like thine, is beaming on me —  
 Oh! pardon, if I lose myself, nor know  
 Whether I be with Heaven or thee.

ELISSA. Use not  
 Such ardent phrase, nor mix the claim of aught  
 On earth with thoughts more than with hopes of  
 Heaven.

LUCIFER. Hopes, lady! I have none.

ELISSA. Thou must have. All  
 Have hopes, however wretched they may be,  
 Or blest. It is hope which lifts the lark so high —  
 Hope of a lighter air and bluer sky:  
 And the poor hack which drops down on the  
 flints —

Upon whose eye the dust is settling —  
 He hopes to die. No being is which hath  
 Not love and hope.

LUCIFER. Yes — one ! The ancient Ill,  
 Dwelling and damned through all which is ; that  
 spirit

Whose heart is hate — who is the foe of God —  
 The foe of all.

ELISSA. How knowest thou such doth live ?  
 Love is the happy privilege of mind —  
 Love is the reason of all living things.  
 A Trinity there seems of principles,  
 Which represent and rule created life —  
 The love of self, our fellows, and our God.  
 In all throughout one common feeling reigns :  
 Each doth maintain and is maintained by the other ;  
 All are compatible — all needful ; one  
 To life — to virtue one — and one to bliss ;  
 Which thus together make the power, the end,  
 And the perfection of created Being.  
 From these three principles doth every deed,  
 Desire, and will, and reasoning, good or bad, come ;  
 To these they all determine — sum and scheme :  
 The three are one in centre and in round ;  
 Wrapping the world of life as do the skies  
 Our world. Hail ! air of love, by which we live !  
 How sweet, how fragrant ! Spirit, though unseen —  
 Void of gross sign — is scarce a simple essence,  
 Immortal, immaterial, though it be.  
 One only simple essence liveth — God —  
 Creator, uncreate. The brutes beneath,  
 The angels high above us, with ourselves,  
 Are but compounded things of mind and form.  
 In all things animate is therefore cored  
 An elemental sameness of existence ;  
 For God, being Love, in love created all,  
 As He contains the whole, and penetrates.  
 Seraphs love God, and angels love the good :  
 We love each other ; and these lower lives,

Which walk the earth in thousand diverse shapes,  
 According to their reason, love us too :  
 The most intelligent affect us most.  
 Nay, man's chief wisdom's love — the love of God.  
 The new religion — final perfect, pure —  
 Was that of Christ and love. His great command —  
 His all-sufficing precept — wasn't not love ?  
 Truly to love ourselves we must love God —  
 To love God we must all His creatures love —  
 To love His creatures, both ourselves and Him.  
 Thus love is all that's wise, fair, good, and happy.

LUCIFER. How knowest thou God doth live ?

Why did He not,  
 With that creating hand which sprinkled stars  
 On space's bosom, bidding her breathe and wake  
 From the long death-like trance in which she lay, —  
 With that same hand which scattered o'er the sky,  
 As this small dust I strew upon the wind,  
 Yon countless orbs, aye fixing each on Him  
 Its flaming eye, which winks and blenches oft  
 Beneath His glance, — with the finger of that hand  
 Which spangled o'er infinity with suns,  
 And wrapped it round about Him as a robe, —  
 Why did He not write out his own great name  
 In spheres of fire, that Heaven might always tell  
 To every creature, God ? If not, then why  
 Should I believe when I behold around me  
 Nought scarce, save ill and woe ?

ELISSA. God surely lives  
 Without God all things are in tunnel darkness.  
 Let there be God, and all are sun — all God.  
 And to the just soul, in a future state,  
 Defect's dark mist, thick-spreading o'er this vale,  
 Shall dim the eye no more, nor bound survey ;  
 And evil, now which boweth being down  
 As dew the grass, shall only fit all life  
 For fresher growth and for intenser day,  
 Where God shall dry all tears as the sun dew.

LUCIFER. Oh ! lady, I am wretched.

ELISSA. Say not so.  
With thee I could not deem myself unhappy.  
Hark to the sea! It sounds like the near hum  
Of a great city.

LUCIFER. Say, the city earth;  
For such these orbs are in the realms of space.

ELISSA. I dreamed once that the night came  
down to me;

In figure, oh! too like thine own for truth,  
And looked into me with his thousand eyes,  
And that made me unhappy; but it passed,  
And I half wished it back. Mind hath its earth  
And Heaven. The many petty, common thoughts  
On which we daily tread, as it were, make one,  
And above which few look; the other is  
That high and welkin-like infinity —  
The brighter, upper half of the mind's world,  
Thick with great sun-like and constellate thoughts;  
And in the night of mind, which is our sleep,  
These thoughts shine out in dreams. Dreams  
double life;

They are the heart's bright shadow on life's flood;  
And even the step from death to deathlessness —  
From this earth's gross existence unto Heaven —  
Can scarce be more than from the harsh hot day  
To sleep's soft scenes, the moonlight of the mind.  
The wave is never weary of the wind,  
But in mountainous playfulness leaps to it  
Always; but mind gets weary of the world,  
And glooms itself in sleep, like a sweet smile,  
Line by line, settling into proper sadness;  
For sleep seems part of our immortality:  
And why should any thing that dies be sad?  
Last night I dreamed I walked within a hall —  
The inside of the world. Long shroud-like lights  
Lit up its lift-like dome and pale, wide walls,  
Horizon-like; and every one was there:  
It was the house of Death, and Death was there.  
We could not see him, but he was a feeling:

We knew he was around us — heard us — eyed us ;  
 But where wast thou ? I never met thee once.  
 And all was still as nothing ; or as God,  
 Deep judging, when the thought of making first  
 Quickened and stirred within Him ; and He made  
 All Heaven at one thought as at a glance.  
 Noise was there none ; and yet there was a sound  
 Which seemed to be half like silence, half like  
 sound.

All crept about still as the cold wet worms,  
 Which slid among our feet, we could not scape from.  
 Round me were ruined fragments of dead gods —  
 Those shadows of the mystery of One —  
 And the red worms, too, flourished over these,  
 For marble is a shadow weighed with mind ;  
 Each being, as men of old believed, distinct  
 In form, and place, and power. But Oh ! not all  
 The gathered gods of Eld could shine like ours,  
 No more than all yon stars could make a sun.  
 But truly then men lived in moral night,  
 'Neath a dim starlight of religious truth.  
 I felt my spirit's spring gush out more clear,  
 Gazing on these : they beautified my mind  
 As rocks and flowers reflected do a well.  
 Mind makes itself like that it lives amidst,  
 And on ; and thus, among dreams, imaginings,  
 And scenes of awe, and purity, and power,  
 Grows sternly sweet and calm — all beautiful  
 With god-like coldness and unconsciousness  
 Of mortal passion, mental toil ; until,  
 Like to the marble model of a god,  
 It doth assume a firm and dazzling form,  
 Scarcely less incorruptible than that  
 It emblems : and so grew, methought, my mind.  
 Matter hath many qualities ; mind, one :  
 It is irresistible : pure power — pure god.  
 While wandering on I met what seemed myself :  
 Was it not strange that we should meet, and there ?  
 But all is strange in dreaming, as in death,

And waking, as in life : nought is not strange.  
 Methought that I was happy, because dead.  
 All hurried to and fro ; and many cried  
 To each other — Can I do thee any good ?  
 But no one heeded : nothing could avail :  
 The world was one great grave. I looked, and saw  
 Time on his two great wings — one, night — one,  
                   day —

Fly, moth-like, right into the flickering sun ;  
 So that the sun went out, and they both perished.  
 And one gat up and spake — a holy man —  
 Exhorting them ; but each and all cried out —  
 Go to ! — it helps not — means not : we are dead.  
 Death spake no word methought, but me he made  
 Speak for him : and I dreamed that I was Death ;  
 Then, that Death only lived : all things were mixed ;  
 Up and down shooting, like the brain's fierce dance  
 In a delirium, when we are apt to die.  
 Hell is my heir ; what kin to me is Heaven ?  
 Bring out your hearts before me. Give your limbs  
 To whom ye list or love. My son, Decay  
 Will take them : give them him. I want your hearts,  
 That I may take them up to God. There came  
 These words among us, but we knew not whence ;  
 It was as if the air spake. And there rose  
 Out of the earth a giant thing, all earth ;  
 His eye was earthy, and his arm was earthy :  
 He had no heart. He but said, I am Decay ;  
 And, as he spake, he crumbled into earth,  
 And there was nothing of him. But we all  
 Lifted our faces up at the word, God,  
 And spied a dark star high above in the midst  
 Of others, numberless as are the dead.  
 And all plucked out their hearts, and held them in  
 Their right hands. Many tried to pick out specks  
 And stains, but could not : each gave up his heart.  
 And something — all things — nothing — it was  
                   Death,  
 Said, as before, from air — Let us to God !

And straight we rose, leaving behind the raw  
 Worms and dead gods, all of us — soared and soared  
 Right upwards, till the star I told thee of  
 Looked like a moon — the moon became a sun :  
 The sun — there came a hand between the sun and  
 us,

And its five fingers made five nights in air.  
 God tore the glory from the sun's broad brow,  
 And flung the flaming scalp off flat to Hell.  
 I saw Him do it ; and it passed close by us.  
 And then I heard a long, cold, skeleton scream,  
 Like a trumpet whining through a catacomb,  
 Which made the sides of that great grave shake in.  
 I saw the world and vision of the dead  
 Dim itself off — and all was life ! I woke,  
 And felt the high sun blazing on my brow  
 His own almighty mockery of woe,  
 And fierce and infinite laugh at things which cease.  
 Hell hath its light — and Heaven ; he burns with  
 both.

And my dream broke, like life from the last limb —  
 Quivering ; so loth I felt to let it go,  
 Just as I thought I had caught sight of Heaven.  
 It came to nought, as dreams of Heaven on earth  
 Do always.

LUCIFER. It is time we part again.

ELISSA. Farewell, then, gentle stars ! To-  
 night, farewell !

For we all part at once. It is thus the bright  
 Visions and joys of youth break up — but they  
 For ever. When ye shine again I will  
 Be with ye ; for I love ye next to him.  
 To all, adieu ! When shall I see thee next ?

LUCIFER. Lady, I know not.

ELISSA.

Say !

LUCIFER.

Never ! perchance.

ELISSA. There is but one immortal in the world  
 Who need say — never !

LUCIFER.

What if I were he ?



ELISSA. But thou art not he ; and thou shalt  
not say it.

Stars rise and set — rise, set, and rise again  
In their sublime-like beauty through all time.

Why should not we, too, ever meet, like them ?

LUCIFER. I see no beauty — feel no love — all  
things  
Are unlovely.

ELISSA. O earth ! be deaf ; and Heaven !  
Shut thy blue eye. He doth blaspheme the world.  
Dost not love me ?

LUCIFER. Love thee ? Ay ! Earth and Heaven  
Together could not make a love like mine.

ELISSA. When wilt thou come again ? To-  
morrow ?

LUCIFER. Well.  
And then I cross yon sea ere I return ;  
For I have matters in another land.  
Fear not.

ELISSA. When will our parting days be over ?

LUCIFER. Oh ! soon -- soon ! Think of me  
love, on the waters !  
Be happy ! and, for me, I love few things more  
Than at night to ride upon the broad-backed bil-  
low,

Seeing along and plunging on his precipitous path ;  
While the red moon is westering low away,  
And the mad waves are fighting for the stars,  
Like men for — what they know not.

ELISSA. Scorners !

LUCIFER. Saint !

ELISSA. The world hath much that's great ;  
and but one sea,  
Which is her spirit ; and to her it stands  
As the mad monarch passion to the heart —  
Fathomless, overwhelming, which receives  
The rivers of all feeling ; in whose depths  
Lie wrecked the riches of all nature. God,  
When He did make thee, moved upon thee then,

And left His impress there, the same even now  
As when the last wave leapt from Chaos. — Hark  
Nay, there is some one coming.

FESTUS *entering*. It is I.

I said we should be sure to meet thee here :  
For I have brought one who would speak with thee.

LUCIFER. Thanks ! and where is he ?

FESTUS. Yonder. He would not  
Come up so far as this.

LUCIFER. Who is it ?

FESTUS. I know not  
Who he may be, or what ; but I can guess.

LUCIFER. Remain a moment, love, till I return.

ELISSA. Nay — let me leave !

LUCIFER. Not yet : do not dislike him.  
He is a friend, and — more another time.

FESTUS. I am sorry, lady, to have caused this  
parting.

I fear I am unwelcome.

ELISSA. We were parting.

FESTUS. Then am I doubly sorry ; for I know  
It is the saddest and the sacredest  
Moment of all with those who love.

ELISSA. He is coming !  
So I forgive thee.

LUCIFER. I must leave thee, love :  
I know not for how long ; it rests with thee  
If it seem long at all. Eternity  
Might pass, and I not know it in thy love.

ELISSA. If to believe that I do love thee always  
May make time fly the fleeter —

LUCIFER. I'll believe it —  
Trust me. I leave this lady in thy charge,  
Festus. Be kind — wait on her — may he, love ?

ELISSA. Thou knowest. I receive him as thy  
friend  
Whenever he come.

FESTUS. I ask no higher title  
Than friend of the lovely and the generous.

ELISSA. Farewell!

FESTUS. Lady! I will not forget my trust.  
[*Apart*] The breeze which curls the lake's bright  
lip but lifts

A purer, deeper, water to the light;  
The ruffling of the wild bird's wing but wakes  
A warmer beauty and a downier depth.  
That startled shrink, that faintest blossom-blush  
Of constancy alarmed!—Love! if thou hast  
One weapon in that shining armory,  
The quiver on thy shoulder, where thou keep'st  
Each arrowy eye-beam feathered with a sigh;—  
If from that bow, shaped so like Beauty's lip,  
Strung with a string of pearls, thou wilt twang  
forth

But one dart, fair into the mark I mean, —

Do it, and I will worship thee for ever:

Yea, I will give thee glory and a name

Known, sunlike, in all nations. Heart, be still!

LUCIFER. This parting over —

ELISSA. Yes, this one — and then?

LUCIFER. Why, then another, may be.

ELISSA. No — no more.

I'll be unhappy if thou tell'st me so.

LUCIFER. Well, then — no more.

ELISSA. But when wilt thou come back?

LUCIFER. Almost before thou wishest. He will  
know.

ELISSA. I shall be always asking him. Fare-  
well! [Goes.]

LUCIFER. Shine on, ye stars! and light her to  
her rest;

Scarce are ye worthy for her handmaidens.

Why, Hell would laugh to learn I had been in love.

I have affairs in Hell. Wilt go with me?

FESTUS. Yes, in a month or two: — not just  
this minute.

LUCIFER. I shall be there and back again ere  
then.

FESTUS. Meanwhile I can amuse myself: so, go!  
But sometime I would fain behold thy home,  
And pass the gates of fire.

LUCIFER. And so thou shalt.  
My home is everywhere where spirit is.  
All things are as I meant them. Fare thee well.

[Goes.

FESTUS. The strongest passion which I have is  
honor:  
I would I had none: it is in my way.

SCENE — *Everywhere.*

LUCIFER and FESTUS.

FESTUS. Why, earth is in the very midst of  
Heaven!  
And space, though void of things, feels full of God.  
Hath space no limit?

LUCIFER. None to thee. Yet, if  
Infinite, it would equal God; and that  
To think of is most vain.

FESTUS. And yet if not  
Infinite how can God exist therein?

LUCIFER. I say not.

FESTUS. No. So soon when placed beside  
The infinite, the poor immortal fails.

LUCIFER. Space is God's space: Eternity is  
His  
Eternity; His, Heaven. He only holds  
Perfections which are but the impossible  
To other beings.

FESTUS. We are things of time.

LUCIFER. With God time is not. Unto Him all is  
Present Eternity. Worlds, beings, years,  
With all their natures, powers, and events,  
The range whereof when making He ordains,  
Unfold themselves like flowers. He foresees  
Not, but sees all at once. Time must not be

Contrasted with Eternity: 'tis not  
 A second of the everlasting year.  
 Perfections, although infinite with God,  
 Are all identical; as much of Him —  
 And holy is His mercy, merciful  
 His wisdom, wise His love, and kind his wrath —  
 As form, extension, parts, are requisites  
 Of matter. Spirit hath no parts. It is  
 One substance, whole and indivisible,  
 Whatever else. Souls see each other clear  
 At one glance, as two drops of rain in air  
 Might look into each other, had they life.  
 Death does away disguise. Even here I feel  
 Among these mighty things, that, as I am,  
 I am akin to God; — that I am part  
 Of the use universal, and can grasp  
 Some portion of that reason in the which  
 The whole is ruled and founded; — that I have  
 A spirit nobler in its cause and end,  
 Lovelier in order, greater in its powers,  
 Than all these bright immensities — how swift!  
 And doth creation's tide for ever flow,  
 Nor ebb with like destruction? World on world,  
 Are they for ever heaping up, and still  
 The mighty measure never full?

LUCIFER.

To act

Is power's habit; alway to create,  
 God's; which, thus ever causing worlds, to Him  
 Nought cumbrous more than new down to a wing,  
 Aye multiplies at once my power and pain.  
 I have seen many frames of being pass.  
 This generation of the universe  
 Will soon be gathered to its grave. These worlds,  
 Which bear its sky-pall, soon will follow thine.  
 I, both. All things must die.

FESTUS.

What are ye orbs?

The words of God — the Scriptures of the skies?  
 For words with Him cannot be passing, nor  
 Less real, vast, or glorious, than yourselves.

The world is a great poem, and the worlds  
The words it is writ in, and we souls the thoughts.  
Ye cannot die.

LUCIFER. Think not on death. Here all  
Is life, light, beauty. Harp not so on death.

FESTUS. I cannot help me, spirit! Chide no  
more.

As who dare gaze the sun, doth after see  
Betwixt him and else a dark sun in his eye;  
So I, once having braved my burning doom,  
See nought beside — or that in every thing.  
Hark, what is that I hear?

LUCIFER. An angel weeping —  
Earth's guardian angel. She is ever weeping.

FESTUS. See where she flies, spirit-torn, round  
the heavens,  
Like a fore-feel of madness about the brain.

ANGEL OF EARTH. Stars, stars!  
Stop your bright cars!  
Stint your breath —  
Repent ere worse —  
Think of the death  
Of the universe.  
Fear doom, and fear,  
The fate of your kin-sphere.  
As a corse in the tomb,  
Earth! thou art laid in doom:  
The worm is at thy heart.  
I see all things part: —  
The bright air thicken,  
Thunder-stricken:  
Birds from the sky  
Shower like leaves:  
Streamlets stop  
Like ice on leaves:  
The sun go blind:  
Swoon the wind  
On the high hill top —

Swoon and die :  
Earth rear off her cities  
As a horse his rider ;  
And still, with each death-strain,  
Her heart-wound tear wider :  
The lion roar and die  
With his eye-balls on the sky :  
The eagle scream  
And drop like a beam :  
Men crowd and cry,  
Out on this deathful dream !  
A low dull sound —  
'Tis the march of many bones  
Under ground ;  
Up ! and they fling,  
Like a fly's wing,  
Off them the gray grave-stones ;  
They sit in their biers —  
Father and mother,  
Man and wife,  
Sister and brother,  
As in life ;  
Lady and lover —  
Love all over.  
Their flesh re-appears —  
Their hearts beat —  
Their eyes have tears :  
Woe ! woe !  
Do they speak ?  
Stir ? No !  
Tongues were too weak,  
Save to repeat  
Woe !  
But they smile  
In a while ;  
For to wipe from His word  
The dust of years,  
He comes ! he comes ! the Lord,  
Man-God, reappears ;

To bless, and to save  
 From death and the grave —  
 To redeem and deliver  
 For ever and ever !  
 The dead rise —  
 Death dies.  
 Go, Time, and sink  
 Thy great thoughts in the sea !  
 And quench thy red link !  
 Let him flutter to rest  
 On thy God-nursing breast,  
 Eternity !  
 Mother Eternity !  
 What is for me ?

FESTUS. Poor angel ! Ah ! it is the good who  
 suffer.

Look ! like a cloud, she has wept herself away.  
 What of this world we view, and all yon worlds ?  
 If God made not all things from nothing, how  
 Is He creator ? Something must exist  
 If otherwise, eternal with Himself ;  
 And all things had not origin in Him.

LUCIFER. He made all things of Him. The  
 visible world  
 Is as the Christ of nature ; God the maker  
 In matter made self-manifest through time.  
 All things are formed of all things — all of God.  
 The world is made of wonders. Every day  
 Is born a new creation. Every orb  
 Hath its revealed word ; and every race  
 Of Being hath its judgment, or shall have.

FESTUS. Are all these worlds, then, stocked  
 with souls like man's —  
 Free, fallible, and sinful ?

LUCIFER. Ay, they are.  
 All creature-minds, like man's, are fallible.  
 The seraph who in Heaven highest stands  
 May fall to ruin deepes' God is mind —



Pure, perfect, sinless. Man imperfect is —  
 Momently sinning. Evil then results  
 From imperfection. The idea of good  
 Is owned in imperfection's lowest form.  
 God would not, could not, make aught wholly ill,  
 Nor aught not like to err. Man never was  
 Perfect nor pure, or he would be so now.  
 Thy nature hath some excellences — these  
 Oft thwarted by low lusts and wicked wills.  
 What then? They are necessitate in kind,  
 As change in nature, or as shade to light.  
 No darkness hath the sun — no weakness God:  
 These only be the faulty qualities  
 Of secondary natures — planets, men.  
 God hath no attributes unless To Be  
 Be one: 't would mix Him with the things He hath  
 made.

God is all God, as life is that which lives.  
 I am a mighty spirit, and yet I  
 Am but to God what lightning is to light:  
 Lightning slays one thing — light makes all things  
 live.

Bear, then, thy necessary ills with grace;  
 No positive estate or principle  
 Is Evil — debtor wholly for its form  
 And measure to defect — defect to good.  
 Good's the sole positive principle in the world;  
 It is only thus, that what God makes, He loves —  
 And must: the others are but off-shoots. Ill  
 Is limited. One cannot form a scheme  
 For universal evil; not even I.

FESTUS. Can imperfection from perfection  
 come?

Can God make aught defective?

LUCIFER. How aught else?  
 There are but three proportions in all things —  
 The greater — equal — less. God could not make  
 A God above Himself, nor equal with —  
 By nature and necessity the Highest;

So, if He make, it must be lesser minds  
 Little and less from angels down to men,  
 Whose natures are imperfect, as His own  
 Must be all-perfect. These two states are not,  
 Except as whole unto its parts, opposed ;  
 And evil is itself no ill unless  
 Creation be.

FESTUS. Is God the cause of evil ?

LUCIFER. So far as evil comes from imperfec-  
 tion,  
 And imperfection from the things He hath made,  
 And what He hath made from His will to make.

FESTUS. Oh ! let me rest, be it but a moment's  
 pause !  
 This endless light-like journey wearies me.  
 Remember still my spirit toils in dust —  
 A dark, close cloud.

LUCIFER. Alight, then, on this orb.  
 I am not wearied : I will watch by thee.  
 He sleeps — he dreams. How far men see in  
 dreams !

In dreams they can accomplish worlds of things :  
 The heart then suffers a fusion of all feeling  
 Back to its youthful hours of innocence,  
 And nakedness, and paradise ; ere yet  
 The world had wound a perishing garb around it ;  
 While yet its God came down and spake to it.  
 Such and so great are dreams. My might, my  
 being

To him is but a dream's. And could a state  
 To come fill up their dream-stretched minds, they  
 might

Be gods. And may it not be so ? Then man  
 Is worth my ruining. What does he dream ?  
 With all the sway his spirit now exerts  
 O'er time, space, thought, it is but a shadowy  
 sway,

Light as a mountain shadow on a lake.

Mine is the mountain's self. A touch would shake

To nought whatever his soul now feels or acts ;  
 But not a world-quake could touch aught of mine  
 Thus much we differ. I will not envy man.  
 Power alone makes being bearable.  
 And yet this dream-power is mind-power — real :  
 All things are real : fiction cannot be.  
 A thought is real as the world — a dream  
 True as all God doth know — with whom all is  
     true.

The deep, dense sleep of half-dead exhaustedness !  
 Would I could feel it. Ah ! he wakes at last.

FESTUS. Oh ! I have dreamed a dream so  
     beautiful !

Methought I lay as it were here ; and, lo !  
 A spirit came and gave me wings of light,  
 Which thrice I waved delighted. Up we flew  
 Sheer through the shining air, far past the sun's  
 Broad blazing disk, — past where the great great  
     snake

Binds in his bright coil half the host of Heaven, —  
 Past thee, Orion ! who, with arm uplift,  
 Threatening the throne of God, dost ever stand  
 Sublimely impious ; and thy mighty mace  
 Whirling on high, down from its glorious seat  
 Drops, crushed and shattered, many a shining  
     world.

And so the brave and beautiful of old  
 Believed thou wast a giant made of worlds :  
 And they were right, if thus they bodied out  
 The immortal mind ; for it hath starlike beauty,  
 And worldlike might ; and is as high above  
 The things it scorns, and will make war with God,  
 Though He gave it earth and Heaven, and arms  
     to win

Them both ; and, spite of lust and pride, to earn  
     them.

And now thy soul informs yon hundred stars,  
 As mine my limbs — well, 'tis a noble end.  
 What now to thee be mortal maid or goddess ?

Look ! she who fled thee once, now loves and longs  
To clasp thee to her cold and beamy breast.  
Pine moon ! thou art as far below him now,  
As once she was above thee, thou of the world-belt !  
And she who had thee, and who knew thee god,  
Died of her boast, and lies in her own dust.  
And she who loved thee, the young blushy Morning,  
Who caught thee in her arms, and bore thee off  
Far o'er the lashing seas to a lonely isle,  
Where she might pleasure longer and in secret —  
That love undid thee ; and it is so now :  
Whether the beauty seek, or flee, or have,  
'Tis a like ill — this beauty doubly mortal.  
What though the moon with madness slew thee there,  
Let me believe it was within the arms  
That loved thee even in the stroke of death,  
And that there snapped the lightning link of life.  
Kill, but not conquer, man nor mind may gods.  
Thou image of the Almighty error, man !  
Banished and banned to Heaven, by a weak world,  
Which makes the minds, it cannot master gods.  
And thou, the first and greatest of half-gods,  
Which they in olden time did star together  
To an idolatrous immortality ;  
Who nationalized the Heavens, and gave all stars  
Unto the spirits of the good and brave,  
Forestalling God by ages — wondrous men !  
And if — beguiled by wine, and the low wiles  
Thou wouldst not creep to meet, and a drunken  
sleep,  
Like to high noon in the midst of all his might,  
Close by the brink of immortality —  
The deep dominions of thy sea-sire, thou  
Didst lose thy light by kings who hate the great,  
Thou only hadst to stand up to the sun,  
And gain again thine eyes. So the great king,  
The world, the tyrant we elect, in vain  
Puts out the eyes of mind : it looks to God,  
And reaps its light again. Wherefore, revenge !

Out with the sword ! the world will run before thee,  
 Orion ! belted giant of the skies !  
 Thou with the treble strain of godhood in thee !  
 March ! there is nought to hinder thee in Hea-  
 ven : —

Past that great sickle saved for one day's work,  
 When He who sowed shall reap Creation's field ; —  
 Past those high diademed orbs which show to man  
 His crown to come ; — up through the starry strings  
 Of that high harp close by the feet of God,  
 Which He, methought, took up and struck, till  
 Heaven,

In love's immortal madness, rang and reeled ;  
 The stars fell on their faces ; and, far off,  
 The wild world halted — shook his burning mane —  
 Then, like a fresh-blown trumpet blast, went on,  
 Or like a god gone mad. On, on we flew,  
 I and the spirit, far beyond all things  
 Of measure, motion, time, and aught create ;  
 Where the stars stood on the edge of the first noth-  
 ing,

And looked each other in the face and fled, —  
 Past even the last long starless void, to God ;  
 Whom straight I heard, methought, commanding  
 thus :

Immortal ! I am God. Hie back to earth,  
 And say to all, that God doth say — Love God !

LUCIFER. God visits men a dreaming : I, awake.

FESTUS. And my dream changed to one of  
 general doom.

Wilt hear it ?

LUCIFER. Ay, say on ! It is but a dream.

FESTUS. God made all mind and motion cease ;  
 and, lo !

The whole was death and peace. An endless time  
 Obtained, in which the power of all made failed.  
 God bade the worlds to judgment, and they came —  
 Pale, trembling, corpse-like. To the souls therein  
 Then spake the Maker : Deathless spirits, rise !

And straight they thronged around the throne.

His arm

The Almighty then uplift, and smote the worlds  
Once, and they fell in fragments like to spray,  
And vanished in their native void. He shook  
The stars from Heaven like rain-drops from a  
bough;

Like tears they poured adown creation's face.  
Spirit and space were all things. Matter, death,  
And time, left even not a wake to tell  
Where once their track o'er being. God's own light  
Undarkened and unhindered by a sun,  
Glowed forth alone in glory. And through all  
A clear and tremulous sense of God prevailed,  
Like to the blush of love upon the cheek,  
Or the full feeling lightening through the eye,  
Or the quick music in the chords of harps.  
God judged all creatures unto bliss or woe,  
According to their deeds, and faith, and His  
Own will: and straight the saved upraised a voice  
Which seemed to emulate eternity  
In its triumphant over-blessedness.

The lost leapt up and cursed God to His face —  
A curse might make the sun turn cold to hear;  
And thee, in all thy burning glory, tremble,  
In front of all thine angels, like a chord.  
Rage writhed each brow into a changeless scowl.  
Madly they mocked at God, and dared His eye,  
Safe in their curse of deathlessness. To Hell  
They hied like storms; and, cursing all things, each  
Soul wrapped him in his shroud of fire for aye,  
With one long, loud howl, which seemed to deafen  
Heaven —

And then I woke.

LUCIFER.

A wild, fantastic dream  
A mere mirage of mind! Come, let us leave:  
We have seen enough of this world.

FESTUS.

Lift me up, then  
World upon world, how they come rolling on!

But none that I see are so fair as earth :  
There is so much to love that is purely earth.  
Now I could wander all day in the wood,  
Where nature, like a sibyl, writes the fate  
Of all that live on her red forest leaves :  
And have no other aim than wandering  
Within that wood, and wind my arms around  
Its gray, gaunt trunks, and think and feel to them ;  
While the wind, sinking, moans over the earth  
Like a giant over some dead captive dame,  
Whom death had saved from madness and his  
love ;—

Could tramp across the brown and springy moor,  
And over the purple ling, and never tire; —  
Could look upon the ripple of a river,  
Or on a tree's long shadow down a hill,  
For a whole summer's day, wishing the sun  
Would drink my soul up to him as he draws  
Dew from the earth. These things are in my  
mind.

And suns and systems cannot drive them out.  
Dost ravage all these worlds?

LUCIFER. Ay, all mine own.

Where spirit is, there evil ; and the world  
Is full of me as ocean is of brine.

FESTUS. God is all perfect; man imperfect.  
Thou?

LUCIFER. I am the imperfection of the whole —  
The pitch profoundest of the fallible.  
Myself the all of evil which exists —  
The ocean heaped into a single surge.

FESTUS. O God! why wouldst Thou make the universe?

LUCIFER. Child ! quench yon suns ; strip death  
of its decay ;

Men of their follies, — Hell of all its woe!  
These, if thou didst, thou couldst not banish me.  
I am the shadow which Creation casts  
From God's own light. — But here we are, at Hell.

Hark to the thunderous roaring of its fires !  
 Yet ere we further pass — stop ! dost thou shrink ?  
 FESTUS. At nought — not I ! Come on, fiend !  
 follow me !

SCENE — *Hell.*

LUCIFER and FESTUS *entering.*

LUCIFER. Behold my world ! Man's science  
 counts it not  
 Upon the brightest sky. He never knows  
 How near it comes to him ; but, swathed in clouds,  
 As though in plumed and palled state, it steals  
 Hearselike and thieflike round the universe,  
 For ever rolling and returning not —  
 Robbing all worlds of many an angel soul —  
 With its light hidden in its breast, which burns  
 With all concentrate and superfluent woe.  
 Nor sun nor moon illume it, and to those  
 Which dwell in it, not live, the starry skies  
 Have told no time since first they entered there.  
 Worlds have been built, and to their central base  
 Ruined and razed to the last atom ; they  
 Of neither know, nor can — unconscious, save  
 To agony — nought knowing even of God  
 But His omnipotence to execute  
 Torture on those He hath in wrath endowed  
 With Heaven's own immortality, to make  
 Them feel what woe the Almighty can inflict,  
 And the all-feeble suffer, and not be  
 Annihilated as they would. Be sure  
 That this is Hell. The blood which hath embrued  
 Earth's breast, since first men met in war, may  
 hope  
 Yet to be formed again and reascend,  
 Each drop its individual vein : the foam-bubble,  
 Sun-drawn out of the sea into the clouds,



To scale the cataract down which it fell,  
 Or seek its primal source in earth's hot heart ;  
 But for the lost to rise to or regain  
 Heaven, or to hope it, is impossible.

FESTUS. Are all these angels then, or men, or  
 both ?

Or mortals of all worlds ?

LUCIFER. Immortals, all.

FESTUS. What numbers !

LUCIFER. All are spirits fallen through sin  
 At various periods of eternity ;  
 And not by one offence, to one same doom,  
 And at one moment, did they down from Heaven  
 Like to the rapid droppings of a shower ; —  
 No ! each distinct as thunder-peals, they fell ;  
 Save those that fell with me. With me began  
 Sin even in Heaven ; with me but sin remains.  
 Once I alone was Hell. Behold my fruits !

FESTUS. What do yon fiends ! some 'mong  
 them look like mortals :

Their hearts shine through them like live coals  
 through ashes.

They look like madmen gone delirious.

Oh ! horror ! let me hence !

LUCIFER. Nay, hear.

FESTUS. I hear

A strain incongruous as a merry dirge,  
 Or sacramental bacchanal might be.

LUCIFER. Men are they not, but devils at the  
 best ;

And I would have thee mark them.

FESTUS. I attend.

FIENDS. Fill the bowl ! it burns but blackly .

Fill it up with living fire :

Drunkard ! hadst thou sipped as slackly

As thou pourest — pour it higher !

Then thou hadst ne'er with me been bound

In Hell to dwell ;

But let the burning health go round —  
Drunkard! — to Hell!

Fill! it drinks but cold and leadly;  
Fill it up with bubbling fire:  
Drink! 'tis nothing half so deadly  
As thy soul when living, Liar!  
Or thou hadst ne'er with me been bound  
In Hell to dwell;  
But let the burning health go round —  
Liar! — to Hell!

Fill! it boils but sick and sadly;  
Fill! some more immortal fire:  
Murderer! drain it quickly, madly,  
As the stab thou gav'st thy sire!  
Or thou hadst ne'er with me been bound  
In Hell to dwell;  
But let the burning health go round —  
Murderer! — to Hell!

FESTUS. Nay, let me quit! now know I what  
Hell is.

What are they — drunkards, liars, murderers?

LUCIFER. Can wine destroy the soul? or Hell's  
fierce flames

Feed upon holy water, wherewith Priest  
Baptizeth sinless babe? Can liar make  
God lie? or cheat his neighbor of his soul?  
No! God's salvation waiteth not on man's  
Weak will nor ministry; nor man's perdition  
Upon his brother's hatred or neglect.  
Can murderer slay the soul? or suicide  
Drug immortality? Their sin is great,  
And is eternally condemned of God;  
But of their nature, the which Death destroys,  
Their own as well as victim's recompense.  
When Time hath overcome the ruin wrought  
Upon their hearts who loved the dead, that they

Who suffered most have most forgiven ill, —  
 Shall the dead slay the living ceaselessly? —  
 Shall God, who is all Love, reverse, reserve,  
 Here in Hell, ages afterwards, those crimes?  
 And because man hath sinned a moment, crown  
 All crime in instituting punishment  
 Unending for an instantaneous wrong?  
 Shall that be justice? It were more than ven-  
 geance.

Yet such the Deity men fable, such  
 The Hell whereto they doom themselves.

FESTUS.

No more

The world is all-sufficient for itself;  
 And Hell and Heaven are not the equivalents  
 Of earth's iniquities and righteousness.

LUCIFER. Can those who are idolaters defraud  
 God of His worship? who adore the world,  
 Gold, or as savages, the stars and Heaven,  
 And Elements of Earth? None worship Him,  
 But with and in His spirit. Nought attains  
 His love but that proceedeth from it first.  
 His praise is everlasting in all worlds  
 And starry ages of eternity.

Can they who covet the world's worthiest goods,  
 Wealth, honor, power, knowledge, rank, or aught  
 Merit eternal torment for a sin

Wherewith is bound the world's prosperity  
 And human glory? Nought eternal is  
 But that which is of God. All pain and woe  
 Are therefore finite. Can the robber steal  
 From God or Heaven a thing, or from the soul?  
 Or the deflowerer desecrate and undo  
 The espousals of the spirit with its Lord?  
 How weak is virtue, then, and vice, how vain!  
 How wretched human righteousness — and sin,  
 How despicable to the soul assured,  
 Since neither hath a recompense. The one  
 By Him destroyed who can alone unmake  
 That He hath made; the other perfected,

United, Deified in God the Son  
 With His own nature. Infinite Universe!  
 Thou hast no like, no second favorite  
 To mortal man of God's.

FESTUS. What mean the words  
 Of yonder fiendish chant, there?

LUCIFER. Words and shapes  
 Are equally as soon assumed by spirits.  
 What mean my words to thee?

FESTUS. In sooth, I know not.  
 I am constrained to hear them.

LUCIFER. As for these! —  
 It is a fire of soul in which they burn,  
 And by which they are purified from sin —  
 Rid of the grossness which had gathered round  
 them,

And burned again into their virgin brightness.  
 All things work round like worlds. The orb of Hell  
 Hath yet its place in Heaven as thine and all.  
 But, as a spiritual quality,  
 As spirit is the substance of all matter —  
 Hidden or open, heatlike doth inhere  
 In all existence — or for good or ill.  
 Look at yon spirit.

FESTUS. What was it brought thee hither?

SPIRIT. I was an angel once, ages ago;  
 But doing good and glorifying not  
 God, who empowered me, He sent me here  
 To fire the proud spot from my heart.

FESTUS. And when  
 Wilt thou do this, and own thou hast wronged God?

SPIRIT. I do repent me, and confess it now.  
 I will not ask God now to let me be  
 What once I was; but might I only sit  
 A footstool for some other worthier far  
 Who owneth now my throne, I should be happy —  
 Far happier than I was in my proud prayers,  
 That God would give me worlds on worlds to  
 govern,

And in receiving all their prayers and blessings.  
O God! remember me! O save me!

FESTUS.

See!

I do believe there is an angel coming  
This way from Heaven.

SPIRIT. He comes to me — to me!

ANGEL. Hail, sufferer!

SPIRIT. Sinner.

ANGEL. God hath bade me bring thee  
Away to Heaven; thy throne is kept for thee;  
And all the hosts of Heaven are on the wing  
To welcome thee again.

SPIRIT. I dare not come:

I am not worthy Heaven.

ANGEL. But God will make thee.

FESTUS. Spirit — farewell! and may we meet  
again

In better time and place.

SPIRIT. Glory to God!

I go — farewell! — and I will speak of thee.

But, oh! repent! Be humble, and despair not.

*[Angel and Spirit rise.]*

LUCIFER. Oh! think, when all are judged,  
what hosts of souls

Will then be mine at last! — what wings of fire!  
Deemest thou yet as mortal?

FESTUS. This is not

As thou didst speak of Hell, nor as I judged.

LUCIFER. Hell is the wrath of God — His hate  
of sin.

God hates man's nature; be it said of his  
As of all beings!

FESTUS. How hate that he hath made?

LUCIFER. The infinite opposition of Perfection  
To imperfection leaves nor choice nor mean.  
Thus the demeanor of thy world grieved God,  
Till its destruction pleased Him, and its name  
Was struck out of the starry scroll; thus all  
Creation worketh infinite grief in Time.

When human nature is most perfect, then  
 Its fall is nearest, as of ripest fruit.  
 Man's pleasure in the world — to both of **which**  
 His nature is made fit — is not of God,  
 Save theirs on whom His spirit He bestows,  
 As in a twilight between earth and Heaven,  
 A promissory Being unfulfilled —  
 But still how glorious to the stone-blind world.  
 This is in time, but in eternity,  
 He raises, remakes, adds to all He made  
 His own immortalizing love and grace,  
 Which keeps them ever pure as is the sea,  
 And incorruptible in godly will.  
 The bliss of God and man originates,  
 Unites, and ends in self — in Deity :  
 To whom is neither motive — good — nor end  
 Greater or less, or other than Himself.

FESTUS. But how can the Creator glory find  
 In Hell, or creature, good — if God be Love,  
 Or man a being salvable? Oh, say!  
 But who comes hither?

LUCIFER. It is the Son of God! —  
 Omnipotent! before whose steadfast feet  
 The thrones of Heaven, which hoped to have o'er-  
     thrown thine,  
 But now all strengthless, hopeless, Godless here,  
 Rose once and ebb'd forever, even these  
 Deep in their fiery abyss of woe  
 Unbent, unbettered will again rush forth  
 In all the might of madness and despair,  
 To prove their hatred of Thee and Thy love.  
 Salvation is the scorn of Angels here.  
 What dost Thou here, not having sinned?

SON OF GOD. For men  
 I bore with death — for fiends I bear with sin;  
 And death and sin are each the pain I pay [save  
 For the love which brought me down from Heaven to  
 Both men and devils; and the Father makes  
 And orders every instant what is best.

FESTUS. This is God's truth ; Hell feels a moment cool. [His love,—

SON OF GOD. Hell is His justice — Heaven is Earth His long-suffering: all the world is but A quality of God; therefore come I To temper these — to give to justice, mercy ; And to long-suffering, longer. Heaven is mine By birthright. Lo ! I am the heir of God : He hath given all things to me. I have made The earth mine own, and all yon countless worlds, And all the souls therein ; yea, soul by soul, And world by world, have I redeemed them all — One by one through eternity, or given The means of their salvation : why not, then, Hell ?

FESTUS. Every spirit is to be redeemed.

SON OF GOD. Mortal ! it has : the best and worst need one

And same salvation. There is nothing final In all this world but God ; therefore these souls Whom I see here, and pity for their woes — But for their evil more — these need not be Inhelled for ever ; for although once, twice, thrice, On earth or here they may have put God from them —

Disowned His prophets — mocked His angels — slain

His Son in his mortality — and stormed His curses back to Him ; yet God is such, That He can pity still ; and I can suffer For them, and save them. Father ! I fear not, But by Thy might I can save Hell from Hell. Fiends ! hear ye me ! Why will ye burn for ever ? Look ! I am here all water : come and drink, And bathe in me ! baptize your burning souls In the pure well of life — the spring of God. I come to save all souls who will be saved. Come, ye immortal fallen ! rise again ! There is a resurrection for the dead,

And for the second dead. And though ye died,  
 And fell, and fell again, and again died —  
 There is a life to come, a rise for all, —  
 A life to come for ever, and a rise  
 Perpetual as the spring is in the year.

A FIEND. Thou Son of God! what wilt thou  
 here with us?

Have we not Hell enough without Thy presence?  
 Remorse, and always strife, and hate of all,  
 I see around me: is it not enough?

Why wilt Thou double it with Thy mild eyes?

SON OF GOD. Spirit! I come to save thee.

FIEND. How can that be?

SON OF GOD. Repent! God will forgive thee  
 then; and I

Will save thee; and the Holy One shall hallow.  
 Repent thou, for thy judgment is at hand;  
 But if thou slurrest over these means and times,  
 Which have been given thee for repentance here —  
 Tremble! This Hell is nothing to thy next.  
 Believest thou I can save thee?

FIEND.

Son of God!

I do believe it. Let me worship.

SON OF GOD.

Come!

Come to me! Lo! I will but touch thy brow,  
 And make thee bright as morning is in Heaven.

SPIRIT. Angel of light I am again! Look here!  
 This — this is to be saved!

LUCIFER.

I like it not.

SON OF GOD. Hear! ye immortals dead! this I  
 can do.

Repent! and be all angels.

SPIRIT.

Oh, believe!

He is God. Worship Him! He comes to save us.

LUCIFER. Stand thou beside me: I will speak to  
 them;

Or they will sure believe Him. Hell! oh Hell!  
 Powers of perdition! thrones of darkness! — hear  
 Wrath, ruin, torment! — hear me! It is I!



Thanks, fiends ! I know ye hate me well, and may :  
I tempted, ruined, damned ye every one.  
Were ye not proud, now, to be conquered by me ?  
But wherefore so supine ? Am I your lord ?  
Me do ye doubt ? or dare ye Him believe ?  
What is an angel dressed in shiny white ?  
Can I not make ye angels ? Ay ! and more :  
I cannot make ye less — nor ye yourselves —  
Nor God — nor Son of God. But hark to me !  
Be still, ye thunderblasts and hills of fire !  
Hell doth out-din itself. — Hell-hearted slaves !  
What are ye that I thus should toil for ye ?  
Who hardly earn the fire that burns ye up ?  
Power I have proffered, but ye have refused :  
Nothing is for ye but your fiery fate.  
Kingdoms I have prepared, and ye have spurned.  
Slaves ! slaves ! ye are too much at ease ! Ye leave  
Me single in the work of woe. I, sole,  
Go forth to sow destruction : I, alone,  
Reap ruin. Had ye been as I, ere now  
The universe had been all Hell ; and, for  
A pit, each fiend had had a world to rule.  
Rise ! Yet we'll play all hell against all Heaven.  
Up ! up ! and then at once we will battle God ;  
And hurling each his orb against the throne,  
Strange if we will not scatter it like sand.  
To reign is nothing half like to dethrone !  
Dethrone ! and each is greater then than God.  
And will ye, then, give up your hopes of Heaven,  
And entrance as young conquerors fresh from spoil,  
And choice of thrones won by your death-red hands,  
For pitiful repentance, like him yonder ?  
Forbid it ! all the prowess, pride, and pain  
Of Hell that we have borne with ! do ye not ?  
Meanwhile man's world is straight to be destroyed.  
Be glad ! be glad ! Earth's sons may soon be here.  
And here, as earnest of the truth I tell,  
Behold this earthling standing by my side !  
Speak to them, Festus.

FESTUS.

Nay, I dread them.

LUCIFER.

Speak!

Great spirits! he scarce is worthy to address ye,  
In that I cannot say he yet is damned.

FESTUS. But I am here; what reck's it how or  
why?

Ye care not, and I know not. It is fate:  
The will of God and him who sets me here;  
And which I question not. It must be good,  
Whether decreed that I be saved or lost.  
But I have poor pretensions for this place;  
And none, I hope, have worse that are to come.  
For I have never mocked the word of God,  
Nor torn it into fuel for my scorn:  
Nor doubted, saving tremblingly, His being: —  
His love to man — His right to be adored, —  
Never have hated, never wronged my race, —  
Deluded nor rejoiced in their delusion;  
Never have beckoned off the good from good —  
Never have mocked nor scattered hopes — nor e'er  
Have wasted hearts, nor desolated hearths;  
And if I have once, twice, as who hath not?  
Toyed with temptation, yet even he will say  
Who standeth there, that I have never given  
Up to his burning dalliance my soul.  
And yet he is my friend, the Evil one.  
And why is wondrous; judge ye wherefore too  
I have no malice, envy, nor revenge;  
None of those petty passions which bad hearts  
Scourge red into themselves — for passions are  
Sufferings — and which to nourish is his want;  
Wherein doth lie his power: these I have not.  
And, save enjoying earth, I have done never  
Aught that he could take part in. But he came  
From God he said, to give; and I believed; —  
Great spirits lie not — doubt not.

LUCIFER.

He says truth.

But it is not for him nor you to know  
The reason of my doings: it is the thing

Unfeared and unforethought which tempts, betrays.  
 It is I who bait the world to do its will.  
 As to this mortal, God hath sanctioned all  
 That I have done, or may do to the end ;  
 Which I have nought to do with. Son of God !  
 Go on redeeming ! — I will go on damning.  
 God ! go on making ! — I will go on marring.  
 Go on believing, man ! — I go on tempting.  
 Saint ! angel ! cherub ! seraph ! and archangel !  
 Go ye on blessing ! — I will go on cursing !  
 I now retrack my course to earth ; therein  
 To work out what remaineth of the fate  
 Of this man, and await his world's destruction.  
 What next may hap I care not.

FESTUS.

Let us hence !

LUCIFER. Where is He ?

FESTUS. There — see ! many do believe  
 Orb of perdition ! thou, too, shalt die out,  
 And thy red-sheeted flames shall fail for aye.  
 Thy palpitating piles of ruin, hot  
 With ever-active agony, and quick  
 With soul immortal, down whose midnight heights  
 The wrath of God in cataracts of fire  
 Precipitates itself unceasingly,  
 Shall rush into destruction as a steed  
 Rushes into the battle, there to die.  
 Thy quivering hills of black and bloody hue,  
 Death-breathing, shall collapse like lifeless lungs,  
 And end in air and ashes. Thou shalt be  
 Dashed from creation spark-like from a hand  
 Scarless : pass like a rolled syllable  
 Of midnight thunder from the coming day.  
 The river of all life, which flows through Heaven,  
 Shall yet reach thee and overflow thy flames ! —  
 Thou shalt no more vex God nor man ; nor all  
 The seekings of the soul shall hunt thee out.  
 Thy day is sometime over. Be it soon !  
 And thou the lost world which the world hath lost !

SCENE — *Colonnade and Lawn.*

## FESTUS and CLARA.

CLARA. What is it thou wilt tell me?

FESTUS. I have seen  
What ne'er again may be, nor e'er till now hath  
been.

CLARA. Where didst thou see — and what?

FESTUS. In space. He took me there,  
Of whom I oft have told thee. Midst in air  
Was God. I'll tell thee that he told the spheres;  
For the great family of the universe  
Round Him were gathered as a fire: but we  
Held back; and, saving God, none did us see.  
Though round his throne in sunny halo rolls  
A ceaseless, countless throng of sainted souls.

CLARA. Say on, love! Let me hear.

FESTUS. A sound, then, first  
I heard as of a pent-up flood just burst:  
It was the rush of God's world-winnowing wing;  
Which bowed the orbs as flowers are bowed by  
breath of spring.

And then a voice I heard, a voice sublime —  
To which the hoarded thunders of all time  
Pealing earth's death knell shall a whisper be —  
Saying these words — Where will ye worship me?  
Ay, where shall be your Maker's holy place?  
The Heaven of Heavens is poor before His face.  
How shall ye mete my temple, ye who die?  
Look! can ye span your God's infinity?  
Hear, mighty universe, thy Maker's voice!  
Let all thy myriad, myriad worlds rejoice!  
Lo! I, your Maker, do amid ye come,  
To choose my worship and to name my home.  
'This heard each sphere; and all throughout the sky  
Came crowding round. Our earth was rolling by,  
When God said to it — Rest! and fast it stood.  
With voice like winds through some wide olden  
wood.

Thus spake the One again : Behold, O Earth !  
Thy parent, God ! it is I who gave thee birth.  
With all my love I did thee once endow ;  
With all my mercy — and thou hast them now.  
But hear my words ! thou never lovedst me well,  
Nor fearedst my wrath : dreadst thou no longer  
Hell ?

Dream'st thou that guilt shall always mock those  
fires ?

That deathless death which Hell for aye expires ?  
Should all creation its rebellion raise,

I speak, and this broad universe doth blaze —  
Pass like a dew-drop 'neath mine angry rays —  
Blaze like the fat in sacrificial flame :

And that burned offering, when I come to claim,  
Its scorching, quenchless mass, all, I will pour  
Upon thy naked soul : — canst thou endure ?  
He spake ; and, as the fear-fraught words flew past,  
Earth fluttered like a dead leaf in their blast.

Am not I God ? Answer me ! Hope not thou,  
Impenitent, to ward my righteous blow.

Yet, come again ! my proffered mercy hear !  
Rejoice and sing ! sweet music in thine ear  
And peace I speak : seek but to be forgiven :  
Repent ! and thou shalt meet thy God in Heaven.

Go ! Cleanse thy brow from blood, thy heart from  
crime,

And on thy Saviour call while yet is time !

Now to this universe of pride and sin

I speak, ere yet I call mine angels in.

Draw nigh, ye worlds ! — and, lo ! their light did  
seem

Before His eye paled to a pearl's dull beam.

Attend ! said God — o'er all He lift his hand. —

Where will ye set my tent ? where shall my temple  
stand ?

And all were dumb. Distracting silence spread  
Throughou' that host as each were stricken dead.  
I made ye. I endowed ye. Ye are mine.

Then trembled out each orb : Thine, God ! for ever  
Thine !

All that ye have, within myself have I;  
God, am complete ; full inexhaustibly.  
I dwell within myself, and ye in me,  
Not in yourselves ; I have infinity.  
The every thing in all things is my throne ;  
Your might is my might, and your wealth mine own :  
'Tis by my power and sufferance that ye shine :  
I live in light and all your light is mine.  
Be dark ! said God. Night was. Each glowing  
sphere

Dulled. Night seemed every thing and everywhere,  
Save that in utter space a feeble flare  
Told that the pits of hell were sunken there.  
Shuddered in fear the universe the while,  
Till God again embraced it with a smile.  
And all things made were glad. Come now and  
hear,

Ye worlds ! said God, the truth I thus make clear :  
My words are mercy, wherefore should ye fear ?  
And straight, obedient to his sacred will,  
One great concentrate globe they crowd to fill ;  
Systems and suns pour forth their glowing urns ;  
Full in the face of God the glory burns.  
Hearken, thou host ! thy trembling hope to raise,  
I to all Being thus make plain my ways ; —  
God, the Creator, bade creation rise,  
And matter came in void like clouds in skies ;  
Lifeless and cold it spread throughout all space,  
And darkness dwelt and frowned upon its face :  
Chaos I bade depart this work of mine,  
And straight the mighty elements disjoin.  
Then light I lit ; then order I ordained,  
And put the dance of atoms to an end.  
Matter I brake, and scattered into globes,  
And clad ye each in green and growing robes :  
Your sizes, places, forms, I fixed with laws,  
And wrought the link between effect and cause.

Then formed I lives for each, which might inherit  
Will, reason, form, and power — not deathless spirit.  
Then I made spirits, things of heavenly worth,  
Deathless, Divine. Round these, from every earth,  
I gathered forms and features fit for love,  
Trust, pleasure, power, and all I could approve.  
To every spirit I disclosed my name,  
My love, my might, and whence all Being came :  
To deathless souls I righteously decreed  
Accountability for thought, word, deed.  
Then every orb complete, along the sky,  
In glory, beauty, order, harmony,  
I launched. Souls, worlds did every thing possess  
Which could a mortal and immortal bless.  
To all the hope of happier state was given —  
For all I keep one common boundless Heaven.  
Ye all have freedom, and ye all do sin,  
For ye are creatures : but ye all may win  
Life everlasting — everlasting joy,  
If ye do but the love of sin destroy :  
This only is offence ; for sin ye must  
Not by my will ; but weakness dwells with dust,  
Unless ye have sinned ye cannot enter Heaven.  
How shall a sinless creature be forgiven ?  
And by forgiveness only can ye claim  
Hope in my mercy, trust upon my name.  
I knew that ye would all to sin be given ;  
But I, even God, have paid your price to Heaven :  
And if ye will not journey on that way —  
The truth — the life — what do ye merit ? say !  
Death is the gate of life, and sin, of bliss :  
Mark the dread truth ! but mourn your deeds  
amiss.  
Cast off your guilt ! abandon folly's path !  
Turn to the Lord your God ere hell His wrath !  
Turn from your madness, wicked ones, and live !  
Take, take the bliss which God alone can give.  
God, the Creator, me all beings own —  
God, the Redeemer, I will still be known --

God, too, the Judge — the each — the three — ~~the~~  
one.

Again the Everlasting cried — Repent !

To bless or curse I am Omnipotent.

And what art thou, created Being ? Round

That world of worlds His arm the Almighty wound

The bright immensity He raised, and pressed,

All trembling, like a babe, unto His breast.

There, in the Father's bosom rose again,

Of filial love, the universal strain ;

Strong and exultant — blissful, pure, sublime,

It rolled, and thrilled, and swelled in notes unknown  
to time.

Think ye that I, who thus do ye maintain ;

Thus always cherish ye, or all were vain —

Ye all would drop into your native void,

If by my hand ye were not held and buoyed :

Think ye that I cannot uphold in Heaven,

In righteous state, the souls I have forgiven ?

Is this a weightier task ? with God, 't is one

To guide a sunbeam or create a sun —

To rule ten thousand thousand worlds or none.

Go, worlds ! said God, but learn, ere ye depart,

My favored temple is an humble heart ;

Therein to dwell I leave my loftiest skies —

There shall my holy of all holies rise !

He spake ; and swiftly, reverent to His will,

Sprang each bright orb on high its sphere to fill.

Glory to God ! they chanted as they soared —

Father Almighty ! be Thou all-adored.

Thou art the glory — we, Thine universe,

Serve but abroad Thy lustre to disperse.

Unsearchable, and yet to all made known !

The world at once Thy kingdom and Thy throne —

Pity us, God ! nor chase us quite away

Before Thy wrath, as night before the day

In Thee, our God, we live ; from Thee we  
came —

The feeble sparks of Thine eternal flame.



Thy breath from nothing filled us all at first,  
 And could again as soon the bubble burst.  
 In Thee, like motes in the sunbeam, we move ;  
 Glow in Thy light, and gladden in Thy love.  
 And midst this praise, earth was the only one  
 Sullen remained in that grand union  
 Of joy and harmony. Word spake she none.

CLARA. Earth only had been chidden.

FESTUS.

Not alone.

High o'er all height, God gat upon His throne.  
 Downwards He bent ; and, as a grain of sand,  
 He lifted up our globe. Then from His hand,  
 As 't were in pity, bowled the ingrate sphere,  
 Which rushed like ruin down its dark career.  
 And high the air's blue billows rolled and swelled  
 On many an island world mine eye beheld.

CLARA. And where and what is he, this mighty  
 friend,  
 Who to thee, human, thus his might doth lend ?  
 Who bore thee harmless, as thou sayst, through  
 space,  
 And brought thee front before thy Maker's face ?

FESTUS. I know not where he is. It is but at  
 times  
 That he is with me ; but he aye sublimes  
 His visits thus, by lending me his might  
 O'er things more bright than day, more deep than  
 night.

And he obeys me — whether good or ill  
 His or my object, he obeys me still.

CLARA. O Festus ! I conjure thee to beware  
 Lest thus the Evil one thy soul ensnare.

FESTUS. What ! may not a free spirit have pre-  
 ferred

A mortal to his heart — as thou thy bird  
 Lovest, because it singeth of the sky,  
 Although it is as far below thy soul  
 As I 'neath an archangel's majesty ?  
 God will protect the atom as the whole.

CLARA. Him, then, I pray : the spirit full must  
 share  
 The truths it feels with God Himself in prayer.  
 So guide us, God ! in all our works and ways,  
 That heart may feel, hand act, mouth show Thy  
 praise ;  
 That when they meet, who love, and when they  
 part,  
 Each may be high in hope, and pure in heart :  
 That they who have seen, and they who have but  
 heard  
 Of Thy great deeds, may both obey Thy word !

FESTUS. Unto the wise belongs the sphere of  
 light,  
 And to the spirit world-compelling might.  
 Yon sun, now setting in the golden main,  
 Shall count me his ere next he rise again.  
 Would that the earth had nothing fair to lure,  
 Nor being more to answer or endure !  
 But I foresee, fore-suffer. Bound to earth,  
 Wrecked in the deeps of Heaven, in Death's ex-  
 piring birth !

SCENE — *The Sun.*

FESTUS. Soul of the world, divine Necessity,  
 Servant of God, and master of all things !  
 Here, in the Heaven of light's eternal noon,  
 First see I all things clear : from end to end  
 The divine cycle of the soul of man ;  
 How spirit, soul, mind, life, flesh, feeling, mix.  
 And how, withal they each reciprocate,  
 As ocean, earth, air, fire, and wind ; how flow  
 The streams of feeling, and the cataracts  
 Of passion ; mine and mountain, this of pride,  
 And that of covetousness. Man I know ;  
 The human universe, and the divine  
 And central fate ; know all must be fulfilled

Of nature that there is ; of sin and strife,  
Peace, righteousness, change, self-delusion, self-  
Destruction, ere the earth can take new life,  
Or man become the minister of God.  
The world and man are just reciprocal,  
Yet contrary. Spirit invadeth sense  
And carries captive Nature. Be this true,  
All good is Heaven, and all ill is Hell.  
All things are means for greater good. Thou, Sun,  
Art just a giant slave, a god in bonds.  
The summit-flower of all created life  
Is its union with Divinity,  
In essence, yet existence separate.  
High o'er my own existence, here then I  
Look down upon the nature and the earth,  
Yet mine, whose separate and combined ends  
Have still to be evolved. How wide men miss,  
While in the lower world of soul and sense,  
In aiming even at life-ruling Truth —  
Formless as air, simple and one as Death.  
If Heaven and all its stars depend on earth,  
Then may eternity on time ; — not else.  
But since now earth is as a crumb of Heaven,  
And time an atom of eternity,  
Neither depends upon the other, both  
One essence being emanant from God,  
Whose flowings forth are aye and infinite,  
And radiant as the rivers of the skies.  
One only truth hath consequence, God's truth  
Inspired in man. Mere human truth  
Or falsehood matters not. The world may act,  
Believe, or bless, or curse, as best it lists.  
Yet men expend life, solemnizing points  
Uncertain as the site of Paradise  
And area of Hades. Not the less,  
There is no disappointment we endure  
One half so great as that we are to ourselves.  
We make our hearts the centres of all hopes,  
All powers, all rewards, remembering not

That centres are imaginary points.  
Imaginary circles only too  
Are perfect ; therefore, draw life as we may,  
Round as a world, or as an atom round,  
And pure as virgin visionary's dream,  
Or perfect faith's regenerative wave —  
It fails to match the true invisible  
Whereof we labor. It is come to this.  
One state of life with me hath passed away.  
Aught henceforth that may matter be of doubt  
To me is matter of indifference. I  
Love only that is certain. Me no more  
The spirits of the bright invisible  
Shall throng round as the winds some mountain-  
top ;  
Nor watery lightfulness of ghostly eyes,  
Belonging heavenly forms informed with light,  
Impose their spell of record under pain.  
The inspiration quits me — it is gone —  
Like a retreating army from the land  
Which it hath wasted — the long gleaming mass,  
Snakelike, at last hath wound itself away,  
And left me weak and wretched. None again  
Of all the starry tribes of shining mien —  
Swifter than undulations of the light,  
A million in a moment, multiform  
As atomies of air, shall visit me ;  
Their word of leave is taken back — henceforth,  
Restricted to perfection, earth they quit.  
True, albeit, I loved them more than life ;  
I felt myself made sacred by their touch : —  
But they are gone, and there is nought on earth  
Left acceptable. Fiery shadows, hence !  
I have outbraved ye once. It matters not.  
I have left all for one ; Truth's countless rays  
For Truth itself ; the mean for the supreme,  
The dubitable for the throned power.  
Yet thus I cannot rest. The mightiest sphere

Is not for man. The elements of mind  
And matter are proportioned in all worlds;  
The father they and mother of all things.  
And earth hath favor over crowds of stars.  
I must reseek earth. Still what boots it now,  
To plunge in pleasure or to passion bow,  
The very lion-honey of the heart  
Which dwelleth in corruption? Yet, perchance,  
'Twere wisdom to extract it while we may.  
The oak, as lily, feels the lightest breeze.  
The ineradicable seed is sown  
Of love in life, and tide-like 't will have way  
O'er the impalaced prisoner of the breast.  
The thirst for power and knowledge still exist,  
And meet with dizzy mixture in the brain.  
If suffering could expiate offence,  
They who have most enjoyed have most atoned,  
It may be, humanly; — but it cannot.  
Earth-like, the heart must undergo all change  
Ere the superior life be formed therein,  
The chastity of heart which loves but God.  
Life's sensuous warmth, the spirit's holy chill,  
Time's week-day work, have yet to be gone  
through.

The hortus siccus of a Paradise  
Is all earth now can boast. To God belongs  
The autumn of all nature. But, alas!  
Not yet can we o'ercome our nature here,  
Would we. If therefore passion strike the heart,  
Let it have length of line and plenteous play.  
The safety of superior principles  
Lies in exhaustion of the lower ones,  
However vast or violent. Men and angels  
Obey the order of existence. Fate!  
Who seeks thee everywhere, will find thee there.

SCENE — *A Drawing Room.*

FESTUS and ELISSA.

FESTUS. Who says he loves and is not wretched,  
lies ;  
Or that love is madness came mad from his mother.  
'Tis the most reasonable thing in nature.  
What can we do but love ? It is our cup.  
Love is the cross and passion of the heart,  
Its end — its errand. In the name of God,  
What made us love, Elissa ?

ELISSA. I know not.  
I am not happy. I have wept all day.  
FESTUS. 'Twas thine own fault. What wouldst  
thou have of me ?

I tell thee we must — no, I cannot tell thee.  
Nor can I bear those tears. Thou know'st I love  
thee,  
Worship thee ; oh ! it's a world more than worship,  
The cold obedience which we give to God.  
Elissa ! turn to me !

ELISSA. I cannot. Go ! —

FESTUS. Thou hadst no need, no business to  
have loved me.  
One loved thee well.

ELISSA. I could not help his loving  
Me, nor my loving thee. It was our fate.

FESTUS. Then Fate hath fee'd the passion for  
our death,  
And we are sold.

ELISSA. Well ! Let us die together.  
Together we will quit our bodies here.

FESTUS. Together will we go to God and judgment.

ELISSA. Festus ! I will, I can love none but  
thee.

FESTUS. Thou must not

ELISSA. But I must. I cannot help it  
Look at me — heart and arms, I am thine own.  
Thou knowest I am and have been. Wilt not love  
me?

Festus! mine own and only! wilt thou not?  
Have I done nothing, suffered and abandoned  
Nothing for thee? Oh! I was happy once;  
Ere I knew thee. Why wast thou kind to me?  
Cruelly kind — or this had never been.  
But now thou mayst be cruel if thou wilt.  
Hate me! still I am thine: disown me, thine!  
Desert me! no — thou canst not. I am thine;  
I am! look at me, Festus! look at me!  
I am half blind with weeping; and mine eyes  
Have not a tear left in them. But I know  
How it will end. Thou wilt leave me as I am —  
Loveless and lonely.

FESTUS. Nay, not so; my love  
Shall aye be with thee, and my soul with both.  
But we must part! Think that I come again.

ELISSA. Not be again with thee! nor thou with  
me!

It is too much. Let me go mad, or die.

FESTUS. Live, mine Elissa! and thou shalt live  
with me,

And I will love thee ever as I now love.

Wilt thou?

ELISSA. Oh! make me happy! say I may  
Believe thee.

FESTUS. May? Thou must.

ELISSA. Say it again!  
I cannot know too often of my bliss.  
But dost thou love me? tell me — wilt thou love  
me?

FESTUS. Since I have known thee I have done  
nought else.  
All hours not spent with thee are blanks between  
stars.

I love thee! love thee! love thee! madly love thee

Oh! thou hast drank my heart dry of all love!  
It will be empty to aught after thee.

Come, dry thine eyes. Blessings on those sweet  
eyes!

By Heaven! they might a moment win the glance  
Of any seraph gazing not on God.

ELISSA. No wonder they drew thine. There  
is a tear!

FESTUS. Ay; strange and startling is the first  
hot tear

That we have shed for years; and which hath lain  
Like to a water-fairy in the eye's  
Blue depths — spell-bound in the socket of the soul.  
Death brought it not — pain brought it not — nor  
shame;

Nor penitence — nor pity — nor despair:  
Nothing but love could. For a fearful time  
We can keep down the floodgates of the heart,  
But we must draw them sometime; or it will burst  
Like sand this brave embankment of the breast,  
And drain itself to dry death. When pride thaws —  
Look for floods!

ELISSA. Now, thou wilt be very kind  
When next we meet? Our time will soon be  
gone.

FESTUS. I cannot think of time: — there is no  
time!

Time! time! I hate thee — with the hate of Hell  
For aught that's good — but thou art infamous.  
I will give thee half my immortality  
To keep back for one hour. Leave me, to-night;  
And wither me, to-morrow, like a weed!

ELISSA. Where is he now?

FESTUS. In Hell, — I hope.

ELISSA. What mean'st thou?

He wronged thee never. Say, when cometh he?

FESTUS. To-night.

ELISSA. He comes to sever us, like fate.  
But shall he part us?



FESTUS. Never! Let him part  
The sun in two first.

ELISSA. It was ever thus :  
I am made to make unhappy all around me.

FESTUS. I will not hear of thy being wrong, —  
it is I.

I am the false usurper. And since one  
Out of the three must be a sacrifice,  
Let it be me. It shall be.

ELISSA. Thou didst swear,  
Even now, to love me ever.

FESTUS. Be it so.  
I have sworn — and now and then I keep my oath —  
I will not give thee up, so save me, God !

ELISSA. Oh! we have been too happy, have  
we not ?

But, now I think of it, we might have known  
It could not last. Woe follows bliss as close  
As death does life — as naturally, may be.  
We might have thought —

FESTUS. I never thought about it.  
My love — Elissa! ah, how cold thy hand is!  
Here — warm it on my heart. Nay, let it be.  
The hand that is on the heart is on the soul.  
And it is thus some moments take the wheel,  
And steer us through eternity. Believe me,  
Could I but crowd life, love too, in one throb,  
I would beat it out, this moment, in thy hand,  
And would die blessing.

ELISSA. Give me my hand back !

FESTUS. My sweet one! if this heart hath  
warmed thy hand,  
It hath not beaten in vain — it but returns  
A pleasure, and a passion, and a power :  
For oft at touch of thine this bosom burns.

ELISSA. Love hath no end except itself. We  
only  
Felt we loved and were happy.

FESTUS. Ah ' It was so.

ELISSA. Our sole misfortune is, we have been happy :

We never shall be happy here again.

FESTUS. Nay, say not so. Let us be happy now Happy? To fling aside thy wavy locks,  
And feed mine eyes on thy white brow — to look  
Deep in thine eyes till I feel mine have drank  
Full of that soft, wet fire which floats in thine —  
Eyes which I ne'er would leave — yet when most  
near,

Then most astray I — oh! to lay my cheek  
Upon thy sweet and swelling bosom thus;  
Where midst upon the beauty of thy breast  
Sits love like God between the cherubim —  
To crop the red budding kisses from thy lips —  
To name thee, make thee, but one moment, mine —  
Delights me more than all that earth can lend  
The good or bad — or Heaven can give the saved.  
One long, wild kiss of sunny sweets, till each  
Lack breath, the lips half bleed, and, come — thou  
knowest!

I ask but one such — let it last for ever!

ELISSA. Now, Festus! this is wrong.

FESTUS. What? — what is wrong?  
Shall my blood never bound beneath beauty's touch,  
Heart throb, nor eye thaw with hers — when her  
tears

Drop, quick and bright, upon the glowing brow  
Plunged in her bosom — because, forsooth, it is  
wrong?

Let it be wrong! it is wrong, it is wretchedness  
That I would lose both sense and soul to suffer.

ELISSA. How dare we love each other as we do?

FESTUS. Give me some wine! more — more,  
love!

ELISSA. Drink and drain

The bowl! the vintage of a hundred years  
Would never slake the memory of shame;  
Nor quench the thirst of folly.

FESTUS. Fill again !  
 My beauty ! sing to me, and make me glad.  
 Thy sweet words drop upon the ear as soft  
 As rose leaves on a well : and I could listen,  
 As though the immortal melody of Heaven  
 Were wrought into one word — that word a whisper  
 That whisper all I want from all I love.

ELISSA. I am not happy, and I cannot sing.  
 Thou lookest happy. I wish I were so.

FESTUS. They tell us that the body of the sun  
 Is dark, and hard, and hollow ; and that light  
 Is but a floating fluid veiling him.  
 Ah ! how oft, and how much, the heart is like him !  
 Despite the electric light it lives and hides in.

SERVANT *entering*. A singer who was told to  
 come is here.

FESTUS. Wilt hear him ?

ELISSA. Yes, love — gladly.

FESTUS. Show him in.

What have you there ?

SINGER. Oh ! I think, every thing.

FESTUS. Well, any thing will be enough this  
 once.

The last new song ?

SINGER. Certainly ; here it is. [*Sings*.

Oh ! let not a lovely form  
 With feeling fill thine eye ;  
 Oh ! let not the bosom warm  
 At love-lorn lady's sigh —  
 For how false is the fairest breast ;  
 How little worth, if true :  
 And who would wish possessed,  
 What all must scorn or rue ?  
 Then pass by beauty with looks above ;  
 Oh ! seek never — share never — woman's love

Oh ! let not a planet-like eye  
 Inbeam its tale on thine ;

In truth 'tis a lie — though a lie  
 Scarce less than truth divine.  
 And the light of its look on the young  
 Is wildfire with the soul ;  
 Ye follow and follow it long,  
 But find nor good nor goal.  
 Then pass by beauty with looks above ;  
 Oh ! seek never — share never — woman's love

ELISSA. Methinks I must have heard that voice  
 before,

FESTUS. And I.

ELISSA. Where ?

FESTUS. I forget.

ELISSA. And so do I.

SINGER. Oh ! let not a wildering tongue  
 Weave bright webs o'er thine ear ;  
 Nor thy spirit be said nor sung  
 To the air of smile or tear.  
 And say it hath melody far  
 More than the spheres of Heaven,  
 Though to man and the Morning star  
 They sang, Ye be forgiven !  
 Yet pass by beauty with looks above ;  
 Oh ! seek never — share never — woman's love

Oh ! let not a soft bosom pour  
 Itself in thine ! It is vain.  
 Love cheateth the heart, oh ! be sure,  
 Worse even than wine the brain.  
 Then snatch up thy lip from the brim,  
 Nor drain its dreamlike death ;  
 For Love loves to lie down and dim  
 The bright soul with his breath.  
 Then pass by beauty with looks above ;  
 Oh ! seek never — share never — woman's love !

FESTUS. Come hither, man ! I wish to look at  
 thee

A moment. No ! it can't be. Yet I have seen  
Some one much like thee.

ELISSA. It was a brother, may be

SINGER. I have none, lady. Have ye done with  
me ?

FESTUS. Yes — go ! and we will take your song  
of you.

SERVANT. Here, follow me ! [*They go.*

FESTUS. Weeping again, my love ?

Thou art, by turns, the proudest and the humblest  
Creature I ever met with. The least thing  
Dints thy soft heart. Come, cheer thee, sweet one —  
do !

Oh ! if to say, I love, laid all the sins  
Of all the worlds upon me, I would say it  
Till I was out of breath : and will till I die.

ELISSA. If Love be blind, it must be by his  
tears ;

For love and sorrow always come together —  
Love with his sister, sorrow, by the hand.

FESTUS. Nay, I will conquer thee again to smile,  
Or lose my right to love thee. Let me kneel !  
Come ! I will have no other gods but thee ;  
To none but thee will I bow down and worship ;  
Thy bosom is mine altar — and thine eyes  
Are the divinity that preys upon me.  
Oh ! cruel as the week-day gods of old,  
Thou wilt have human victims ; not content  
With tears and kisses — fire and water — thou  
Wilt have the subtler element of life ;  
Thou needs must live on immortality !  
Here — take me then ! I offer up myself  
A sacrifice to thee.

ELISSA. Thou foolish boy

Where will thy passionate folly end ? I love thee.

FESTUS. Well, then, let me conjure thee ! let me  
swear

By some sweet oath that shall to both be holy, —  
By arms which hold, by knees which worship thee

By that dark eye, the dark divine of beauty,  
 Yet trembling o'er its lid all tears and light —  
 Glory, and eye of eyes which yet have shone!  
 By this lone heart, which longeth for a mate!  
 By love's sweet will, and sweeter way! by all  
 I love — by thyself, myself! let me, let me,  
 Let me — but draw the lightning from thine eye: —  
 Kisses are my conductors: do not frown;  
 Nor look so temptingly angry. I was but trifling.  
 The cold calm kiss which cometh as a gift,  
 Not a necessity, is not for me,  
 Whose bliss, whose woe, whose life, whose all is love.

ELISSA. We both wrong whom we love, love  
 whom we wrong.

FESTUS. But I am as a dog that fondles o'er  
 And licks the wound he dies of. Would I could  
 Suffer or feel enough of love to kill!

ELISSA. Thou lovest one whom thou oughtst not  
 to love.

FESTUS. And what of that? Love hath its own  
 belief —

Own worship — own morality — own laws:  
 And it were better that all love were sin  
 Than that love were not. It must have by-laws —  
 Exceptions to the rules of earth and Heaven —  
 For it means not the good it doth nor ill.

ELISSA. It is wrong — it is unjust — unkind.

FESTUS. It is.

But I am half mad and half dead with it.  
 I have loved thee till I can love nought beside.  
 My heart is drenched with love as with a cloud.  
 I have too much of life, that I scarce can live.  
 I hate all things but thee — shun men, like snakes —  
 Women, like pits. To me thou art all woman —  
 All life — all love, and more than all my kind.  
 I love thee more than I shall love and look for  
 Death, if he takes thee from me. But who dreams  
 Of death and thee together!

ELISSA.

I do oft:

And as oft wish dreams would, for once, come true.  
The best of all things are dreams realized.

FESTUS. Dreams such as gods may dream thy  
soul possess

For ever in the Hadeän Eden — Death :  
But bless thy lover with reality !  
Then, thou shalt live for ever, and with me.  
I have gone round the compass of all life,  
And can find nought worthy of thee. I but feel,  
That were I — as I ought to be — a god,  
I would just sacrifice the sun to thee,  
In bright and burning honor of thy love.  
Miracles are not miracles with gods.

ELISSA. Dearer thou canst not be to me, unless  
I die in telling how dear.

FESTUS. My Elissa !  
I — I am bewildered : open but thine arms !  
And make me happy and all wise of thee.  
My soul is stung with thy beauty to the quick.  
Oh ! but thou art too good, or else too bad :  
Be colder or be warmer !

ELISSA. Leave me !

FESTUS. Well :  
It is most cruel — first, to light the heart  
With love completely — boundlessly ; and then  
Moonlike, slowly to edge aside, and leave  
One only little line of all so bright,  
Once — teach and unteach — nay, to use more arts  
Than would outdo the devil of his throne,  
To make us ignorant of all we know : —  
To take the heart to pieces carefully —  
For it is love alone can build the heart —  
To root the tree up 'neath whose shade we have lived,  
And give us back a sliver. Let it die !

ELISSA. Hark ! he is coming.

FESTUS. No ! He cannot come  
For I have driven an oath into his heart,  
And I have hung a curse about his neck  
Might sink the prince of air into the centre.

ELISSA. All I have done, I have done to save ourselves.

FESTUS. Then let us perish ! But unless we sin  
We cannot perish. Have ! Have ! cries a voice,  
As of a crowd, within me. I would do aught  
To throw this dark desire which wrestles with me.  
It answers not to hold it at arms' length :  
It must be hurled, dashed, trampled down. — I  
can't.

Lady ! how long am I to love thee thus ?  
Never did angel love its Heaven — nor God  
Man, as I thee.

ELISSA. I feared how it would end.  
Can nothing less than sinning sate the soul ?  
Can nothing but perdition serve to nest  
Our hearts, after so sweet a flight of love ?

FESTUS. The might and truth of hearts is never  
shown  
But in loving those whom we ought not to love —  
Or cannot have. The wrong, the suffering is  
Its own reward.

ELISSA. Let me not wrong thee, Festus.  
Let me not think I have thought too well of thee.  
Be as thou wast. What will become of us ?

FESTUS. Be mine ! be me ! be aught but so far  
from me !  
Give me thyself ! It is not enough for me,  
That I have gazed and doted on thee till  
Mine eye is dazzled and my brain is dizzied :  
Thou must exhaust all senses ; not enough  
That in long dreams my soul hath spread itself  
Like water over every living line  
Of this sweet make, dreaming thou wast all lips ;  
Nor that it now sinks in the face of thee,  
Like a sea-sunset, hot and tired with the long,  
Long day of love ; — it is not enough. I must  
Have more — have all ! For I have sworn to fill  
Mine arms with bliss — thus — thus — thus !

ELISSA. Festus !



LUCIFER, *entering*.

Friend

Did ye not know me? It was I who sang.

ELISSA. It was he!

FESTUS. Thou —

LUCIFER. Hush! thou art not to utter what I am. Bethink thee; it was our covenant. I said that I would see thee once again.

ELISSA. Thou didst; and I must thank thee.

LUCIFER. Hear me now!

Thou knowest well what once I was to thee:  
One who for love of one I loved — for thee —  
Would have done or borne the sins of all the world;  
Who did thy bidding at thy lightest look;  
And had it been to have snatched an angel's  
crown

Off her bright brow as she sat singing, throned,  
I would have cut these heartstrings that tie down,  
And let my soul have sailed to Heaven, and done  
it —

Spite of the thunder and the sacrilege,  
And laid it at thy feet. I loved thee, lady!  
I am one whose love was greater than the world's,  
And might have vied with God's; a boundless ring,  
All pressing on one point — that point thy heart.  
And now — but shall I call on my revenge? —  
It is at hand in armies. Thou art a woman;  
And that is saying the best and worst of thee.  
I know that vengeance is the part of God:  
And can make myself almighty for the moment.  
For what? for nothing. Thou art utter nothing.  
Thus it was always with me when with thee;  
And I forgot my purpose and my wrongs,  
In looking and in loving. But I hate thee.  
To say thou didst love me! Curse the air  
That bore the sound to me! Forgive me, God!  
If I blaspheme, it is not at Thee, but her.  
I'd not believe her were she saved in Heaven!  
There is no blasphemy in love but doubt;  
No sin, but to deceive.



LUCIFER. Festus ! I wait for thee.

FESTUS. Come, thou art not the first deceived in love ;

Yet love is not so much love as a dream,  
Which hath, it seems, like guerdon with the thing—  
The staring madness when we wake and find  
That what we have loved, must love, is not that  
We meant to love. Perhaps I profited  
Too much by thy good lessons. Go ! I follow.

LUCIFER, *going*. Now therefore would I wager,  
and I might

The great archangel's trump to a dog-whistle,  
That whatsoever happens, worse ensues.

FESTUS. Forgive me, love, for having brought  
this on thee.

ELISSA. The love which giveth all, forgiveth  
aught.

And thou art more to me than earth or Heaven.  
They have but given life : thou gavest me love,  
The lord of life — thou, my life ! love, and lord !  
Take me again ! my kindest — dearest — best !  
Him who hath gone I never loved like thee.  
There was a desolation in his eye  
I could not brook to look on ; for it seemed  
As though it ate the light out of mine own.  
I think that thou dost love me.

FESTUS. And I think,  
For perfect love there should be but one god —  
One worshipper.

ELISSA. We know the gods of old  
Worshipped each other — equal deities.  
For the sweet poets surely spake the truth  
About the gods ; they dare not speak but truth.

FESTUS. Who but thyself would speak of  
poetry,  
While thou art by ? who art the very breathing  
Beauty which bards may seek ideally.  
And dost thou, then, believe the gods of old —  
Those toys and playthings of an infant world ?

ELISSA. If I do not believe, I do not scorn  
them.

Nay, I could mourn for them and pray for them.  
I can scorn nothing which a nation's heart  
Hath held, for ages, holy : for the heart  
Is alike holy in its strength and weakness :  
It ought not to be jested with, nor scorned.  
All things, to me, are sacred that have been.  
And, though earth, like a river, streaked with blood,  
Which tells a long and silent tale of death,  
May blush her history and hide her eyes,  
The past is sacred — it is God's, not ours.  
Let her and us do better if we can.

FESTUS. There are whole veins of diamonds in  
thine eyes,  
Might furnish crowns for all the Queens of earth.  
Oh ! I could sooner set a price on the sun,  
My love, than on thy lightest look. Look on me !  
Speak ! if it only be to say thou wilt not.  
Look ! I would rather look on thee one minute,  
Than paradise for a whole day — such days  
As are in Heaven. I love thee more and more.

ELISSA. To love, and say we love — to suck  
the sting  
Out of the heart, and put its poison on  
The tongue.

FESTUS. Yet it is luxury to feel  
Inflamed — to glow within ourselves, like fire-opals.  
Now, stay thy pretty little tuneful tongue,  
Nor silver o'er thy syllables ! They will not  
Pass. No, not one more word ! I must away ;  
I have staid too long, already, for my word.

ELISSA. I cannot part with thee : nay, sit again !  
Parted from thee I feel like one half riven,  
And my soul acheth to spring to — as thus !

FESTUS. There ! let me leave love ! let me  
loose these arms.  
Another time and, ah ! well — never mind !  
We shall be happier — I know we shall.

Thou hast been mine — thou art mine — and thou shalt be !

ELISSA. My life is one long loving thought of thee.

If any ask me what I do, I could say  
I love, and that is all.

FESTUS. It is enough.

One kiss ! another ! one more — there ! farewell !

[Goes.

ELISSA. And he is gone ! and the world seems  
gone with him.

Shine on, ye Heavens ! why can ye not impart

Light to my heart ? Have ye no feeling in ye ?

Why are ye bright when I am so unhappy ?

But oh ! I would not change my woes for thrice

The bliss of others, since they are for thee, love.

Our very wretchedness grows dear to us

When suffering for one we love. Sweet stars !

I cannot look upon your loveliness

Without sadness, for ye are too beautiful ;

And beauty makes unhappy : so men say.

Ye stars ! it is true — we read our fate in ye.

Bright through all ages, are ye not happy there ?

With years, many as your light-rays, are ye not

Immortal ? Space-pervading, oh ! ye must be,

Spirit-like, infinite. All-being God !

Who art in all things, and in whom all are ! —

And it is thus we worship Thee the most ;

When heart to heart with one we love we are  
gods ; —

Let us believe that if Thou gavest earth

For our bodies, then the stars were for our souls ;

For perfect beauty and unbounded love !

Let us believe they look upon us here

As their inheritors, and save themselves

For us, as we for Thee, and Thou for all !

SCENE — *Garden and Bower by the Sea.*

ELISSA, *alone*. Come, Festus, let me think on thee, my love !  
 And fold the thought of thee unto my soul,  
 Until it fills it, and is one with it.  
 Ah ! these poor arms are far from where they should be ;  
 And this heart further still. Mine only love !  
 Why art thou thus so long away from me ?  
 I have whispered it unto the southern wind  
 And charged it with my love : why should it not  
 Carry that love to thee as air bears light ?  
 And thou hast said I was all light to thee.  
 The stars grow bright together, and for aye,  
 Lover-like, watch each other ; and though apart,  
 Like us, they fill each other's eyes with love  
 And beauty : and mine only fill with tears.  
 Oh ! life is less than nothing without love !  
 And what is love without the embrace of love ?  
 I would give worlds for one more ere I die.  
 Festus ! come to me. I do think I am dying.  
 Let me bequeathe my life to thee, that so,  
 In doubling thine, I may live alway with thee.  
 I know that I am dying. It is my heart  
 Which makes me live that kills me. But I want  
 To see him ere I do die. Oh ! he will come !  
 He must know how I love him. It is long —  
 Long since I saw him : I am ill with waiting.  
 And I will fancy him coming to me now —  
 Now he is thinking of me, loving me —  
 He sees me — flies to me, half out of breath —  
 His hand is on my arm — he looks on me —  
 And puts my long locks backwards — God ! Thy  
 ban  
 Lies upon waking dreams. To weep and sleep —  
 Dream — wake, and find one's only one hope  
 false, —

Is what we can bear, for we do endure it,  
 And bear with Heaven still. Just one year ago,  
 I watched that large bright star where it is now : —  
 Time hath not touched its everlasting lightning,  
 Nor dimmed the glorious glances of its eye —  
 Nor passion clouded it — nor any star  
 Eclipsed — it is the leader still of Heaven.  
 And I who loved it then can love it now ;  
 But am not what I was, in one degree.  
 Calm star ! who was it named thee Lucifer,  
 From him who drew the third of Heaven down with  
 him ?

Oh ! it was but the tradition of thy beauty !  
 For if the sun hath one part, and the moon one,  
 Thou hast the third part of the host of Heaven —  
 Which is its power — which power is its beauty !

LUCIFER. It was no tradition, lady, but of truth !

ELISSA. I thought we parted last to meet no  
 more.

LUCIFER. It was so lady ; but it is not so.

ELISSA. Am I to leave, or thou, then ?

LUCIFER. Neither, yet.  
 I mean that thou shouldst fear me and obey.

ELISSA. And who art thou that I should fear  
 and serve ?

LUCIFER. I am the morning and the evening  
 star,

The star thou lovest and thy lover too ;  
 I am that star ! as once before I told thee,  
 Though thou wouldst not believe me, but I am  
 A spirit, and a star — a power — an ill  
 Which doth outbalance being. Look at me !  
 Am I not more than mortal in my form ?  
 Millions of years have circled round my brow  
 Like worlds upon their centres ; — still I live ;  
 And age but presses with a halo's weight.  
 This single arm hath dashed the light of Heaven ;  
 This one hand dragged the angels from their  
 thrones : —

Am I not worthy to have loved thee, lady?  
 Thou mortal model of all Heavenliness!  
 And yet I have abandoned all these spoils,  
 Cowered my powers, and becalmed my course,  
 And stooped from the high destruction of the skies  
 For thee, and for the youth who loveth thee —  
 And is lost with ye: ye are both, both — lost!  
 Thou hast but served the purpose of the Fiend.  
 And thou art but the vessel of the sin  
 Whose poison hath made drunk a soul to death;  
 And he hath drunk; and thou art useless now.  
 And it is for this I come; to bid thee die!

ELISSA. I said that I was dying. God is good.  
 The Heavens grow darker as they grow the purer  
 And both, as we do near them; so, near death,  
 The soul grows darker and diviner, hourly.  
 Could I love less I should be happier!  
 But it is always to that mad extreme,  
 That death alone appears the fitting finish  
 To bliss like that my spirit presses for.

LUCIFER. Thy death shall be as gentle as thy  
 life.

I will not hurt thee, for I loved thee once.  
 And thy sweet love, upon my burning breast,  
 Fell like a snowflake on a fevered lip.  
 Thy soul shall pass out of thee like a dream.  
 One moment more, and thou shalt wake in Heaven!

ELISSA. I ever thought thee to be more than  
 mortal.

And if thou art thus mighty, grant me this! —  
 Since now we love no more — as friend to friend —  
 Bring him I love, one moment, ere I die.

LUCIFER. Thou judgest well; I am all but al-  
 mighty.

And I have stretched my strength unto its limits  
 To satisfy the heart of him who loves thee:  
 In proof whereof, did I not give up thee,  
 Because he loved thee? I have given him all  
 things



Body or spirit could desire or have.  
And even, at this moment, now he reigns  
King of the sun, and monarch of the seven  
Orbs that surround him — leaving earth alone —  
The earth is in good keeping as it is.  
I know that he is hasting hither now ;  
But may not see thee living.

ELISSA. It is not thou  
Who takest life : it is God, whose I shall be ! —  
And his, with God, whom here my heart deifies.  
I glory in his power as in his love.  
But I will, will see him while I am alive.  
I hear him — he is come — it is he ! it is he !

LUCIFER. Die ! thou shalt never look on him  
again.

ELISSA. My love! haste, Festus! I am dying —  
LUCIFER. Dead!  
A word could kill her. She hath gone to Heaven.  
FESTUS. Fiend! what is this? Elissa — she is  
not dead.

LUCIFER. She is. I bade her die, as I had reason.

FESTUS. Now do I hate thee and renounce for ever! —

Abhor thee — go!

LUCIFER. Who seeks the other first?  
[*am gone.*]  
FESTUS. Away, Fiend! Leave me! My Elissa!

SCENE — *A Library and Balcony — A Summer Night.*

FESTUS *alone.* The last high upward slant of  
sun on the trees,  
Like a dead soldier's sword upon his pall,  
Seems to console earth for the glory gone.  
Oh! I could weep to see the day die thus;  
The death-bed of a day, how beautiful!

Linger, ye clouds, one moment longer there;  
Fan it to slumber with your golden wings!  
Like pious prayers ye seem to soothe its end.  
It will wake no more till the all-revealing day;  
When, like a drop of water, greatedened bright  
Into a shadow, it shall show itself  
With all its little tyrannous things and deeds,  
Unhomed and clear. The day hath gone to  
God,—

Straight, like an infant's spirit, or a mocked  
And mourning messenger of grace to man.  
Would it had taken me too on its wing!  
My end is nigh. Would I might die outright!  
And slip the coil without waiting its unwind.  
Who that hath lain lonely on a high hill,  
In the imperious silence of full noon,  
With nothing but the clear dark sky about him,  
Like God's hand laid upon the head of earth—  
But hath expected that some natural spirit  
Should start out of the universal air—  
And gathering his cloudy robe around him,  
As one in act to teach mysterious things,  
Explain that he must die?—that having got  
As high as earth can lift him up—as far  
Above that thing, the world, as flesh can mount—  
Over the tyrant wind, and the clouded lightning,  
And the round rainbow—and that having gained  
A loftier and a more mysterious beauty  
Of feeling—something like a starry darkness  
Seizing the soul—say he must die—and vanish?  
Who hath not, at such moments, felt as now  
I feel, that to be happy we must die?  
And here I rest—above the world and its ways;  
The wind, opinion—and the rainbow, beauty—  
And the thunder, superstition—I am free  
Of all:—save death, what want I to be happy?  
And shall I leave no trace, then, of my life?  
The soul begetteth shadows of itself  
Which do outlive their author: and are more

Substantial than all nature, and the red  
 Realities of flesh and blood, as echo  
 Is longer, louder, further than the voice  
 Of man can thunder, or his ear report.  
 And oft the world hath Deified its echoes.  
 A year! — and who shall find them? Can it be  
 The mind's works have been deathless — not the  
 mind?

Or will the world's immortals die with me? —  
 The sages, and the heroes, and the bards, —  
 Whose verse set to the thunder of the seas,  
 Seems as immortal as their ceaseless music!  
 O God! I fain would deem Thou livest not:  
 And that this world hath sprung up from chance  
 seed,

Unknown to thee; and is not reckoned on.  
 Hell solves all doubts. — Come to me, Lucifer!

LUCIFER. Lo! I am here: and ever prompt  
 When called for.

How speed thy general pleasures?

FESTUS. Bravely! joys  
 Are bubble-like — what makes them, bursts them,  
 too.

And, like the milky way, there! dim with stars,  
 The soul that numbers most will shine the less.

LUCIFER. No matter — mind it not!

FESTUS. Yet, joys of earth!  
 That ye should ruin spirits is too hard.

Who can avoid ye? who can say ye nay?

Or take his eyes from off ye? who so chaste?

LUCIFER. They have well-nigh unimmortalized  
 myself.

FESTUS. Yet have they nought to sate the  
 pining spirit

Which doth enamor immortality.

No! they are all base, impure, ruinous —

The harlots of the heart. Forgive me, God:

I am getting too forlorn to live — too waste.

Aught that I can or do love, shoots by me,

Like a train upon an iron road. And yet  
I need not now reproach mine arm or aim;  
For I have winged each pleasure as it flew,  
How swift or high soever in its flight.  
We cannot live alone. The heart must have  
A prop without, or it will fall and break.  
But nature's common joys are common cheats.  
As he who sails southwards, beholds, each night,  
New constellations rise, all clear, and fair;  
So, o'er the waters of the world, as we  
Reach the mid zone of life, or go beyond,  
Beauty and bounty still beset our course;  
New beauties wait upon us everywhere;  
New lights enlighten and new worlds attract.  
But I have seen and I have done with all.  
Friendship hath passed me like a ship at sea;  
And I have seen no more of it. I had  
A friend with whom, in boyhood, I was wont  
To learn, think, laugh, weep, strive, and love,  
together;  
For we were alway rivals in all things —  
Together up high springy hills, to trace  
A runnel to its birthplace — to pursue  
A river — to search, haunt old ruined towers,  
And muse in them — to scale the cloud-clad hills  
While thunders murmured in our very ear;  
To leap the lair of the live cataract,  
And pray its foaming pardon for the insult;  
To dare the broken tree-bridge across the stream;  
To crouch behind the broad white waterfall,  
Tongue of the glen, like to a hidden thought —  
Dazzled, and deafened, yet the more delighted;  
To reach the rock which makes the fall and pool  
There to feel safe, or not to care if not;  
To fling the free foot over my native hills,  
Which seemed to breathe the bracing breeze we  
loved  
The more it lifted up our loosened locks,  
That nought might be between us and the skies;

Or, hand in hand, leap, laughing, with closed  
eyes,

In Trent's death-loving deeps; yet was she kind  
Ever to us; and bare us buoyant up,  
And followed our young strokes, and cheered  
us on —

Even as an elder sister bending above  
A child, to teach it how to order its feet —  
As quick we dashed, in reckless rivalry,  
To reach, perchance, some long, green floating  
flag —

Just when the sun's hot lip first touched the stream,  
Reddening to be so kissed; and we rejoiced,  
As breasting it on we went over depth and death,  
Strong in the naked strife of elements,  
Toying with danger in as little fear  
As with a maiden's ringlets. And oft, at night,  
Bewildered and bewitched by favorite stars,  
We would breathe ourselves amid unfooted snows,  
For there is poetry where aught is pure;  
Or over the still dark heath, leap along, like  
harts,

Through the broad moonlight; for we felt where-  
e'er

We leapt the golden gorse, or lowly ling,  
We could not be from home. — That friend is  
gone.

There's the whole universe before our souls.  
Where shall we meet next? Shall we meet again?  
Oh! might it be in some far happy world,  
That I might light upon his lonely soul,  
Hard by some broad blue stream, where high the  
hills,

Wood-bearded, sweep to its brink — musing, as  
wont,

With love-like sadness, upon sacred things;  
For much in youth we loved and mused on them.  
To say what ought to be to human wills,  
And measure mortals sternly; to explore

The bearings of men's duties and desires;  
To note the nature and the laws of mind;  
To balance good with evil; and compare  
The nature and necessity of each;  
To long to see the ends and end of things;  
Or, if no end there be, the endless, then,  
As suns look into space; these were our joys —  
Our hopes — our meditations — our attempts.  
And, if I have enjoyed more love than others,  
It is but superior suffering, and is more  
Than balanced by the loss of one we love.  
And love, itself, hath passed. One fond, fair girl  
Remains; one only, and she loves me still.  
But it is not love I feel: it is pure kindness.  
How shall I find another like my last?  
The golden and the gorgeous loveliness —  
A sunset beauty! Ah! I saw it set.  
My heart, alas! set with it. I have drained  
Life of all love, as doth an iron rod  
The Heaven's of lightning; I have done with it,  
And all its waking woes, and dreamed-of joys.  
No more shall beauty star the air I live in;  
And no more will I wake at dead of night,  
And hearken to the roaring of the wind,  
As though it came to carry one away —  
Claiming for sin. Ah! I am lost forever.  
To earn the world's delights by equal sins  
Seems the great aim of life — the aim succeeds.  
Here it is madness, and perdition there.  
And, but for thee, I had renounced these joys —  
These cursed joys my soul now writhes among,  
Like to a half-crushed reptile on a rose: —  
Ay, but for thee, I might have now been happy!

LUCIFER. Why charge, why wrong me thus?  
When first I knew thee,  
I deemed it thine ambition to be damned.  
Thine every thought, almost, had gone from good,  
As far as finite is from infinite;  
And then thou wast as near to me as now.

Thou hadst declined in worship, and in wish  
 To please thy God ; nor wouldst thou e'er repent.  
 What more need I to justify attempt ?  
 Have I shrunk back from granting aught I prom-  
     ised ?

Thy love of knowledge — is that satisfied ?

FESTUS. It is. Yet knowledge is a doubtful  
     boon —

Root of all good and fruit of all that's bad.  
 I have caused face to face with elements,  
 Yea, learned the luminous language of the skies,  
 And the angelic kindred of high Heaven ;  
 The bright articulations of all spheres, —  
 Impetuous hearted orbs, and mountain-maned,  
 Aye circling onwards breathless through the air —  
 And wisest stars which speak themselves in signs  
 Too sacred to be explicable here ;  
 And now what better am I ? — nearer God ?  
 When the void finds a voice mine answer know.

LUCIFER. What better or what worse thou  
     canst not tell.

For, good and evil ! Wherein differ they ?  
 Do they not both accrue from the same cause, —  
 As ripeness and decay ? Light, light alone  
 Of hues, how contrary soever, is  
 The common cause.

FESTUS. Distractor of God's truth !  
 Shall not His word suffice the living world ?

LUCIFER. Thou canst not have lacked joys ?

FESTUS. We seek them oft  
 Among our own delusions, pains, and follies.

LUCIFER. Hath not care perished from thy  
     heart, as did

The viper flung from the apostle's hand ?

FESTUS. Ay ; and, like that, all care will cease  
     in fire.

Dark wretched thoughts, like ice-isles in a stream,  
 Choke up my mind, and clash ; — and to no end.  
 In spite of all we suffer and enjoy,

There comes this question, over and over again,  
 Driven into the brain as a pile is driven —  
 What shall become of us hereafter? what  
 Is it we shall do? how feel, how be?  
 And there are times when burning memory flows  
 In on the mind, that saving it would slay,  
 As did the lava-floods which choked of yore  
 The Cyclopean cities — brimming up  
 Brasslike their mighty moulds. And shall the past  
 Thus ruinously perfect aye remain;  
 Or present, past, and coming, all be one,  
 In natural mystery? Like snow, which lies  
 Down-wreathed round the lips of some black pit,  
 Thoughts which obscure the truth accumulate,  
 And those which solve it in it lose themselves;  
 And there is no true knowledge till descent,  
 Nor then till after. What shall make the truth  
 Visible? Through the smoky glass of sense  
 The blessed sun would never know himself.  
 All truth is one. All error is alike.  
 The shadow of a mountain hath no more  
 Substance than hath a dead and moss-mailed  
 pine's;

But only more gigantic impotence.

LUCIFER. Hast thou not had thine every  
 quest?

FESTUS. Save one.

LUCIFER. I proffer now the power which thou  
 dost long for.

Say but the word, and thou shalt press a throne  
 But less than mine — the scarcely less than  
 God's; —

A throne, at which earth's puny potentates  
 May sue for slavedoms — and be satisfied.

FESTUS. I have had enough of the infinities:  
 I am moderate now. I will have the throne of  
 earth.

LUCIFER. Thou shalt. Yet, mind! — with that,  
 the world must end.



FESTUS. I can survive.

LUCIFER. Nay, die with it must thou.

FESTUS. Why should I die? I am egg-full of life:

And life's as serious a thing as death.

The world is in its first young quarter yet;

I dare not, cannot credit it shall die.

I will not have it, then.

LUCIFER. It matters not;

I know thou wilt never have ease at heart

Until thou hast thy soul's whole, full desire;

Whenever that may happen, all is done.

FESTUS. Well, then—be it now! I live but for myself—

The whole world but for me. Friends, loves, and all

I sought, abandon me. It is time to die.

I am yet young; yet have I been deserted,

And wronged, by those whom most I have loved and served.

Sun, moon, and stars! may they all fall on me,

When next I trust another—man or woman.

Earth rivals Hell too often, at the best.

All hearts are stronger for the being hollow.

And that was why mine was no match for theirs.

The pith is out of it now. — Lord of the world!

It will not directly perish?

LUCIFER. Not, perhaps. —

Thou wilt have all fame, while thou livest, now.

FESTUS. I care not: fame is folly: for, it is, sure,

Far more to be well known of God than man.

With all my sins I feel that I am God's.

LUCIFER. Farewell, then, for a time!

FESTUS. I am alone. —

Alone? He clings around me like the clouds

Upon a hill. When will the clouds roll off?

When will sun visit me? Oh! Thou great God!

In whose right hand the elements are atoms—

In whose eye, light and darkness but a wink —

Who, in Thine anger, like a blast of cold,  
Dost make the mountains shake like chattering  
teeth —

Have mercy! Pity me! For it is Thou  
Who hast fixed me to this test. Wilt Thou not save?  
Forgive me, Father! but I long to die: —  
I long to live to Thee, a pure, free mind.  
Take again, God! and thou, fair Earth, the form  
And spirit which, at first, ye lent me.  
Such as they were, I have used them. Let them  
part.

I weary of this world; and, like the dove,  
Urged o'er life's barren flood, sweep, tired, back  
To thee who sent'st me forth. Bear with me, God!  
I am not worthy of thy wrath, nor love! —  
Oh! that the things which have been were not now  
In memory's resurrection! But the past  
Bears in her arms the present and the future;  
And what can perish while perdition is?  
From the hot, angry, crowding courts of doubt  
Within the breast, it is sweet to escape, and soothe  
The soul in looking upon natural beauty.  
Oh! earth, like man her son, is half divine.  
There is not a leaf within this quiet spot,  
But which I seem to know; should miss, if gone.  
I could run over its features, hour by hour.  
The quaintly figured beds — the various flowers —  
The mazy paths all cunningly converged —  
The black yew hedge, like a beleaguering host,  
Round some fair garden province — here and there,  
The cloud-like laurel clumps sleep, soft and fast,  
Pillowed by their own shadows — and beyond,  
The ripe and ruddy fruitage — the sharp firs'  
Fringe, like an eyelash, on the faint-blue west —  
The white owl, wheeling from the gray old church, —  
Its age-peeled pinnacles, and tufted top —  
The oaks, which spread their broad arms in the blast,  
And bid storms come, and welcome; there they stand,  
To whom a summer passes like a smile: —

And the proud peacock towers himself there, and  
     screams,  
 Ruffling the imperial purples of his neck.  
 O'er all, the giant poplars, which maintain  
 Equality with clouds half way up Heaven;  
 Which whisper with the winds none else can see,  
 And bow to angels as they wing by them;—  
 The lonely, bowery, woodland view before—  
 And, making all more beautiful, thou, sweet moon,  
 Leading slow pomp, as triumphing o'er Heaven!  
 High riding in thy loveless, deathless brightness,  
 And in thy cold, unconquerable beauty,  
 As though there were nothing worthy in the world  
 Even to lie below thee, face to God.  
 And Night, in her own name, and God's again,  
 Hath dipped the earth in dew;—and there she lies,  
 Even like a heart all trembling with delight,  
 Till passion murder power to speak—so mute.  
 Young maiden moon! just looming into light—  
 I would that aspect never might be changed;  
 Nor that fine form, so spirit-like, be spoiled  
 With fuller light. Oh! keep that brilliant shape;  
 Keep the delicious honor of thy youth,  
 Sweet sister of the sun, more beauteous thou  
 Than he sublime. Shine on, nor dread decay.  
 It may take meaner things; but thy bright look,  
 Smiling away an immortality,  
 Assures it us—nay, it seems, half, to give.  
 Earth may de cease. God will not part with thee,  
 Fair ark of light, and every blessedness!  
 Yes, earth, this earth, may foul the face of life,  
 Like some swart mole on beauty's breast—or dead,  
 Stiff, mangled reptile, some clear well—while thou  
 Shalt shine, aye brilliant, on creation's corse,  
 Like to a diamond on a dead man's hand;  
 Whence God shall pluck thee to his breast, or bid  
 Beam 'mid His lightning locks. What are earth's  
     joys  
 To watching thee, tending thy bright flock over

The fields of Heaven? Thy light misleadeth not,  
 Though eyes which image Heaven oft lure to  
     Hell;—

Thy smile betrayeth not — though sweet as that  
 Which wins and damns. Mother, and maid of light!  
 That, like a God, redeems the world to Heaven —  
 Making us one with thee, and with the sun,  
 And with the stars in glory — lovely moon!

I am immortal as thyself; and we  
 Shall look upon each other yet, in Heaven,  
 Often — but never, never more on earth.  
 Am I to die so soon? This death — the thought  
 Comes on my heart as through a burning glass.  
 I cannot bend mine eyes to earth, but thence  
 It riseth, spectre-like, to mock — nor towards  
 The west, where sunset is, whose long bright pomp  
 Makes men in love with change — but there it  
     lowers

Eve's last, still lingering, darkening, cloud; and on  
 The escutcheon of the morn, it is there — it is there!  
 But fears will come upon the bravest mind,  
 Like the white moon upon the crimson west.

I have attractions for all miseries:

And every course of thought, within my heart,  
 Leaves a new layer of woe. But it must end.

It will all be one, hereafter. Let it be!

My bosom, like the grave, holds all quenched pa-  
     sions.

It is not that I have not found what I sought —  
 But, that the world — tush! I shall see it die.

I hate, and shall outlive the hypocrite.

Stealthily, slowly, like the polar sun,

Who peeps by fits above the air-walled world —

The heavenly fief, he knows and feels his own,

My heart o'erlooks the Paradise of life

Which it hath lost, in cold, reluctant joy.

I live and see all beauteous things about me,

But feel no nature prompting from within

To meet and profit by them. I am like

That fabled forest of the Apennine,  
Which leafless lives ; whereto the spring's bright  
showers,  
Summer's heat breathless, autumn's fruitful juice,  
Nothing avail ; — nor winter's killing cold.  
Yet have I done, said, thought, in time now past,  
What, rather than remember, I would die,  
Or do again. It is the thinking on 't,  
And the repentance, maddens. I have thought  
Upon such things so long and grievously,  
My lips have grown like to a cliff-chafed sea,  
Pale with a tidal passion ; and my soul,  
Once high and bright and self-sustained as Heaven.  
Unsettled now for life or death, feels like  
The gray gull balanced on her bowlike wings,  
Between two black waves seeking where to dive.  
Long we live, thinking nothing of our fate,  
For in the morn of life we mark it not —  
It falls behind ; but as our day goes down  
We catch it lengthening with a giant's stride,  
And ushering us unto the feet of night.  
Dark thoughts, like spots upon the sun, revolve  
In troops for days together round my soul,  
Disfiguring and dimming. Death ! oh death !  
The past, the present, and the future, like  
The dog three-headed, by the gates of woe  
Sitting, seem ready to devour me each.  
I dare not look on them. I dare not think.  
The very best deeds I have ever done  
Seem worthy reprobation, have to be  
Repented of. But have I done aught good ?  
Oh that my soul were calmer ! Grant me, God !  
Thy peace ; that added, I can smile and die.  
Thy Spirit only is reality :  
All things beside are folly, falsehood, shame.

SCENE — *Elsewhere.*

FESTUS, *a one.* I feel as if I could devour the  
days  
Till the time came when I shall gain mine end ;  
God shall have made me ruler, and all worlds  
Signed the sublime recognizance. Till then, —  
Even as a boat lies rocking on the beach,  
Waiting the one white wave to float it free,  
Wait I the great event ; — too great it seems.  
Yet, Lord, thou knowest that the power I seek  
Is but for others' good and Thine own glory,  
And the desire for it inspired by Thee.  
So use me as I use it. Thou hast passed  
Thy word that such I shall enjoy, and then  
My mission is accomplished in this world.  
I go unto another, where all souls  
Begin again, or take up life from where  
Death broke it at. I cannot think there will be  
Like disproportion there between our powers  
And will, as here ; if not, I shall be happy.  
I feel no bounds. I cannot think, but thought  
On thought springs up, illimitably, round,  
As a great forest sows itself ; but here  
There is nor ground nor light enough to live.  
Could I, I would be everywhere at once,  
Like the sea, for I feel as if I could  
Spread out my spirit o'er the endless world,  
And act at all points ; — I am bound to one.  
I must be here, and there, and everywhere,  
Or I am nowhere. Sense, flesh, feeling, fail  
Before the feet of the imperious mind,  
To which they are but as the dust she treads, —  
Windlike treads o'er, uplifts and leaves behind.  
How mind will act with body glorified  
And spiritualized, and senses fined,  
And pointed brilliantwise, we know not. Here,  
Even, it may be wrong in us to deem

The senses degradations, otherwise  
 Than as fine steps, whereby the queenly soul  
 Comes down from her bright throne to view the  
                   mass

She hath dominion over, and the things  
 Of her inheritance ; and reascends,  
 With an indignant fiery purity,  
 Not to be touched, her seat. The visible world,  
 Whereby God maketh Nature known to us,  
 Is not derogatory to Himself  
 As the pure Spirit Infinite. A world  
 Is but, perhaps, a sense of God's, by which  
 He may explain His nature, and receive  
 Fit pleasure. But the hour is hard at hand,  
 When Time's gray wing shall winnow all away,  
 The atoms of the earth, the stars of Heaven ;  
 When the created and Creator mind  
 Shall know each other, worlds and bodies both  
 Put off for aye ; man and his Maker meet  
 Where all, who through the universe do well,  
 Embrace their heart's desire ; what things they  
                   will,

And whom remember ; live, too, where they list ;  
 And with the beings they love best, and God,  
 Inherit and inhabit boundless bliss.  
 Hear me, all-favoring God ! my latest prayer ;  
 Thou unto whom all nations of the world  
 Lift up their hearts, like grass-blades to the sun ,  
 Thou who hast all things and hast need of nought ;  
 Thou who hast given me Earth and all it holds,  
 Give me, from out Thy garner stored with good,  
 Some sign, Lord ! while I live, in proof to earth  
 My prayers are with Thee ; that they rend the  
                   clouds,

And, rising through the sightless dark of space,  
 Reach to Thy central throne. Oh ! let me feel,  
 What was my constant dream in my young years,  
 And is in all my better moments now, —  
 My hope, my faith, my nature's sum and end,

Oneness with Thee and Heaven. Lord ! make me  
sure

My soul already is in unison  
With the triumphant. Ah ! I surely hear  
The voices of the spirits of the saints,  
And witnesses to the Redeeming Truth ;  
Not, as of old, in scanty scattered strains,  
Breathed from the caves of earth and cells of  
cities, —

Nor as the voice of martyr choked with fire —  
But in one solemn Heaven-pervading hymn  
Of happiness impregnable, as when  
From the bright walls of the Son's city they  
Looked on the war of Hell, host upon host,  
Foiled by God's single sword before their gates,  
Of perfect pearl ; — nearer and nearer now !  
This is the sign, O God ! which Thou hast  
given,

And I will praise Thee through Eternity.

THE SAINTS *from Heaven.*

Call all who love Thee, Lord, to Thee !

Thou knowest how they long  
To leave these broken lays, and aid  
In Heaven's unceasing song ;  
How they long, Lord, to go to Thee,  
And hail Thee with their eyes, —  
Thee in Thy blessedness, and all  
The nations of the skies ;

All who have loved Thee and done well,  
Of every age, creed, clime,  
The host of saved ones from the ends  
And all the worlds of time :  
The wise in matter and in mind,  
The soldier, sage, and priest,  
King, prophet, hero, saint, and bard,  
The greatest soul and least ;



The old and young and very babe,  
 The maiden and the youth,  
 All re-born angels of one age —  
 The age of Heaven and truth;  
 The rich, the poor, the good, the bad,  
 Redeemed, alike, from sin;  
 Lord! close the book of time, and let  
 Eternity begin.

FESTUS. Will ye away, ye blessed ones? To  
 God

I then commend ye, and my soul with yours.  
 And midst the light in which ye live, oh! mind  
 Of all the sunless days and starless nights  
 Which myriads pass on earth, and pray for them!  
 Oh! pray for those who in the world's dark womb  
 Are bound, who know not yet their Father, God!—  
 Lord of all earth, all worlds, all Heaven! lift up  
 My spirit to Thy glory! Let me share  
 The comfort of Thy love, and while ordained  
 To the great task I have to go through, let  
 No more misgivings, fears, nor mortal doubts,  
 With the cold dew of darkness chill the soul  
 Which thou hast hallowed with Thy love, and  
 which,

Like molten gold within its mould, hath made  
 The thing that holds it precious;— or if, Lord!  
 For Thine own purpose, Thou wilt suffer such,  
 May they pass quick and perish tracelessly;  
 So, too, all thoughts of earth and pangs of death  
 May I o'ercome at last, and with Thy chosen,  
 Seraphs and saints, and all-possessing souls,  
 Which minister unto the universe,  
 Enthroned in spirit and intensest bliss,  
 Succeed to Heaven for ever.

GUARDIAN ANGEL. Mortal, hear!  
 The soul once saved shall never cease from bliss,  
 Nor God lose that He buyeth with his blood.  
 She doth not sin; The deeds which look like sin,

The flesh and the false world, are all to her  
 Hallowed and glorified. The world is changed.  
 She hath a resurrection unto God  
 While in the flesh; before the final one,  
 And is with God. Her state shall never fail.  
 Even the molten granite which hath split  
 Mountains, and lieth now like curdled blood  
 In marble veins, shall flow again when comes  
 The heat which is to end all; when the air  
 Is as a ravening fire, and what at first  
 Produced, at last consumeth; but the soul  
 Redeemed is dear to God as His own throne,  
 And shall no sooner perish. Harken man!  
 Wilt thou distrust God? Doubt on doubt no  
 more.

Prepare thee for the power and lot sublime  
 Whereto the Lord hath called thee. He hath  
 heard

The prayers with which thou hast entreated Him,  
 And bids me tell thee, shrink not, doubt not. He  
 Will comfort and uphold thee at the end;  
 For after God the Chooser, God the Slain,  
 Cometh the God of Comfort to the heart,  
 Whose action and effect is ministrant  
 For ever after — consummating all.

FESTUS. I fear, I fear this miracle of Death  
 Is something terrible. But go to God,  
 Thou angel, and declare that I repent  
 Of all misdeeds; that but for His own grace  
 I should repent of my whole life; that on  
 That grace, which now hath sanctified the whole,  
 I trust for all the rest of it, and then  
 For ever; that I am prepared to act  
 And suffer as He bids, and in all things  
 To do His will rejoicing.

ANGEL.

It is done.

FESTUS. Oh! I repent me of a thousand sins,  
 In number as the breaths which I have breathed.  
**Am I forgiven?**

ANGEL. Child of God, thou art.  
 It is God prompts, inspires, and answers prayer :  
 Not sin, nor yet repentance, which avails :  
 And none can truly worship but who have  
 The earnest of their glory from on high —  
 God's nature in them. The world cannot worship.  
 And whether the lip speak, or in inspired  
 Silence we clasp our hearts as a shut book  
 Of song unsung, the silence and the speech  
 Is each His ; and as coming from and going  
 To Him, is worthy of Him and His Love.  
 Prayer is the spirit speaking truth to Truth ;  
 The expiration of the thing inspired.  
 I go. Thy God is with thee. We shall meet  
 Again in Heaven, no more to part.

FESTUS. Thou art gone !  
 'Tis sweet to feel we are encircled here  
 By breath of angels as the stars by Heaven ;  
 And the soul's own relations, all divine,  
 As kind as even those of blood ; — and thus  
 While friends and kin, like Saturn's double rings,  
 Cheer us along our orbit, we may feel  
 We are not lone in life, but that earth's part  
 Of Heaven and all things. Praise we, therefore,  
 God !  
 O all ye angels, pray and praise with us ! —

SCENE — *A Gathering of Kings and Peoples.*

FESTUS, *throned.* Princes and Peoples ! Pow-  
 ers once, of earth !  
 It suits not that I point to ye the path  
 By which I reached this sole supreme domain —  
 This mountain of all mortal might. Enough,  
 That I am monarch of the world — the world.  
 Let all acknowledge loyally my laws,  
 And love me as I them love ! It will be best.  
 No rise against me can stand. I rule of God ;

And am God's sceptre here. Think not the world  
 Is greater than my might — less than my love —  
 Or that it stretcheth further than mine arm!  
 Kings! ye are Kings no longer. Cast your crowns  
 Here — for my footstool. Every power is mine.  
 Nobles! be first in honor. Ye, too, lose  
 Your place, in place: retrieve yourselves in good.  
 Peoples! be mighty in obedience.  
 Let each one labor for the common weal.  
 Be every man a people in his mind.  
 Kings — nobles — nations! love me and obey.  
 I need no aid — no arms. Burn books — break  
                   swords!

The world shall rest, and moss itself with peace.  
 Stand forth, and speak, sole servant of my throne!  
 If aught thou hast to settle and explain —  
 Or send away these nations to their homes.

LUCIFER. Ye mighty once — ye many weak  
                   give ear!

[ and my god — for god he sure must be,  
 in human form, who sitteth there enthroned —  
 For readier rule, and for the good of all,  
 Have cast again the dynasties of earth  
 According to the courses of the air: —  
 Therefore, from east, and west, and north, and  
                   south,

Four element-like ministers shall bend  
 Before his feet. Harken, thou unkinged crowd!  
 Ye have not sought the good of those ye governed.  
 The people only for the people care.  
 Ye seem to have thought earth but a ball for kings  
 To play with: rolling the royal bauble, empire,  
 Now east — now west. Your hour and power is  
                   past.

Ye are the very vainest of mankind,  
 As loftiest things weigh lightest. Ye are gone!  
 Nations, away with them! Nor do ye boast!  
 Ye find that power means not good, not bliss.  
 But ye would wed delusion: — now, ye know her.

And she is yours for life — and death — and judgment.

There is no power, nor majesty, save his :  
 His is the kingdom of the world and glory.  
 His throne is founded centre-deep by Heaven :  
 And the whole earth doth bless him. Unto all  
 He hath laid out one perfect level law —  
 His will. For as the people cannot rule  
 Themselves, so neither may a crowd of kings :  
 And hence hath been the evil of the earth —  
 Now ceased for ever. War will be no more.  
 His is the sway of social sovereign peace :  
 His tyranny is love and good to all : —  
 His is the vice-royed, vouched-safe sway of God : —  
 And he will turn the world, at will ; as light  
 Turneth the world round. Greet your Lord, and  
 go !

Depart, ye nations !

FESTUS. Hark ! thou fiend ! dost hear ?

LUCIFER. Ay ! it is the death groan of the sons  
 of men —

Thy subjects — King !

FESTUS. Why hadst thou this so soon ?

LUCIFER. It is God who brings it all about —  
 not I.

FESTUS. I am not ready — and — it shall not  
 be !

LUCIFER. I cannot help it, monarch ! and —  
 it is !

Hast not had time for good !

FESTUS. One day — perchance.

LUCIFER. Then hold that day as an eternity.

FESTUS. All around me die. The earth is one  
 great death-bed.

CLARA. Oh ! save me, Festus ! I have fled to  
 thee,

Through all the countless nations of yon dead —

For well I knew it was thou who satest there,

To die with thee, if that thou art not Death :

And, if thou wert, I would not shrink from thee.  
I am thine own, own Clara!

FESTUS. Thou art safe!  
Here in the holy chancel of my heart —  
The heavenly end of this our fleshly fane,  
I hold thee to communion. Rest thee safe!

CLARA. Men thought I was an angel, as I  
passed;  
And caught up at my feet — but I 'scaped all.  
I knew — I was sure, that I should die by thee.  
The heart is a true oracle — I knew it!

FESTUS. Then there is faith among these mortals yet.  
Thy beauty cometh first, and goeth last —  
Willow-like. Welcome!

CLARA. Oh! I am so happy!

FESTUS. I speak of thee as of the dead; the  
dead  
Are always faithful.

CLARA. I will stay with thee —  
Though angels beckon — may I? Let me, love!  
I dare not — cannot, take mine eyes from thee,  
For fear of looking on the dead. Dear Festus!

FESTUS. Thou art the only one hast answered  
me,  
Love to love — life to life.

CLARA. Oh! I am dying!  
Give me one kiss — the kiss of life and death —  
The only taste of earth I will take to Heaven.  
Here! let me die, die in it. [*Dies.*]

FESTUS. Last and best!  
Now am I one, again. Oh! memory runs  
To madness, like a river to the sea.  
Happy as Heaven have I been with thee, love!  
Thine innocent heart hath passed through a pure  
life,  
Like a white dove, wing-sunned through the blue  
sky.  
A better heart God never saved in Heaven.

She died as all the good die — blessing — hoping.  
There are some hearts, aloe-like, flower once, and  
die :

And hers was of them. Ah ! all life hath ceased.  
And silence reads the dead world's burial tale.  
And Death sits quivering there, and watering,  
His great, gaunt jaw at me. When must I die ?

LUCIFER. Say ! dost thou feel to be mortal, or  
immortal ?

FESTUS. Away ! — and let me die alone.

LUCIFER. I go :

And I will come again : but spare thee, now,  
One hour to think — [Goes.

FESTUS. On all things. God, my God !  
One hour to sum a life's iniquities !

One hour to fit me for eternity —

To make me up for judgment and for God !

Only one hour to curse thee ! Nay, for that,

There may be endless hours. God ! I despair, —

And I am dying. Let me hold my breath !

I know not if I ever may draw another.

I feel Death blowing hard at the lamp of life.

My heart feels filling like a sinking boat ;

It will soon be down — down. What will come of  
me ?

It is as I always wished it ; — I shall die

In darkness, and in silence, and alone.

Even my last wish is petted. God ! I thank Thee.

It is the earnest of Thy coming — what ?

Forgiveness ? Let it be so : for I know not

What I have done to merit endless pain.

Is pleasure crime ? Forbid it, God of bliss !

Who spurn at this world's pleasures, lie to God ;

And show they are not worthy of the next.

What are Thy joys we know not — nor can we

Come near Thee, in Thy power, nor truth, nor  
justice ;

The nearest point wherein we come towards Thee,

Is loving — making love — and being happy.

Thou wilt not chronicle our sandlike sins;  
 For sin is small, and mean, and barren. Good,  
 Only, is great, generous, and fruitful.  
 Number the mountains, not the sands, O God!  
 God will not look as we do on our deeds;  
 Nor yet as others. If He more condemn,  
 Shall He not more approve? A few fair deeds  
 Bedeck my life, like gilded cherubs on  
 A tomb, beneath which lie dust, decay, and dark-  
 ness.

But each is better than the other thinks.  
 Thank God! man is not to be judged by man:—  
 Or, man by man, the world would damn itself.  
 What do I see? It is the dead. They rise  
 In clouds! and clouds come sweeping from all sides.  
 Upwards to God: and now they are all gone—  
 Gone, in a moment, to eternity.  
 But there is something near me.

SPIRIT.

It is I.

FESTUS. Go on! I follow, when it is my time.  
 There is no shadow on the face of life:  
 It is the noon of fate. Why may not I die?  
 Methinks I shall have yet to slay myself.  
 I am calm now. Can this be the same heart  
 Which, when it did sleep, slept from dizziness,  
 And pure rapidity of passion, like  
 The centre circlet of the whirlpool's wheel?  
 The earth is breaking up; all things are thawing  
 River and mountain melt into their atoms;  
 A little time, and atoms will be all.  
 The sea boils; and the mountains rise and sink  
 Like marble bubbles, bursting into death.  
 O thou hereafter! on whose shore I stand—  
 Waiting each toppling moment to engulf me—  
 What am I? Say, thou Present!—say, thou Past!  
 Ye three wise children of Eternity!  
 A life?—a death?—and an immortal?—all?  
 Is this the threefold mystery of man?  
 The lower, darker Trinity of earth?



It is vain to ask. Nought answers me — not God.  
The air grows thick and dark. The sky comes  
down.

The sun draws round him streaky clouds, like God  
Gleaning up wrath. Hope hath leapt off my heart,  
And overturned it. I am bound to die.

God, why wilt Thou not save? The great round  
world

Hath wasted to a column beneath my feet.

I will hurl me off it, then; and search the depth  
Of space, in this one infinite plunge! — Farewell,  
To earth, and Heaven, and God! Doom! spread  
thy lap!

I come — I come!

GOD.  
Forbear!

FESTUS.

I am God's!

GOD.

Man, die!

#### SCENE — *The Skies.*

GOD, ANGELS, ANGEL OF EARTH, LUCIFER.

GOD.

The age of matter consummates itself.  
All things that are shall end, save that is mine.  
As with one world, so shall it be with all;  
For all are human, fallible, and false, —  
As creature towards Creator must be aye.  
But for the whole prepare ye, not the less  
Grade upon grade of glory, sons of God!  
And Earth shall live again, and like her sons  
Have resurrection to a brighter being:  
And waken like a bride, or like a morning,  
With a long blush of love to a new life.  
Another race of souls shall rule in her,

Creatures all loving, beautiful, and holy.  
Go, angel! guide her as before through Heaven.

ANGEL OF EARTH. On! on! my world again!

Away we fly  
Through Heaven's blue plain,  
Like thought through the eye.  
Ye angels, keep your Heaven!  
I, Earth!  
For that with God I have striven,  
And have prevailed.  
I come once more,  
I come to thee, Earth!  
Like a ship to shore.

LUCIFER. Have not I triumphed o'er the earth  
that was?

GOD.

Prince of the powers of air! thy doom is nigh.  
The prison place of spirits is for thee —  
As for all others thou hast wronged, for a time —  
But those who by my favor die not. Him  
Conduct, ye angels, into Hades; there  
To wait my will while the world's sabbath lasts.

SCENE — *The Millennial Earth.*

SAINTS and ANGELS conversing; FESTUS.

ANGEL. The Earth is all one Eden. Pity, sure,  
That it should ever end.

SAINT. I say not so;  
Although I have a thousand plans in hand,  
Some interwoven with the farthest stars —  
Each one of which might ask a year of years  
To perfect.

ANGEL. True; our Maker knoweth best

What thought or deed may best belong to time  
Or to eternity.

SAINT. All prophecy  
Hath said the earth shall cease, and that right  
soon.

FESTUS. 'Tis like enough. Beauty's akin to  
Death.

ANGEL. Behold, our sister Graces of the skies,  
Faith, Hope, and Love, descend! Methinks of  
late

Ye chiefly dwell on earth.

LOVE. Where lives and reigns  
The Son of God, there are we ever seen,  
Successive, as the seasons to the sun.

SAINTS. Well are ye known and welcome in all  
worlds.

Wherever lofty thought or godly deed  
Is lodged or compassed, there your blessings rest.

HOPE. How sweet, how sacred now, this earth  
of man's!

The prelude of a yet sublimer bliss! —  
I marked it from the first, while yet it lay  
Lightless and stirless; ere the forming fire  
Was kindled in its bosom, or the land  
Lift its volcanic breastwork up from sea.  
The deluge and idolatries of men  
I viewed, though shuddering, and with faltering  
eye,

E'en to the incarnation of Heaven's Lord,  
And dawning of His faith; that faith which was  
An infant and anon a giant; was  
A star, and grew a Heaven-fulfilling sun;  
Which was an outcast, and become, ere long,  
A dweller in all palaces; which hid  
Its head in dens of deserts, and sat throned,  
After, in richest temples high as hills;  
Which was poured out in mortal blood, and rose  
In an immortal spirit; as a slave  
Was sold for gold and prostrated to power;—

And now that lowly bondmaid is a Queen ;  
 And lo ! she is beloved in earth and Heaven ;  
 And lieth in the bosom of her Lord,  
 The Bride of the all-worshipped, one with God.

LOVE. We even of divinest origin  
 In infinite progression view all worlds ;  
 And we are happy.

FAITH. The dead sleep as yet ;  
 But their time cometh, and the bonds of death  
 Already slacken round the living soul ;  
 The mortal sleep of ages, which began  
 When Time sank down into his slumberous west,  
 Thins even now o'er the reviving eyes  
 Gathering their Heaven-lent light, no more to  
                   wane

In woe or age ; never be quenched in tears  
 Like a star in the sea. 'Tis as I ever knew ;  
 My life is to receive and to believe  
 The Word and words of God.

LOVE. I, who am Love  
 And Grace and Charity, rejoice with you ;  
 Whither ye wend I with ye ; whether here,  
 Or on the utmost rim of Light's broad reign —  
 The least and last of stars which even seems  
 To tremble at its insignificance  
 In presence of Infinity ; where yet  
 No angel's wing hath waved, nor foot of fiend  
 Left its hot imprint ; — still, in all do we  
 Find fit delight and honor, as now here.  
 Now earth and Heaven hold commune, day and  
                   night ;  
 There's not a wind but bears upon its wing  
 The messages of God ; and not a star  
 But knows the bliss of earth.

FESTUS. The earth hath God  
 Remade, and all its elements refined,  
 Fit for sublimer Being. Flesh hath passed  
 Its fiery baptism, and come forth clear  
 As crystal gold : all that of vile or mean

Pertained to it hath perished atomless.  
 Earth, like a diamond, basks in her own free light;  
 Unted, unaided, unrequiring aught.  
 All now is purity and power and peace.  
 The first-born of creation, they who hail  
 Archangels as their brethren, mountainlike  
 Reign o'er the plains of men, converting all;  
 Reaping the fields of immortality,  
 Each one his sheaf, for Him the Harvest-Lord,  
 To whom belongs earth's whole estate and life  
 And every world's.

ANGEL. And He shall garner all.  
 The awful tribes which have in Hades dwelt,  
 Past count of time, await their rising. God's  
 Great day, the sabbath of the world's long week,  
 Is at high noon; and Christ hath yet to come  
 To judge and save the living and the dead.

SAINT. The shadows of Eternity o'ercast  
 Already Time's bright towers. The Heavens shall  
 come

Down like a cloud upon a hill, and sweep  
 Their spirit over earth, and the whole face  
 And form of things shall be dissolved and change.  
 Nothing shall be but essence, perfect, pure,  
 And void of every attribute but God's.  
 This even is too gross for that which is  
 To come. The holy have both earth and Heaven.

FESTUS. Nor pain, nor toil of mind or frame,  
 nor doubt,  
 Nor discontent, nor enmity to God,  
 Disturb the steady joy the spirit feels;  
 Nor element can torture, nor time tire;  
 Nor sea nor mountain make or bar or fear;  
 Sickness and woe and death are things gone by;  
 Destroyed with the destruction of the world:—  
 Shadows of things which have been, never more  
 To waste the world's bright hours, nor grate the  
 heart  
 Of mighty man; now fit for thrones and wings;

Ruler of worlds, main minister of Heaven,  
 Inheritor of all the prophecies  
 Of God fore-uttered through the tongues of Time,  
 Ages of ages. Evil is no more.

ARCHANGEL. And does earth satisfy thee now?

FESTUS. As earth.

There is a brighter, loftier life for man  
 Even yet, the very union with God.

ARCHANGEL. God works by means. Between  
 the two extremes

Of Earth and Heaven there lies a mediate stat —  
 A pause between the lightning lapse of life  
 And following thunders of eternity ; —  
 Between eternity and time a lapse,  
 To soul unconscious, though age-lasting, where  
 Spirit is tempered to its final fate ;  
 When every interfulgent conscious state  
 Within or between worlds, repose or bliss,  
 Divested, man shall mix with Deity,  
 And the Eternal and Immortal make  
 One Being. As in earth's first paradise  
 God's Spirit walked with man, and commune  
 made

With him, so in the second, after death,  
 Man's spirit walks with God in an elect  
 Existence, and a vigil of the great,  
 The holy day which is to break in Heaven.  
 Thither the Lord of Life went, in the hour  
 That Hell by earth revenged itself on Heaven,  
 With one soul penitent accompanied ; —  
 Nor long remained He there, yet long enough  
 To cheer earth's faithful, who received Him then  
 In silent, unknown blessedness of soul,  
 With time-outwearing hope that yet in Him  
 They should partake the Godhood of His love.  
 And with Him rose then, in prophetic proof  
 Of His Divinity, many a deathless ghost,  
 Triumphant o'er that blind revenge which wrought,  
 Hell! thy destruction — thy salvation, Earth!

FESTUS. That such will be, the just well know;  
and all

Earth's great events and changes tend thereto;  
Its fiery dissolution in the past,  
And supernatural recommencement now  
Under the universal creed of Christ.  
The chosen and the world-redeemed partake  
His personal and spiritual reign.

ARCHANGEL. And this shall last, till, like the  
setting sun

Deserting earth, He shall retire to Heaven,  
With all His captive victors in His train,  
Triumphant, and translated evermore  
Into the hierarchal skies. Wilt see,  
While yet time is, earth's shadowy world within —  
The inward living death she bears about  
Her heart, hath ever borne — and, augur-like,  
Explore the ominous bowels of the earth?  
To me are given the secrets of the centre,  
The keys of earth, to lock and to unlock,  
Coffer-like. I, it was who seized and bound,  
At His behest who wills and it is done, —  
Even on their thrones, the mighty thou wilt see.

FESTUS. Angel of Heaven! I would view these  
things.

ARCHANGEL. Nor these alone, but other won-  
ders yet.

The valley where Death's dark wings brooded o'er,  
A God-offending night, unvisited  
By sun or star, where but the fatuous fire  
Of man's weak judgment wandered, till God's Son  
Laid o'er the black abyss a bridge of light,  
And married earth to the mainland of Heaven —  
This shalt thou see, Death's grave; and over him,  
And over it, that monument of light.  
Enlightening earth. The gods and fiends of old,  
And all the fictions of the heart of man,  
Imagined of the future past for aye,  
Thou shalt inspect. Behold this mountain! We

Must pass through it; for under lie the gates  
Of the invisible regions whereunto  
We tend, for a brief season.

FESTUS.

On, then!

ARCHANGEL.

Bare

Thy marble breast, O mountain, to its depths!  
An angel and a man divine demand  
A way through these foundations.

FESTUS.

And the rocks

Open like mists before thee.

ARCHANGEL.

Follow me!

SCENE — *Hades.*

ARCHANGEL, FESTUS, DEATH, LUCIFER.

FESTUS. Almighty God! sustain me. This is  
Death;—

And this—I knew not, angel! he was here—

Is Lucifer—the fallen, like a bolt

Of thunder forged in intramundane air,

Self-buried in the centre. Lucifer!

Wake from thy sea-like sleep; in peace or wrath,  
Rouse from thine age-long trance; arise and  
see;

The representatives of earth and Heaven

Stand by thee. As for me, I blame no more

The part thou tookest in my mortal life;

'Tis gone,—nor spurn thee for delusions dead.

The blood that hath been spilled is sunk in earth,

And run into the rivers, and dried up

Into the air;—and there's an end of it.

What good hath come of it alone I bear

At heart. And we have both offended God.

Let me, though not in nature to forget,

Forgive, what every one hath sometime felt—

The Devil's burning gripe upon his heart.

I see thee with compassion, half with hope.



LUCIFER. Mortal! I bow to thee, and would  
do to  
The least and lowest spirit God hath made:  
But still the curse that I am cursed with  
Outlasts the elements — outlives all time.

FESTUS. All curses cease with time; all ill, all  
woe.  
Blessings star forth forever; but a curse  
Is like a cloud — it passes.

LUCIFER. 'T was by him —  
Yon angel, only not almighty, there!  
As with a chain of mountains I was bound  
And hurled into this unformed nebulous life;  
Stripped of all might when mightiest, struck down  
While triumphing the loftiest, — enslaved  
When most a monarch o'er both earth and hell,  
And made a shadow among shadows here.  
It recks not. Let the impenetrable soul  
Be ground as through a mill, I only know  
In action or inaction equal woe —  
Suffering, doing, being, one extreme.  
Pass on! we meet again!

FESTUS. And when we do,  
May God forgive, as I! —  
ARCHANGEL. Behold there, Death!  
Throned on his tomb — entombed in his throne;  
Just as he ceased he rests for aye — his scythe,  
Still wet out of its bloody swathe, one hand  
Tottering sustains; the other strikes the cold  
Drops from his bony brow: his mouldy breath  
Tainteth all air.

FESTUS. I dread him now no more,  
Nor hate. He is a vanquished enemy.

ARCHANGEL. Listen! he speaks.

DEATH. To you, ye sons of God,  
My latest words I utter. Unto him  
Who ever lives, and hath for aye destroyed  
Me and my reign, give ye this crown usurped,  
And lay it at His feet; and this dulled dart

Which was my sceptre. To the conqueror  
 Belong these trophies. All the progeny  
 Of time will soon cease. Lo! the end's at hand.

ARCHANGEL. Thus shall it be, O Death! and  
 thus it is.

FESTUS. And who are these gigantic awful  
 shades  
 Which fill the midst — the present of the place?

ARCHANGEL. These are the mighty nothings  
 man  
 Made; the dread unrealities by whom  
 He swore, to whom he prayed, and at whose  
 shrines of old

He sacrificed a thousand times a day: —  
 His brother falsehoods these, men like himself,  
 Which mere imagination changed to gods,  
 Some for their good deeds, others for their bad:  
 Bel, Odin, Bramh, and Zeus, the Lords of death,  
 And fire, and judgment, waiting here their death  
 And fiery judgment — Time and Titan — war —  
 Beauty, and strength, and light, and the long  
 roll

Of creatural powers and passions Deified; —  
 Who gave their names to stars which still roam  
 round  
 The skies, all worshipless, even from climes  
 Where their own altars once topped every hill.

JOVE. Before the Christian cross and Moslem  
 mosque  
 My marble fanes have fallen, and my shrines  
 Shrunk like a withered hand ages ago.  
 But now all signs and sacred domes for gods  
 To dwell in are extinct. The world is all  
 One Temple of the Truth.

BRAMH. The ages feigned  
 That made Time groan to think how old he was,  
 And Deities in millions are no more.  
 Ageless eternity and God the sole,  
 The royalty of Heaven, is at hand.

BOODH. All things that are shall nothing be at last,  
Save what's resolvable in Deity.

FESTUS. And all these lesser shades, which  
move like moons,  
Half-darkened by the greater — half-illuminated —  
Are priests and prophets of the mightier ones?

ARCHANGEL. They are; — and further round  
thine eye can mark,  
The myriads of adorers of each god,  
Confused and prostrate, as their souls awake  
To the demoniac madness of their creeds.  
Behold! they kneel to those they hailed on earth  
As makers — as omnipotent — eterne —  
And cry for help, for comfort; none have they  
To give to others or themselves. The false,  
The base, the brutish Deities give way,  
And all their sacred follies in their train,  
Before the earthquake truth, engulfing all.  
Woe to the false gods, woe! to prophet, priest,  
And worshipper, all woe!

FESTUS. Hark! round the earth  
Each soul hath found a tongue and uttereth woe.  
Lo! from their thrones the man-made gods descend,  
And rend their robes and trample on their crowns,  
And hurl away their sceptres. Woe to all  
The gods and idols of the heart of man!  
Their sun is set forever in the night  
Which was ere Light was. Surely it is more  
To be true man or woman than false god  
And falser prophet. God alone the true,  
The God of Heaven, shall be witnessed to  
And worshipped.

ARCHANGEL. Witnessed, worshipped, too,  
By all: the faithful and the faithless — saint  
And sinner.

FESTUS. Lo! the nations of the dead,  
Which do outnumber all earth's races, rise,  
And high in sumless myriads over head



All ye that are immortal — and whate'er  
Hath been predestined to eternal end,  
The day determined ere all time was dawns!

SCENE — *Earth.*

ANGELS *and* SAINTS — AN ANGEL *descending*,  
FESTUS.

SAINT. Whence art thou ?

ANGEL. I? from Heaven, and thither tend;—  
One moment here to bid ye to prepare.

Our Lord the Eternal Son comes hither, girt  
With His victorious hosts, to judge the world.

SAINT. What victory hath our Almighty gained?

ANGEL. One final, over Death and Hell. Shout,  
earth!

Thy freedom is accomplished, and thy foes  
Brought down to endless ruin.

**SAINT.** Angel, speak !

We burn to learn the tidings of this war,  
Whereof thou tell'st, and doubtless wast a part.

ANGEL. Hot from the fight I come. This lightning blade

Hath holpen well to thin the infernal rout,  
Which back hath fled to hell, howling like winds.  
But let me, at your will, ye peaceful saints,  
Relate what happened to us from first to last.  
The time was come in Heaven when God the Son,  
Bowing his head before the Omnipotent,  
Who doubled every blessing infinite  
Wherewith he had enriched His Only One  
From first, rose from his glorious throne, and stepped  
Into His sun-bright car, calling aloud  
His angels to attend Him while He went  
To judge the earth, as fore-ordained of old:  
That Heaven and earth might view the majesty  
And mercy of the God of all. We came.

Selectest spirits, countless — crowded bright  
As the great stream of stars which flows through  
Heaven

Fast by the foot of God, each wave a world —  
Eager to the eye this act of glory long  
Talked of in Heaven, and now to be achieved.  
Forth from the starry towers, and world-wide walls,  
Of Heaven, we sat in high and silent joy,  
And journeyed half our way through Heaven, when  
lo !

A sight which checked the foremost flaming ranks,  
That halted frontwise, working doubt at first,  
But triumph after. Shielded and drawn up close,  
Behind a broken and decaying world,  
From which the light had vanished like the light  
Out of a death-shrunk eye, sat Lucifer —  
Midst in the powers of darkness, and the hosts  
Of hell, enthroned sublime ; and all were still  
As ambushed silence round the Foe of God.  
But oh ! how changed from him we knew in Heaven,  
Whose brightness nothing made might match nor  
mar ;

Who rose, and it was morn ; — who stretched his  
wing,  
And stepped from star to star ; — so changed he  
showed

Most like a shadowy meteor, through which  
The stars dim glint — woe-wasted, pined with pain.  
And by his side there sat or shrank a shape  
We angels knew not, but the Son of God  
Knew him, and called him Death ; whom, when he  
saw,

Arousing, after, out of sleep intense,  
That unrealmed tyrant drew his mortal dart,  
And drave it through himself, — a shade, shade-  
quelled.

Then to that chief of mischief and his fiends,  
Who, thick as burning stones that from the throat  
Of some volcano foul the benighted sky,

Shot up triumphant into air as they  
Beheld our ranks move on, thus spake our Lord, —  
Not wrathfully, but sternly pitying:  
Hell's wretched remnant! wherefore crouch ye  
here?

Is it to sue destruction, or to bar  
My passage? If it be, in both ye err.  
And will ye trust yourselves again to war  
With me, Almighty? Have I not overcome  
Ye separately, both? Speak, brutal Death!  
Fit follower and fellow to all woes, —  
Wherefore this instantaneous haste from hell,  
And both from Hadean bondage, thus again  
So soon to compass mightiest wickedness,  
And tempt the extremest wrath? Speak, head of  
hell!

To Him thus Lucifer: Almighty Son!  
Thy power I defy not; but in peace  
I war with fate. My life is to destroy.  
Evil hath more activity, if good  
More strength: and one must wear the other out.  
The more august the sin, so much the more  
Is my necessity. Yon earth hath been  
The battle-plain of Heaven and hell. From Thee,  
Who knowest all things, it were vain to hide  
My purpose, which for a thousand years, the years  
Of bondage, hath grown in me and lived on,  
Toad-like within a rock — vital where all  
Beside was death — to seize the nascent souls  
Of men as they rerose from death to life,  
And sweep them off in midst of all these hosts,  
Assembled for that cause here as Thou seest,  
To hell; — the universal race of man.  
But if ordained that not on them, but Thee  
And Thine, old hate shall satisfy itself,  
Approach no nearer; for we live by death; —  
Or turn the tide of fate, Thou sole who canst!  
Ceasing thereat, his host upraised a shout  
Which shook the stars, and made them ring again.

Our Lord to him then spake thus, mild as Spring,  
 Addressing earth when smiling she lets fall  
 All flowerets from her lips—'Tis well there is a  
                   God!

Lo! to what base extremes infernal pride  
 Can push a princely spirit once in Heaven.  
 Thee we will not destroy now, for thine hour  
 Hath yet to come — when least thou thinkest it.  
 God's wrath thou hast endured in punishment.  
 Not yet His power. Away! I warn ye hence  
 Ere wrath ride forth again. To Him the Fiend  
 Answered: God rules not us, the unordered  
                   damned,

Nor recks of hell. For ages past belief,  
 Unless by those who like ourselves denied  
 Thine own eternity — by creature mind,  
 However lofty, hardly compassed — we  
 Have borne our pain without remorse, or sign  
 Of pity from our Maker. Shall we now  
 Believe, while thus confronting Him again,  
 He means us better? Never worse than now.  
 Therefore I say to ye, on! mightiest fiends,  
 On! Let us reap companions for our woes,  
 Or earn annihilation! At the word,  
 His fiery phalanx rushed to bar the way  
 Of Him whose ways are over all his works.  
 A million spears blazed forth their answer bright,  
 As of as many tongues. Serene our ranks  
 Stood as the stars o'er thunder. God the Son  
 Sate in His orbèd car, and breathed on them;  
 And they were rolled up like the desert sands  
 Before the burning wind,—throne wrecked on  
                   throne,

All ruined and fordome. Pursue! He cried,  
 Nor let them near the earth I go to judge.  
 And we pursued, as many as He chose,  
 And chased from sphere to sphere that wretched  
                   wreck

Of falsest fiends: — and I, it seems, am first



Of all my victor brethren to declare  
 The triumph past and coming, and to cheer  
 Your hearts with tidings of our Lord, to whom  
 Be glory for His universal deeds,  
 And to him, only God !

SAINT. Behold where comes  
 Another warrior-angel from on high ;  
 Like angels, always singly or in hosts.

ANGEL. It is the most dread Azrael, unto whom  
 The sword of Death is given as a boon.

SAINT. What sayst thou, heavenly one ?

AZRAEL. To the extreme bound  
 Of Light's domain we chased the flying foe,  
 Who on the confines of the lower air  
 Once rallied at their leader's stern command,  
 Whom more they fear, or seem to fear, than God.  
 They halted, formed, and faced us. I and mine,  
 As on we came in order, full career,  
 Exalted by success, hoped ardently  
 One more convincing contest ; but in spite  
 Of future woe or the tempestuous threats  
 Of the great Fiend who marshalled them, each  
 eyed

His neighbor pale ; their trembling shook all air ;  
 And each one lift his arm, but no one struck.  
 Awhile in dead throe-like suspense they stood,  
 Or like the irresolution of the sea  
 At turn of tide — then wheeled and fled amain,  
 And in one mass immense broke down from Heaven,  
 Cliff-like ; — there let them lie ! such fate have  
 fiends.

And we returned, hoping to meet, as charge  
 To all was given, the Lord our glory here.

ARCHANGEL. Let all the dead rejoice ! their  
 Saviour comes.

SCENE — *The Judgment of Earth.*

THE SON OF GOD, THE ARCHANGEL, SAINTS,  
and ANGELS.

ARCHANGEL. Let all the dead rejoice! their  
Saviour comes;  
With clouds of angels circled like a sun,  
Belted with light, and brighter than all light,  
Lo! He descends and seats Him on His throne,  
Alighting like a new made sun in Heaven.  
The world awaits Thee, Lord! Rise, souls of men,  
Buried beneath all ages from the first;  
Ye numbered and unnumbered, loathed and loved,  
Awake to judgment! Rise! the grave no more  
Hath power upon ye than the ravening sea  
Upon the stars of Heaven. Ye elements!  
Give back your stolen dead. He claimeth them  
Whose they both were and are, and aye shall be.

SON OF GOD.

I come to repay sin with holiness,  
And death with immortality; man's soul  
With God's Spirit; all evil with all good.  
All men have sinned; and as for all I died,  
All men are saved. Oh! not a single soul  
Less than the countless all can satisfy  
The infinite triumph which to me belongs,  
Who infinitely suffered. Ye elect!  
And all ye angels, with God's love informed,  
Who reign with me o'er earth and Heaven, assume  
Your seats of judgment. Judge ye all in love,  
The love which God the Father hath to you —  
For His Son's sake, and all shall be forgiven.

SAINTS. Lord! let us render back to Thee the  
love  
Which is Thine own: none else is worthy Thee.

## SON OF GOD.

Behold this day I dwell with thee on earth,  
 E'en to the last ; the next shall be in Heaven,  
 Where ye shall meet the Father, and remain  
 In the Eternal presence, He through me  
 Blessing all spirits overflowingly.

SAINTS. Dear Lord, our God and Saviour ! for  
 Thy gifts

The world were poor in thanks, though every soul  
 Were to do nought but breathe them, every blade  
 Of grass and every atomy of earth  
 To utter it like dew. Thy ways are plain  
 Only in Thine own light. And this great day  
 Unveils all nature's laws and miracles —  
 All to Thee all as one. Thy death was life ;  
 Thy judgment is all mercy, Lord of Love !  
 The world's incomprehensible no more  
 To man, but all is bright as new-born star.

## SON OF GOD.

The Book of Life is opened. Heaven begins.

SCENE — *The Heaven of Heavens.*

THE RECORDING ANGEL, LUCIFER, FESTUS,  
 ANGELS.

THE RECORDING ANGEL. All men are judged  
 save one.

## SON OF GOD.

He too is saved.

Immortal ! I have saved thy soul to Heaven.  
 Come hither. All hearts bare themselves to me,  
 As clouds unbind their bosoms to the sun,  
 And thine was wealthy in the gifts of good.  
 And, if its guilt and glory lay in love,  
 Let light outweigh the darkness ! Thou art saved.

SAINTS. Rejoice ! Rejoice !

FESTUS. Could I, Lord ! pour my soul out,

In thanks, even as a river rolling ever,  
 'T would be too scant for what I owe to Thee.

SON OF GOD.

Nay; immortality is long enough,  
 As life, or as a moment is, to show  
 Thy love of good, thy thanks to me and God.  
 One heart-throb sometimes earneth Heaven — one  
 tear.

FESTUS. My Maker! let me thank Thee, I  
 have lived,  
 And live a deathless witness of Thy grace.  
 And Thee, the Holy One, who hast chosen me,  
 From old eternity, while yet I lay  
 Hid, like a thought in God, unuttered — Thou,  
 Who makest finite full with the Infinite,  
 As is a womb with an immortal spirit,  
 Oh! let me thank Thee that I witness to Thee.  
 And Thou, mid-God! my Saviour, and my Judge!  
 Sun of the soul, whose day is now all noon —  
 Who makest of the universe one Heaven —  
 I praise Thee. Heaven doth praise Thee. God  
 doth praise Thee.  
 The Holy Ghost doth praise Thee. Praise Thy-  
 self!

LUCIFER. Is he not mine?

GOD.

Evil! away for aye!  
 In the beginning, ere I bade things be —  
 Or ever I begat the worlds on space,  
 I knew of him, and saved him in my Son,  
 Who now hath judged; for, fraught with God-hood,  
 He  
 Yet feels the frailties of the things He has made;  
 And therefore can, like-feelingly, judge them.  
 For I abide not sin; and in my Son  
 There is no sin — not that He takes away.  
 It is destroyed forever and made nothing.

SON OF GOD.

Spirit, depart! this mortal loved me.

With all his doubts, he never doubted God:  
But from doubt gathered truth, like snow from  
clouds,

The most, and whitest, from the darkest. Go!

LUCIFER. I leave thee, Festus. Here thou  
wilt be happy.

To be in Heaven is to love forever

God — and thou must love here. Here thou wilt  
find

All that thou canst and oughtst to love: for souls,  
Re-made of God, and moulded over again

Into his sun-like emblems, multiply

His might and love: the saved are suns, not  
earths;

And with original glory shine of God.

While I shall keep on deepening in my darkness,

With not one gleam across the gloom of being.

FESTUS. Let us part, spirit! it may be, in the  
coming,

That as we sometime were all worth God's making,

We may be worth forgiving; taking back

Into His bosom, pure again — and then,

All shall be one with Him, who is one in all.

LUCIFER. It may be, then, that I shall die.  
Farewell.

Forgive me that I tempted thee!

FESTUS.

I am glad.

GOD.

Stay, spirit! all created things unmade

It suits not the eternal laws of good

That Evil be immortal. In all space

Is joy and glory, and the gladdened stars,

Exultant in the sacrifice of sin,

And of all human matter in themselves,

Leap forth as though to welcome earth to Heaven —

Leap forth and die. All nature disappears.

Shadows are passed away. Through all is light.

Man is as high above temptation now, —

And where by Grace he alway shall remain  
As ever sun o'er sea ; and sin is burned  
In hell to ashes with the dust of death.  
The worlds themselves are but as dreams within  
Their souls who lived in them, and thou art null,  
And thy vocation useless, gone with them.  
Therefore shall Heaven rejoice in thee again,  
And the lost tribes of angels, who with thee  
Wedded themselves to woe, and all who dwell  
Around the dizzy centres of all worlds,  
Again be blessed with the blessedest.  
Lo ! ye are all restored, rebought, rebought  
To Heaven by Him who cast ye forth, your God.  
Receive ye tenfold of all gifts and powers.  
And thou who cam'st to Heaven to claim one  
soul,  
Remain possessed by all. The sons of bliss  
Shall welcome thee again, and all thy hosts,  
Whereof thou first in glory as in woe —  
In brightness as in darkness erst — shall shine.  
Take, Lucifer, thy place. This day art thou  
Redeemed to archangelic state. Bright child  
Of morning, once again thou shinest fair  
O'er all the starry ornaments of light.

LUCIFER. The highest and the humblest I of  
all

The beings Thou hast made, Eternal Lord !

ANGEL. Behold they come, the Legions of the  
lost,

Transformed already by the bare behest  
Of God our Maker to the purest form  
Of seraph brightness.

THE RESTORED ANGELS. His be all the  
praise !

And ours submissive thanks. When evil had done  
Its worst, then God most blessed us and forgave.  
Oh, He hath triumphed over all the world,  
In mercy, over death, and earth, and hell !

## SON OF GOD.

All God hath made are saved. Heaven is complete.

GUARDIAN ANGEL. Hither with me!

FESTUS. But where are those I love?

ANGEL. Yon happy troop!

FESTUS. Ah! blest ones, come to me!  
Loves of my heart, on earth; and soul in Heaven!  
Are ye all here, too, with me?

ALL.

All.

FESTUS.

It is Heaven.

ANGEL. Come, let us join our souls into the  
song

Of glory, which the Saved all sing, to God.

THE SAVED. Father of goodness,

Son of love,

Spirit of comfort,

Be with us!

God who hast made us,

God who hast saved,

God who hast judged us.

Thee we praise.

Heaven our spirits,

Hallow our hearts;

Let us have God-light

Endlessly.

Ours is the wide world,

Heaven on Heaven;

What have we done, Lord,

Worthy this?

Oh! we have loved Thee;

That alone

Maketh our glory,

Duty, meed.

Oh! we have loved Thee!

Love we will,

Ever, and every

Soul of us.

God of the saved,  
 God of the tried,  
 God of the lost ones,  
 Be with all !  
 Let us be near Thee  
 Ever and aye ;  
 Oh ! let us love Thee  
 Infinite !

FESTUS. So, soul and song, begin and end in  
 Heaven,  
 Your birth-place and your everlasting home.

THE HOLY GHOST.

Time there hath been when only God was all ;  
 And it shall be again. The hour is named,  
 When seraph, cherub, angel, saint, man, fiend,  
 Made pure, and unbelievably uplift  
 Above their present state — drawn up to God,  
 Like dew into the air — shall be all Heaven ;  
 And all souls shall be in God, and shall be God,  
 And nothing but God, be.

SON OF GOD.

Let all be God's.

GOD.

World without end, and I am God alone ;  
 The Aye, the Infinite, the Whole, the One.  
 I only was — nor matter else, nor mind,  
 The self-contained Perfection unconfined.  
 I only am — in might and mercy one ;  
 I live in all things and am closed in none.  
 I only shall be — when the worlds have done,  
 My boundless Being will be but begun.



## L'ENVOI.

**READ** this, world! He who writes is dead to thee,  
But still lives in these leaves. He spake inspired:  
Night and day, thought came unhelped, undesired,  
Like blood to his heart. The course of study he  
Went through was of the soul-rack. The degree  
He took was high: it was wise wretchedness.  
He suffered perfectly, and gained no less  
A prize than, in his own torn heart, to see  
A few bright seeds: he sowed them — hoped  
them truth.

The autumn of that seed is in these pages.  
God was with him, and bade old Time, to the youth,  
Unclench his heart, and teach the book of ages.  
Peace to thee, world! — farewell! May God the  
Power,  
And God the Love! — and God the Grace, be ours!

H 18 89 . ■

## CHAPTER IV

The first scene is set in the  
city of Rome, the city of the  
ancient world, the city of the  
modern world. The scene is  
set in the city of Rome, the  
city of the ancient world, the  
city of the modern world. The  
scene is set in the city of Rome,  
the city of the ancient world, the  
city of the modern world.

The scene is set in the city of  
Rome, the city of the ancient  
world, the city of the modern  
world. The scene is set in the  
city of Rome, the city of the  
ancient world, the city of the  
modern world.

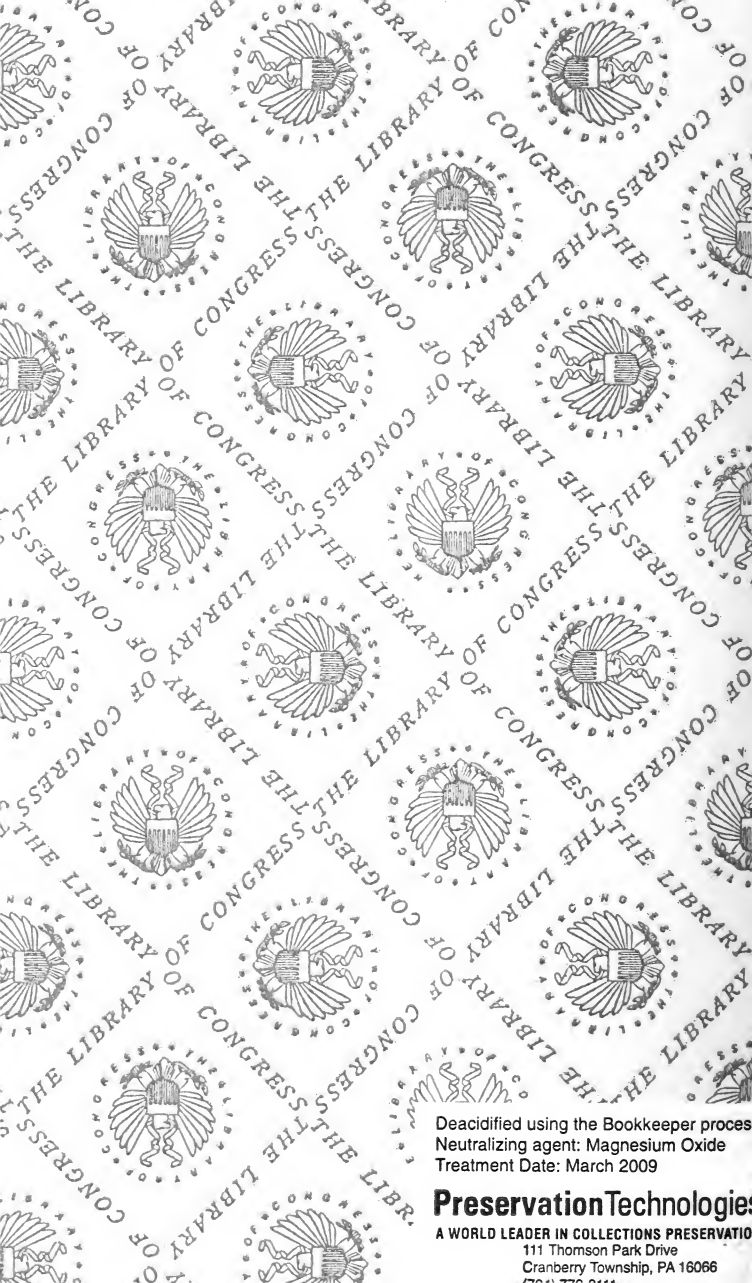
The scene is set in the city of  
Rome, the city of the ancient  
world, the city of the modern  
world. The scene is set in the  
city of Rome, the city of the  
ancient world, the city of the  
modern world.











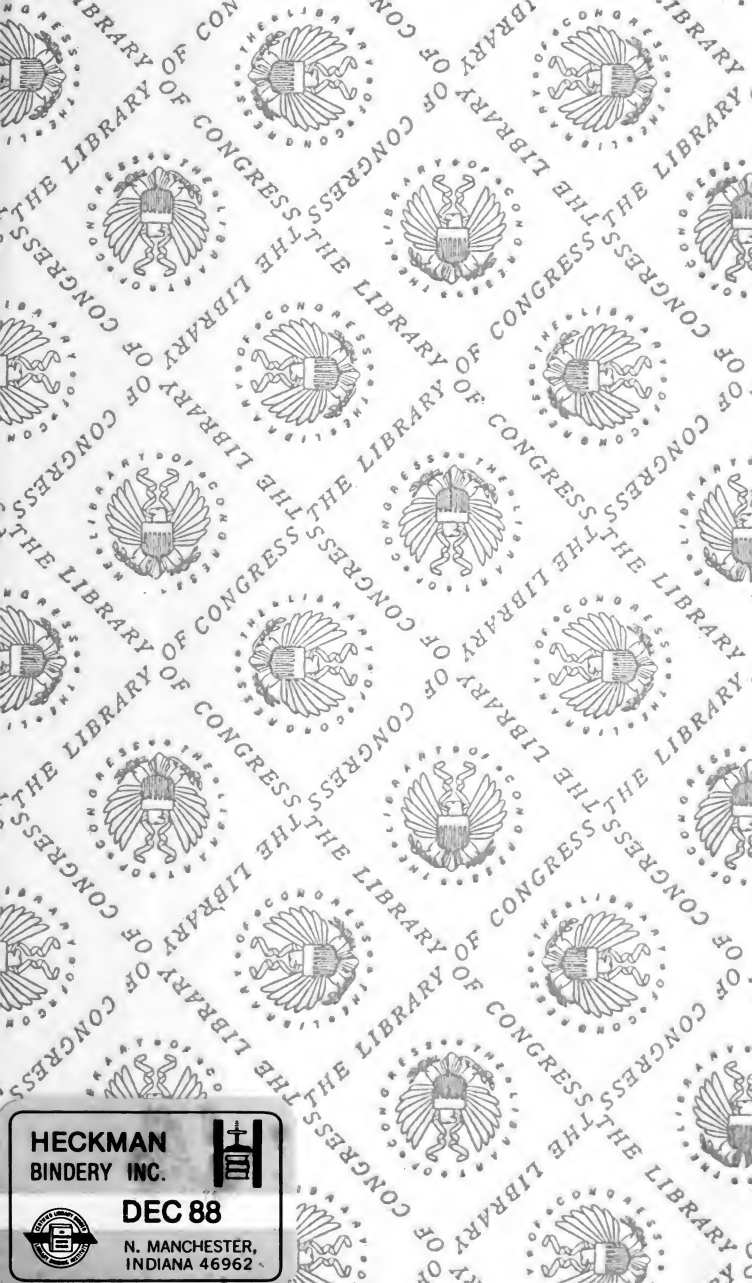
Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process  
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide  
Treatment Date: March 2009

**Preservation Technologies**

A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive  
Cranberry Township, PA 16066  
724-779-2111





**HECKMAN  
BINDERY INC.**



**DEC 88**

**N. MANCHESTER,  
INDIANA 46962**



